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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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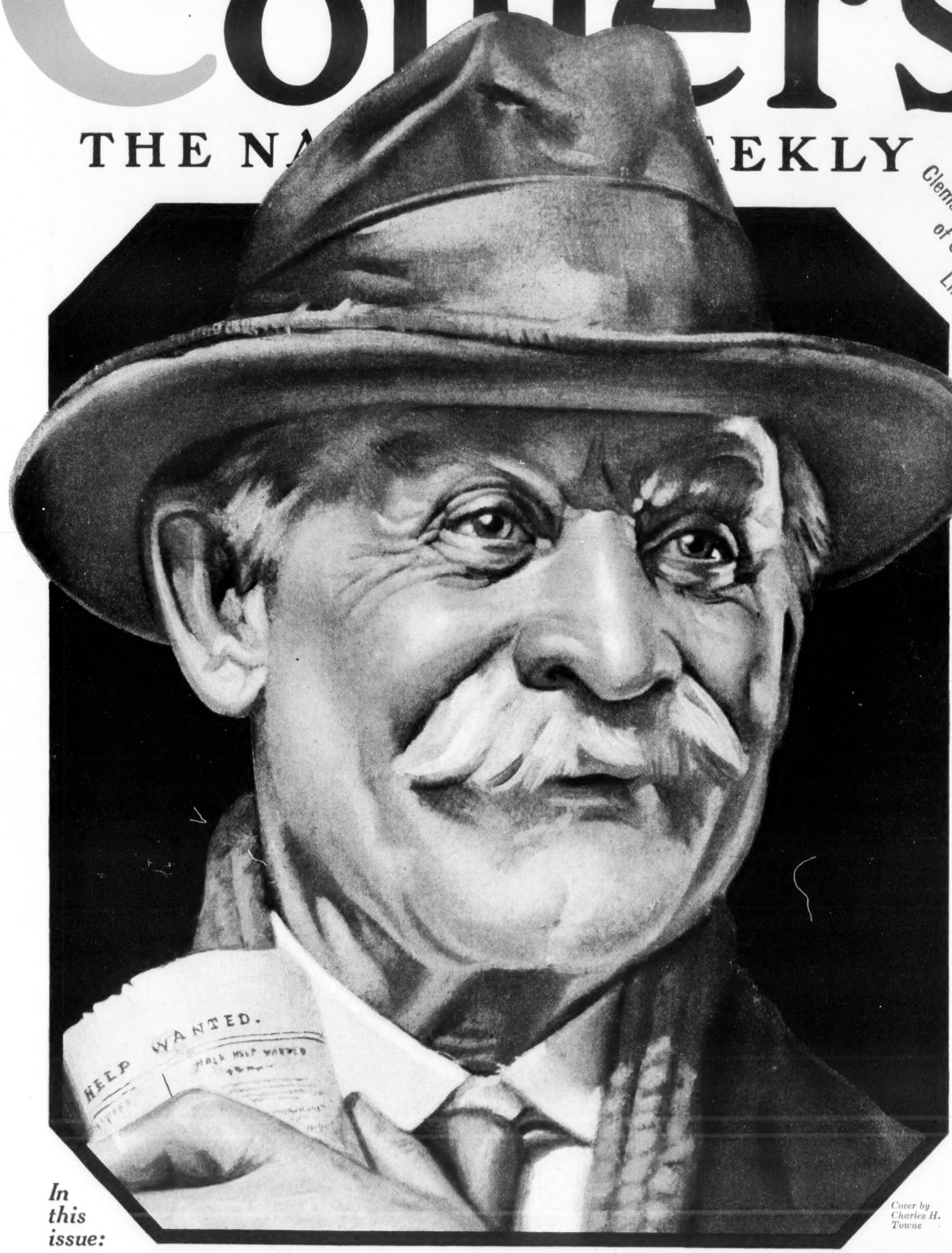


Cover by
Charles H.
Towne

In this issue:

Will Irwin—H. G. Wells—Sir Philip Gibbs—W
Grantland Rice—Albert Richard Wetjen—R

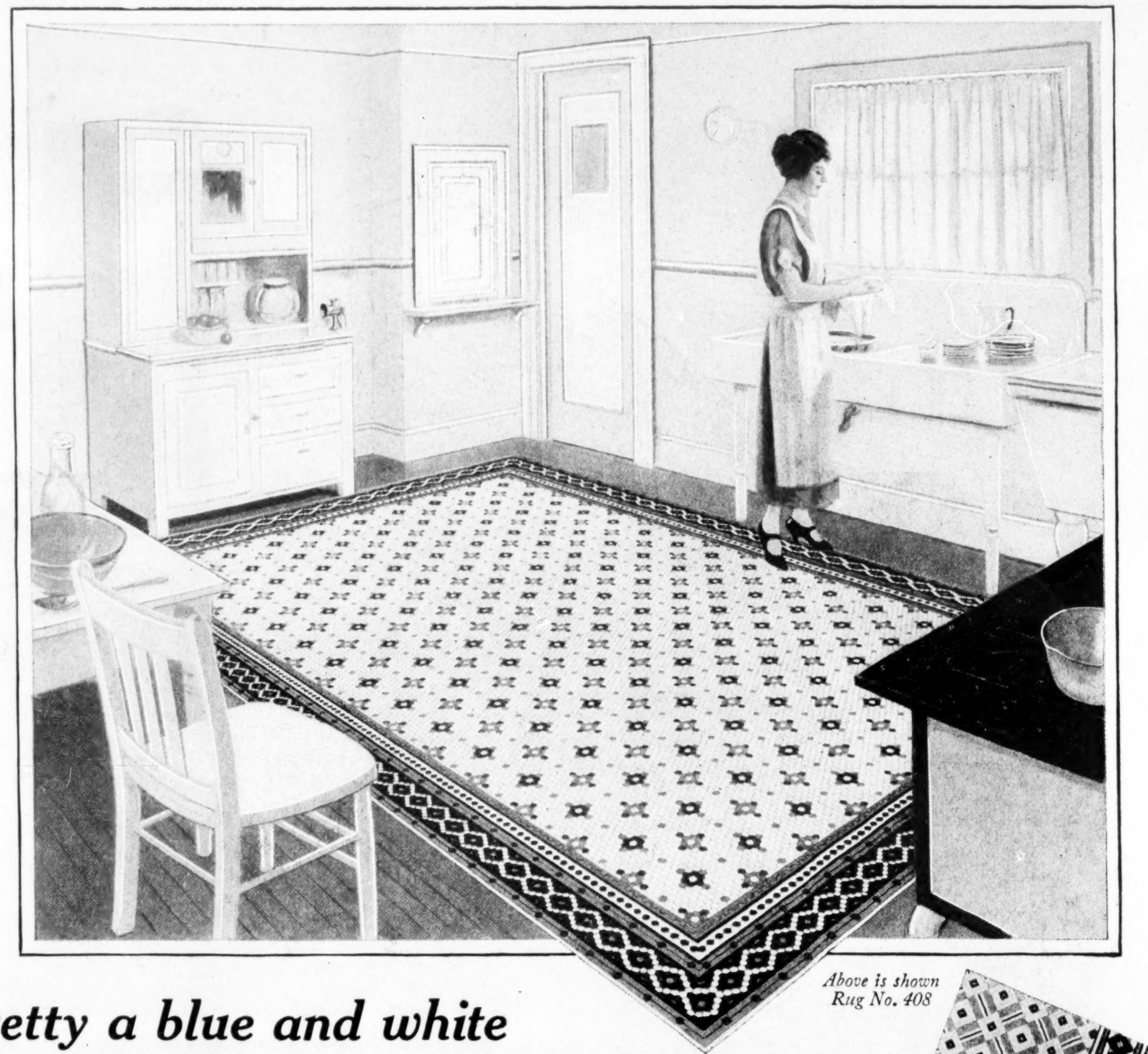
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a Red Label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of any-one guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal.



Above is shown Rug No. 408

As pretty a blue and white pattern as you ever saw!

How cheerful and neat this kitchen is! And much of its immaculate charm is due to the pretty *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. Can't you just see how the soft blue and white colorings in this tile design would brighten up your own "workshop"? This Congoleum Rug No. 408 is one of the most popular kitchen patterns ever created—and has been for years.

Why waste your time beating and sweeping old-fashioned, dust-collecting rugs and carpets, when you can have this modern floor-covering all through your home?

There are designs in *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs appropriate in motif and coloring to any room. For instance, elaborate effects in rich colors for the living- or dining-room; dainty floral patterns that add to the restfulness of bedrooms; and neat conventional reproductions, like the one illustrated above, that are perfectly suited to kitchens and bathrooms.

All the cleaning a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug ever needs is a few strokes of a damp mop. Dust and water can't penetrate the firm, smooth surface. Then, too, Congoleum Rugs are seamless and cling to the floor without tacks or cement or any other fastening. They never ruffle at the edges.

Artistic, labor-saving, durable, these are the qualities that have made Congoleum Rugs the most popular low-priced floor-covering.

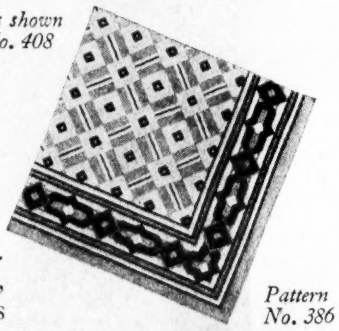
Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	Patterns No. 386 and	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25	408 are made in all sizes.	3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50	The other patterns illus-	3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 x 10½ ft.	15.75	trated are made in the	3 x 6 ft.	2.50
9 x 12 ft.	18.00	five large sizes only.		

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal



Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 552

Pattern No. 518

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RUGS

Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 548

"*Please* do something about this!"

FOR quite a while he took the matter lightly, as men often do. But she kept at him about it. Her more fastidious feminine sense rebelled against it.

That "*white coat collar,*" showered with dandruff—a thing that so often mars the appearance of an otherwise well-groomed man. And her repeated urgings finally led him to ask his barber what to do.

"Have you ever tried Listerine?" the barber asked. No, he never had; and to think that there it was—right in his own bathroom at home—a product that he used every day after shaving and also as a mouth wash and gargle. That first exhilarating scalp massage with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, taught him something. He discovered a new use for an old friend.

It's a fact: *Listerine and dandruff simply do not get along together.* Try this treatment if you are troubled this way.

Every time you use Listerine this way you *know* your hair and scalp are antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.

Why Linoleum makes a warm —and *not* a cold floor

A test you can make with your own fingers

THE most sensitive finger tip is at the end of the third or wedding ring finger. If you will place the tip of one finger on a linoleum floor and the tip of the same finger of your other hand on a hard or soft wood floor, your own senses will tell you that linoleum is as warm a floor as the wood.

Your bare feet would tell the same story. The sole of the foot is even more sensitive to heat and cold than the hand.

Some people think that linoleum floors are cold. A floor of linoleum is certainly not so warm as a wool-carpeted floor, but put a linoleum floor in your bedroom, place the same fabric rugs on it as you would on wood, and your bedroom floor is warm and comfortable.

You can prove this to yourself at any time. There is a perfectly plain reason for it.

Linoleum is cork— and cork insulates heat

Linoleum is a mixture of powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on a strong burlap back. Cork is a non-conductor of heat. It is widely used as an insulating material. Indeed, cork board is now used inside the walls of houses to keep the cold outside and the heat inside. Linoleum floors tend to make a house warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

The cork in linoleum helps hold the furnace heat in the house. This means a saving on coal bills In summer the heat is *outside* the house and it is cooler inside. The cork in linoleum helps keep the heat outside.

The modern way of laying linoleum makes it a warm floor

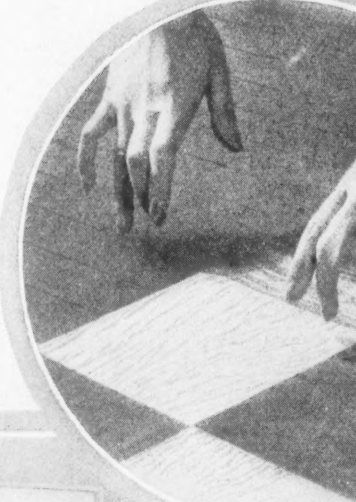
Fine linoleum like Armstrong's Linoleum should not be tacked down. Instead, a lining of warm, heavy deadening felt is glued to the wood underfloor and the linoleum is cemented down smoothly to this felt, waterproofed at the edges and where the seams are closely joined. This makes a warm, resilient, beautiful, permanent floor. Put your nice rugs on it. They will look even better and you will have a floor to be proud of for years and years.

Look for the
CIRCLE "A"
trademark on the burlap back

A

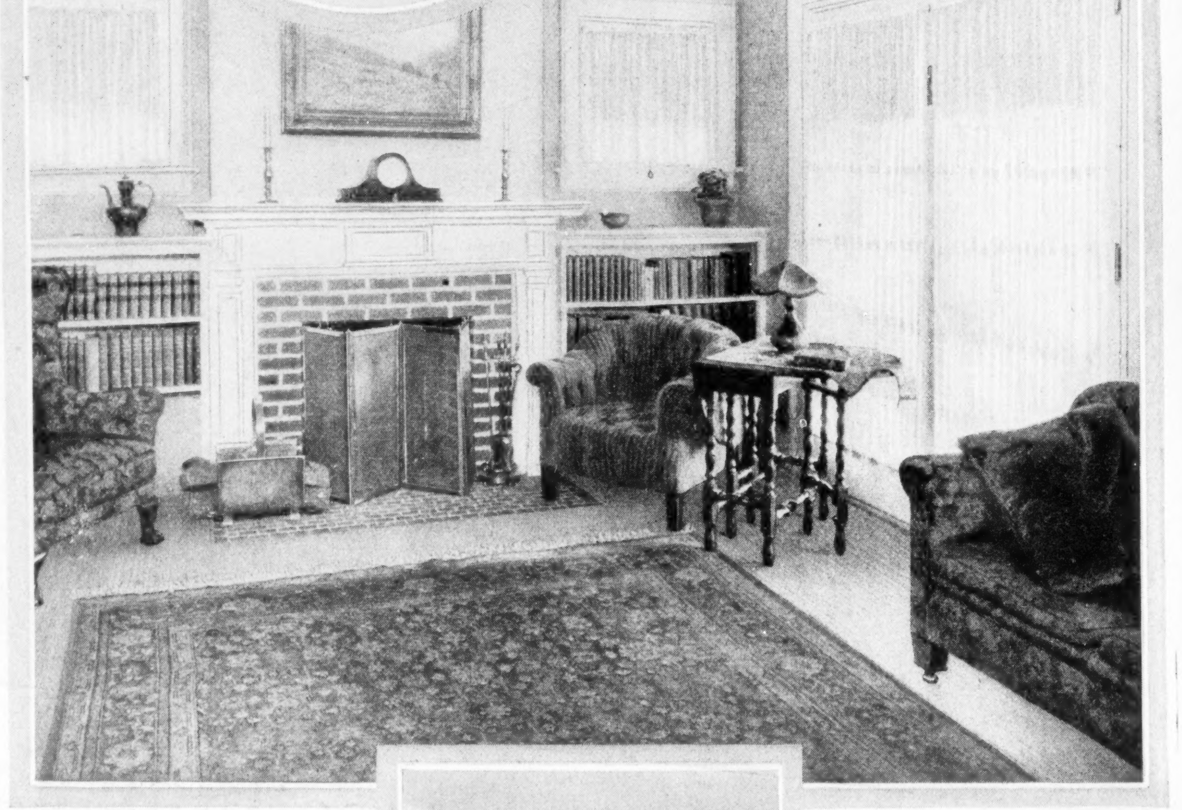
Linoleum in interior decoration

The growing vogue for pattern floors is increasing the use of Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in the house. Agnes Foster Wright, a prominent interior decorator and a contributor to House and Garden and other magazines, has written a book on home decoration called "Floors, Furniture, and Color." We will send a copy of Mrs. Wright's new book anywhere in the United States for 25c. In Dominion of Canada, 60c. All genuine Armstrong's Linoleum may be identified by the Circle A trademark on the burlap back. It is sold by furniture and department stores. If you have not seen any of the new designs and colorings in Armstrong's Linoleum, stop in at a good store in your city and ask to see them. Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 2509 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



In comparison with wood the floor of linoleum is not cold. But for beauty as well as warmth, wool rugs should be spread on any bare floor, whether the floor is linoleum or wood.

* * *



The fabric rug in this comfortable living-room is all the more attractive for its background of a floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum.

The linoleum floor in this bedroom is a warm floor. It is laid over a lining of heavy builders' deadening felt.

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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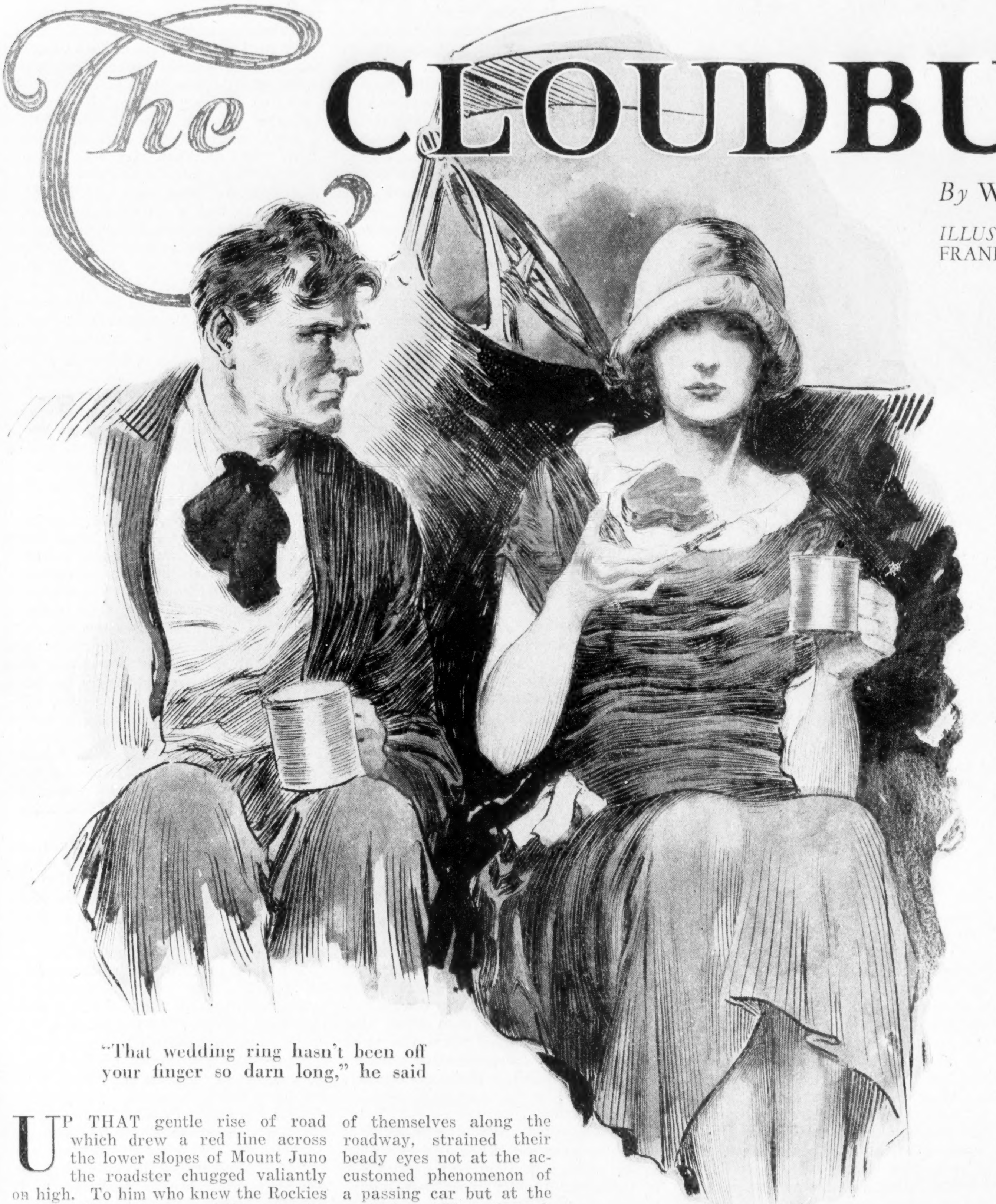
The CLOUDBURST

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN



"That wedding ring hasn't been off your finger so darn long," he said

UP THAT gentle rise of road which drew a red line across the lower slopes of Mount Juno the roadster chugged valiantly on high. To him who knew the Rockies and cared to use his senses the gray pinnacles and white snow fields above were flashing omens as beautiful as Satan and as sinister. The morning light dropped a sheer five thousand feet from summit to valley in streamers misty yet brilliant, like a veil of evanescent purple gauze interwoven with silver. The heaped masses of cloud rising like an exhalation above Juno's crown changed momently from rose to sober gray, to funereal black. The gold-green aspen leaves had for an hour been swaying and tossing in intermittent gusts of wind. Now the wind died away; the branches were very still, but at intervals the leaves shivered and rattled as though with spasms of uncontrollable fear. Through the banded haze flocks of birds circled and settled. The prairie dogs, making plump, brown totem poles of themselves along the roadway, strained their beady eyes not at the accustomed phenomenon of a passing car but at the peak above. Then, through clumps of sage which had turned in that strange light from gray to violet, they scurried to their holes.

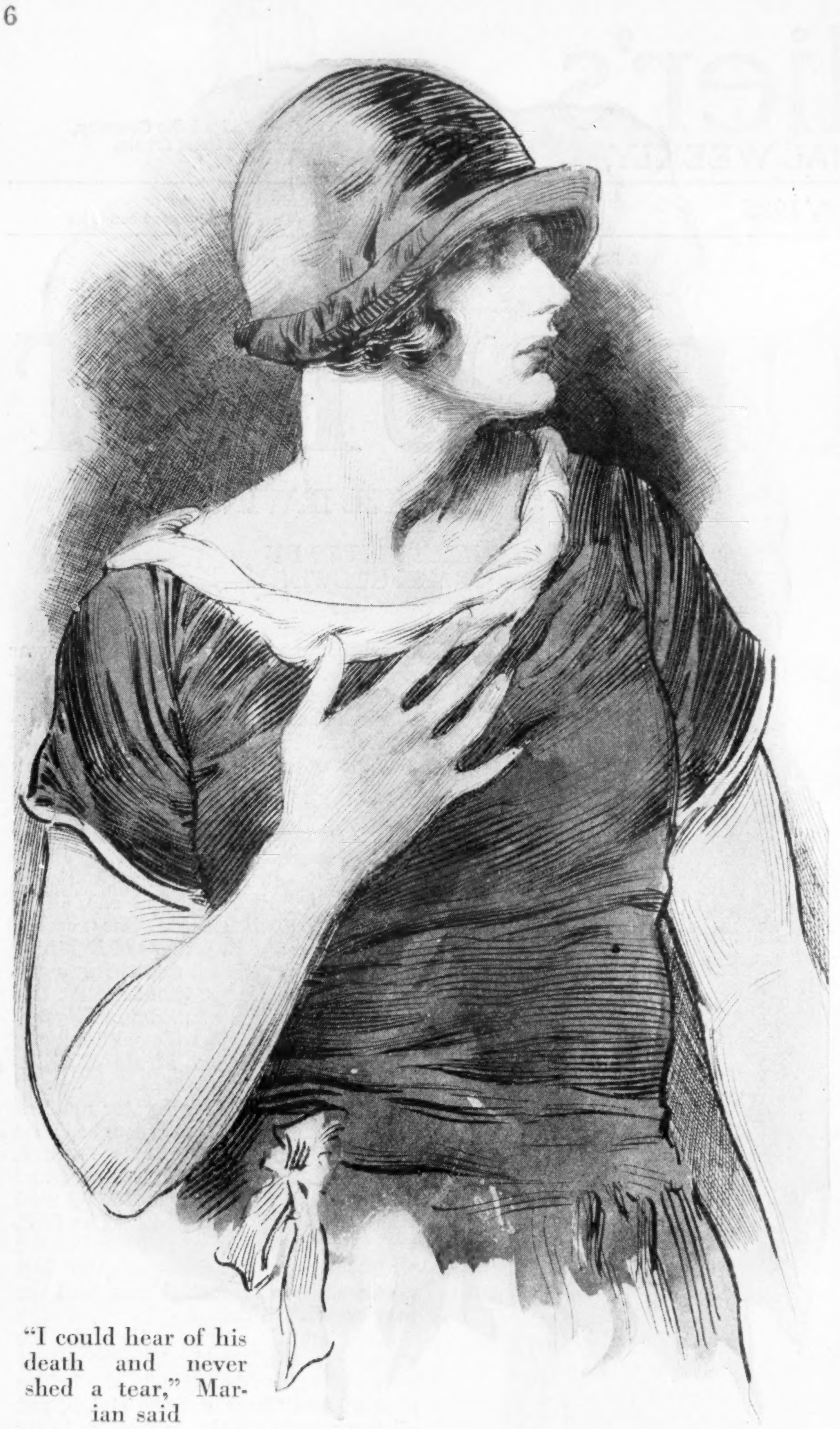
Along those gigantesque slopes, everything that lived was fortifying itself, steeling itself, for a season of stress—except the highest form of all. The girl in the roadster idled along at a steady, climbing pace of twenty miles an hour, her eyes on the road. Her figure, in its smartly stiff blue taffeta dress, leaned forward as though drawn by some tension beyond that of mere driving. At intervals, indeed, this tension overflowed the boundaries of nerve and will; broke into hysterical action. Her hands would clutch the wheel; her foot would grind itself into the accelerator. Then the car, shooting forward, would leap and bounce on the corrugations of a somewhat worn roadway, bringing her back to the business of driving. She was young enough so that neither line nor wrinkle broke the soft pinkness of her skin; old enough so that the hint of bosom at the throat of her summer frock had just begun to swell into a delicious roundness. You would have called her pretty; and perhaps looked no further to confirm your first sight. Her eyes were of a perfectly orthodox blue, her hair was a standard shade of chestnut; her nose traced an approved pattern of leaflike convexity. Except for the jaw alone, her prettiness might have been purchased from a mail-order house. That jaw ran firmly into a rounded chin. It was hard set now; and her blue eyes impersonated the glint of resolution.

Even the first reverberations of distant thunder from Juno's pinnacles had no power to break her mood; though had she looked up she might have seen the lightning make an infinite, angry hell fire out of the infinite, sinister blackness now straining the clouds above the peaks. She did not notice at all until a patter of great rain drops clouded her windshield. She reached forward to wipe it. A bolt of lightning split the mists ahead, and the universe blew up in reëchoing thunder. At this explosion, her jaw relaxed and dropped, her blue eyes went wide with terror; she had always been afraid of lightning.

Her foot left the accelerator and felt for the brake; the car coughed and stalled. A trembling moment she waited, then fumblingly started it again and went on like a fugitive down the road while the lightning darted fork on fork, while each explosion of thunder blended with the reverberations of the last crash, while a torrential rain beat the very sagebrush flat.

She topped a rise; through the streaming windshield she was dimly aware of a steep downgrade, of a bridge ahead. She threw out the clutch, put all her weight on the brake. A badly adjusted shoe beneath her growled and squeaked; the car was skidding, whirling. . . . It stopped, safely jammed against a bank. A roar, lower than that of the dying thunder but continuous, jerked her head in new terror round to the left. A wall of dirty water hung poised for a second above the bridge; fell upon it, obliterated it. There was a swift vision of whirling timber ends; an impression of logs which seemed to writhe like snakes; of a railing poised for a second above the foam like a comb above a hoary head. The flood lapped against her wheel; she screamed, then woke to action, after three failures started the car, turned it somehow, crawled back to the top of the ridge. There she stopped.

THROUGH the undersea uncertainty of the water-filmed windshield she could see that the hollow which she had traversed not ten minutes ago was become a shallow, tumbling river. And toward it an automobile—a flivver touring car—was bumping and skidding down the opposite slope. It checked speed for an instant as though the driver were going into low; then, swaying and bucking, it swished through water above its axles, labored up her slope. A flash of lightning, a simultaneous peal of thunder, seemed to drop the heavens crashing on to the earth.



"I could hear of his death and never shed a tear," Marian said

When terror cleared out of the girl's eyes, the other machine had reached her; was wriggling past her at indiscreet speed. She called out; her voice must have carried over the noise of storm and laboring machinery. For the lone passenger in the other car started and turned. She saw one hand drop away from the steering wheel; had an evanescent vision of staring eyes under a wide, flopping sombrero. But though she leaned outboard in the downpour to call again, he did not stop.

There was no thunder for the moment; and a sound somehow perturbingly familiar tore through the opposite quarter of the storm. Again—a wall of water, as gigantic, as powerful in seeming as that which had made matchwood of the bridge. Behind it, down this shallower but less interrupted gorge, it trailed rocks, branches, trunks—a whole boiling river. Then she was aware that the flivver had turned and come back; realized that it had been checked, like her car, by the broken bridge. The driver was pulling at his emergency brake. He drew up so short as to skid the car dangerously. It stopped just before her, lying diagonally across the road. He peered back at her across his shoulder. Under her bewilderment and fear some perception working normally recorded a sharp, middle-aged countenance with bushy eyebrows and a heavy chin. Blurred as his image was by the intervening sheets of rain, it gave an impression of rough dependability. And she had been struggling with the primal elements, as lone-arrayed against the universe as are the dying.

"What shall I do?" she called.

"Stay where you are!" came back the answer, muffled by the rattle and swish of rain. "She's a cloudburst. Keep on high land! Always safe there!"

"Will that—come—any further?" she gasped; and pointed a drenched forearm past the windshield toward the new torrent.

"Can't reach you!" he shouted. Then, still shouting, but in a tone which seemed somehow to have taken on an emotional quality, he added:

"We're on an island until this water goes down."

"Oh!" she gasped; what more she might have said, she herself never knew, for a bolt of lightning struck again—this time so near that the air stank of sulphur. When the thunder had rolled its last reverberation, he called: "Afraid?"

"Yes."

"Want to come into my car?"

That she did very much. But now she was controlling herself; custom and training drew a veil over primitive instinct.

"No, thank you," she called; but hesitantly.

He seemed to take that somehow as a matter of course.

"Don't need to, anyway!" he called back through his cupped hands, "automobiles don't get struck by lightning. Tires is insulators."

"Thank you!" she said faintly, as the lightning struck again.

So, a little reassured, she waited; it might have been half an hour; it might have been hours; waited while the lightning flashed and the thunder crackled ever further and further away and the rainfall changed from a torrent to steady sheets. Locking the stable door after the steed had gone, she put on her raincoat. The driver of the flivver seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, she thought, for at this sudden motion he turned as suddenly, regarded her. Her instinctive trust in his dependability began to vanish. A new perturbation flowing into those emotional vessels now just emptied of the old, she realized that he had been watching her in his driving mirror. A little later, she felt her scalp tingle for an instant as he heaved himself suddenly from the seat to the road . . . but he was only spreading a blanket over the hood of his car as a precaution against wet ignition. Again there came a crashing from the opposite bank of the full-flowing gorge. Almost before she took that in, she saw his form jerk to the alert. His right hand, which had been resting on the wheel, dropped as swift as light toward the seat. She looked across the gorge. A big, brute form had emerged from the brush, was slipping and struggling against its own impetus on the edge of that new-made river. It was a white-headed, line-backed steer, dripping terror from a lathered mouth. He wallowed round, wallowed up the bank, crashed again through the bushes. She glanced back at the companion of her island solitude. He was looking overshoulder at her again; he was laughing, she thought; at least an odd concatenation came through the swish and rattle of rain.

The steaming of her wet gown under the raincoat brought warmth, and with it a sense of physical comfort. Her round chin in a small, slender and uncharacterized hand, she seemed to fall back into that mood of bitter reverie which the realities of the cloudburst had interrupted. At intervals her eyes widened, the corners of her mouth curled, her foot tapped the dead accelerator. She did not even know that the rain had stopped until the voice of the stranger, coming with a clearness which made her jump, announced: "All over!"

SHE looked out. The storm was a receding gray-and-black wall along the lower valley; the sun had broken out in the other quarter; the snows above were beginning to peer through purple veils of mist; the aspens dropped yellow diamonds. She glanced up; and even her perplexed, perturbed eyes went wide in wonder. While it had rained below, it had been snowing up by the summit. Over Mount Juno's head, her shoulders, her wide bosom, lay a filmy, sparkling veil which retinted her gray cliffs in ashes-of-roses, her red runways in soft carnelian, her dark-green firs in soft purple. After all the ages in which she had mothered hills, Juno had arrayed herself again as a bride.

Opening the door of her car, she found dry standing place on a rock of the rutted road surface; turned and saw that her accidental companion was coming toward her. He was a rather heavy man, dressed, except for the sombrero, in city clothes. Yet he walked lightly. His complexion, making odd contrast, somehow, with the battered sombrero, was pale even to pastiness. The eyes under the bushy brows were bright, engaging. He smiled. She could not tell whether she liked that smile or not, but at least it seemed to invite trust.

"Guess we're stuck here for a piece," he said.

It was as though the idea of a long stay in that new-created island had not yet crossed a mind occupied with personal perplexities and primal terrors. She took an involuntary step backward, splashed one flimsily shod foot into a puddle, went off her balance with a little "Oh!" When she looked up, he was smiling again. She knew now why she had not been sure she liked his smile. It had a superior assumption of understanding; and it made good the assumption. It said at this moment: "I understand you're afraid to be alone with me." It said: "Well, don't worry!" All in the instant before she asked:

"How long do you think—we must stay?"

HE GAVE a quick outward gesture of his hand. "Till the water runs out of those arroyos. We're getting everything that fell up there—all at once."

"Arroyos?" she asked. "Oh, yes—"

That understanding smile again. It was patronizing; it was faintly irritating; it was—what? . . .

"Not long in the Rockies, I guess," he said. "Well, situation's this: These two hollows fork out up there, and meet down there. We'll never cross that one"—he pointed backward—"even when the water's gone down. Too deep, without the bridge. But I guess we can ford this one after a while. Back down the road a mile or so a valley road forks out. Don't believe the bridges are gone over the creeks down there! And even so, you could ford 'em. Had a notion to take it when I passed it, but thought I could make this one. Wish I had." The smile went out of face and eyes now; a tension seemed to draw his face.

"Were you in a hurry?" he asked, suddenly.

She hesitated an instant before she answered, "Yes."

A shrewd glint of his green-blue eye signaled his notice of that hesitation. But he only answered: "So was I. Big." He drew from his pocket a substantial bull's-eye watch then, consulted it.

"Eleven-forty-five!" he announced. "Hungry?"

She was, though she had not herself noticed it before. She had made a very early start that morning.

"Now that you speak of it, I am," she admitted. "I've something to eat in my car. If—"

"Oh, I'm stocked up with provisions; never travel without them," he said.

Somehow this descent among the practical realities of life seemed to reassure her, to brush away whatever feminine terror she had of the unknown male. With a boldness which astounded even herself, she said:

"We might picnic together—if we can make a fire. I have a coffeepot—and coffee."

"A fire—" he began and seemed to hesitate. He was looking back across the turgid, tumbling gorge; not, as she might have expected, at the wet, dead timber at the roadside.

"I've a box in my baggage we can break up," she added, "and we've gasoline to start it."

"Yes," he said suddenly, as though wakened from a reverie, "and I've got a steak as thick as that"—he held thumb and forefinger two inches apart, —"and a gridiron. And a piece or two of firewood myself. Get out your box."

She hesitated an instant, however.

"My name's Mrs. Coburn," she said,

and colored just a trifle. "Mrs. Marian Coburn." There was a pause between the *Mrs.* and the *Marian.*

His glance traveled to her left hand before he replied in kind: "Call me Mr. Robinson." Then, after a slight, a very slight, interval: "Travelin' round selling insurance." But his eyes still rested on her left hand. She turned in some confusion to the box at the rear of her roadster. Holding the top open, she looked back. He was rummaging under the back seat of his own car. Only then dared she look down at her hand. Yes, the mark was still there. . . . But time would attend to that!

When she returned with the box and the coffeepot, he had already piled up a fire bed of rocks.

"SEE if you can go down and fill that coffeepot with water," he said as he stamped the box to kindling with a heavy boot. "Thank the Lord, we don't have to drink that stuff until it's boiled." But no sooner had she started than he called her back. "No job for a pair of shoes like that," he said, "you start the fire."

Her expression as she handed over the coffeepot showed a shade of pique at being so ordered about by this masterful stranger. It changed to amusement, even to relief, as she saw him slip and slide on the muddy bank. When he returned she had the fire laid after a fashion. He rearranged it first and apologized afterward, saying:

"Your Eastern way of building a fire is all right for a coal grate, but—"

"How do you know that I come from the East?" she interrupted, pouting.

"General principles," he replied enigmatically.

He was cook, she scullion as the coffee was set to boiling, the steak to sizzling over glowing coals. As they worked they talked commonplaces of weather, roads and the merits of different cars for mountain driving. Another sarcastic comment on her Eastern ways, capped with a sharp retort, brought out the fact that she came from Syracuse; had been in Colorado only seven or eight months. He knew Syracuse, it appeared; they chatted of remembered streets and resorts. Only when she begun to dig into his acquaintance with Syracuse people did he turn the subject. "She's going down," he remarked. "Top of that rock's showing." Always, in the intervals of inspecting the coffee, turning the steak with the point of a carefully wiped pocketknife, he was gazing absently—or was it intently?—on the torrent and the rise of road beyond.

The steak was done, the coffee boiled and settled. Her inquiry as to what they should do for plates he answered with the one humorously contemptuous epithet "tenderfoot!" He cut a loaf of bread into thick slabs, disposed on each a slice of steak, salted it.

"Open-faced sandwiches is what you'll git!" he said. "Two lumps for me." For she had produced from her lunch kit paper cups and a package of lump sugar.

SO, SEATED on a raincoat disposed along that step of his car which faced the gorge, they ate and drank: he wolfishly, yet somehow neatly; she, with a pretty greediness, in little sips and nibbles.

"The best steak I ever tasted," she said. "You're a cook!" Her manner toward him had passed from shy confidence to a faint semblance of coquetry.

"Have to be a good many things in my business," he replied.

"Insurance?" she inquired archly. He looked straight at her now, and smiled that curious smile. Seeing it more closely, she could analyze it. The corners of the mouth were all merriment and whimsical humor, but midway the lower teeth showed. And something about that feature of his smile was faintly predatory. But, instead of replying to her sally, he took a wholly unexpected tack.

"Guess you're one of those saucy suffragettes," he said.

At this revival of an issue dead since her girlhood, she laughed. But her laugh was not all mirth.

"Why do you think that?" she inquired.

"Mrs. Marian Coburn," he quoted. "That's a widow's name. And a little bird tells me you ain't no widow. Besides, you're tourin' away up here in a blue silk dress and openwork shoes. And that wedding ring hasn't been off your finger so darn long."

One of the shoes so invidiously mentioned fell to the wet roadway with a slap. And she sputtered out her reply: "It came off this morning—forever and ever!"

"Better tell your uncle about it."

"Shan't."

"Yes, you will! You're bustin' to tell somebody. You'll never see me again after that water goes down."

For answer, she simply helped herself to another beefsteak sandwich. But her foot continued to make little, irregular, irritated splashes in the roadbed.

"Shouldn't think such thoughts while you're eating," he said. "Bad for the digestion. Get 'em out of your system. Come on—I'll start you. You've just run out from home and husband." He looked at her as she sat there, her pink prettiness turned to rose by a flush of anger. "Anyhow, he didn't beat you up," he said.

Her color deepened to another shade. "No—I'd like to see any man do that!"

"Other ladies?"

As suddenly as that mountain storm which had put her in this odd position, she burst out:

"OH, IT may seem little enough to tell—to you!" She paused, gulped and went on tragically: "But it was—the culmination. Last night—at the Seatons'—for a half an hour—oh, it seems so little to tell it—" she repeated.

"Have another cup of coffee," he said. "Two lumps? If it's little, it's probably big. We learn a lot of things like that—in the insurance business—" He was imitating her own mocking tone toward that last phrase. It suggested that when she was done he might trade confidence for confidence.

"He sat on the piazza for an hour with Leila Montgomery. I was alone inside. He didn't know I was alone—he didn't know where I was. He'd forgotten I was there. He'd forgotten I existed. I was—he didn't—" she sputtered daintily into her coffee.

"Old flame, maybe—this Leila?"

"Maybe worse—" she sputtered again.

"Since your marriage?"

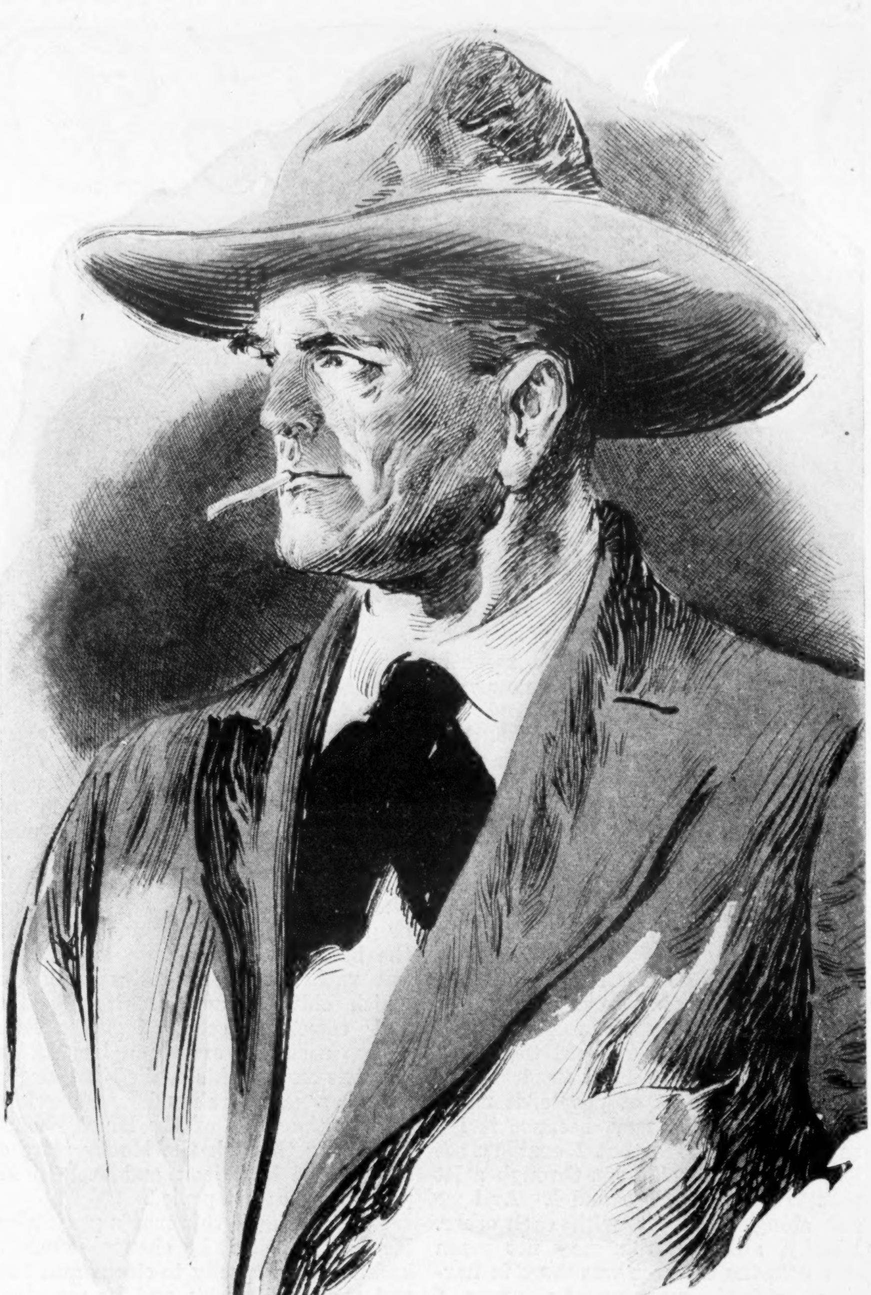
She dabbed at her lips with the fragile blue-bordered handkerchief which she had been using for a napkin. Her eyes needed no such attention. The hot blaze of them would have evaporated tears. But she answered with all appearance of fairness.

"No. I'd have liked to see them try it! We've been married only eight months.

"And I told him—as soon as we got into the car—exactly what I thought of him. And what she was. Exactly. And he took her side." A pause.

"One of them vamps—this Leila?"

"Oh, I can't in fairness blame her for what he did! He said they were talking business—she's one of those women who go in for understanding men's affairs. But when I told him that was only one of her tricks—he said I'd have to take it back and apologize."



"Then if you're heart-whole and fancy-free," said Mr. Robinson, "it might as well be me"

"So you had it out, hot and heavy?"

"Not for long. When we got home I moved my things into the spare room."

"Did he take that laying down?"

"He did not! He tried to break in the door! But I prevented that. I told him if he did, I'd slide down the rain pipe and scream for the neighbors. He knew I meant it."

"And so—you left him."

She nodded. "Thought it all out in the night. This car is mine. My father gave it to me for Christmas. These clothes—they were in my trousseau. I had a little money of my own. I don't see why I didn't take some of his. He owed me enough salary—as his housekeeper. Of course I'm not an expert on business, but I *am* a good housekeeper." This last with an effect of biting sarcasm.

The stranger, his eyes still fixed on the muddy flow of waters and the shining, tawny bank beyond, munched soberly on another sandwich as he commented: "Yes, he acted pretty bad. And you say it was only the cul—the top and summit of his performance?"

"Yes. He's—he's bossy, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I see! Orders you round and don't give no reasons?"

She paused.

"No, not exactly. Yes. In a way. But perhaps it's only a habit. He has a lot of men under him." This with an effect of studied fairness. Then emotion came back into her tone.

"I didn't marry him—come all the way from Syracuse to Denver with him—just to be Mrs. Edward J. Coburn."

He turned his smile upon her. It was all whimsical now.

"And who else would you want to be?" he inquired.

"Myself!" she said. "I don't propose to be just a—just an annex—to any man. Always thinking about his career! I've a voice. I've always wanted to cultivate it and go into concert work. I've just as much a right to a career as he has. Oh, he paid me well for my slavery! I don't deny that. But it made it all the more—all the more humiliating!"

"SAT down on you when you talked this career stuff to him, did he?"

"Laughed at me!" she had been crumpling the handerchief between her hands; now she tore ineffectively at a corner. "That—affair—with Leila was just the culmination, as I've said. So here I am." Though her eyes were dry, she gave the effect of smiling through tears.

"So here you are. Any plans for the future?"

"Oh, I thought that all out last night! I shan't throw myself on the mercy of my parents! I'm not going back to Mother in Syracuse! I'm going over to the Springs across the Divide—that's the last place he'll be expecting me—I don't want him (*Continued on page 32*)

The Dempsey You DON'T KNOW

By JOSEPH MULVANEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH BARTON

WHEN Jack Dempsey recently took unto himself a new nose a chuckle went round the world. Many explanations were given, but the truth was in none of them, as I found out when I put the question up to Dempsey himself. He grinned widely under the newly rebuilt member and said:

"It's a shame to have to spoil so many good stories, and I've got a lot of laughs out of them myself, but the only purpose of that operation on the old nose was to let me breathe better.

"I'm afraid nobody will believe me, but I liked the old nose better than the new one. I was more used to it, and while it may have been unpleasantly noticeable to a lot of people, it never bothered me that way, because it lay so flat on my face that I couldn't see it. Then, too, we'd been through a lot together, the old nose and I. And we got along all right with each other. Finally, although this may not mean so much, the old nose was more in harmony with the make-up of my map, I guess."

The champion laughed. He was stretched out on a slab, enjoying a massage after an hour's exercise with handball, medicine ball and weights in the gymnasium. From the top of his head to the tip of his toes, there wasn't a blemish on his body. To one unfamiliar with the appearance of fighters in the ring, the sight of a man so big, with a concave abdomen, without a slack fold of flesh on his frame, without a fleck of fat or a scrawny sinew showing was something to think about.

But Jack Dempsey is an animated anomaly. In evening clothes and silk hat he may inspire mirth or pity according to the human environment in which he is moving. In the ring, stripped to trunks and shoes, with sweat streaming from his tanned hide, hair in a tangled dripping mass, out-thrust jaws black with a week's beard, and eyes agleam, he looks a carnivorous beast restrained from tearing his antagonist in shreds only by the gloves on his great paws.

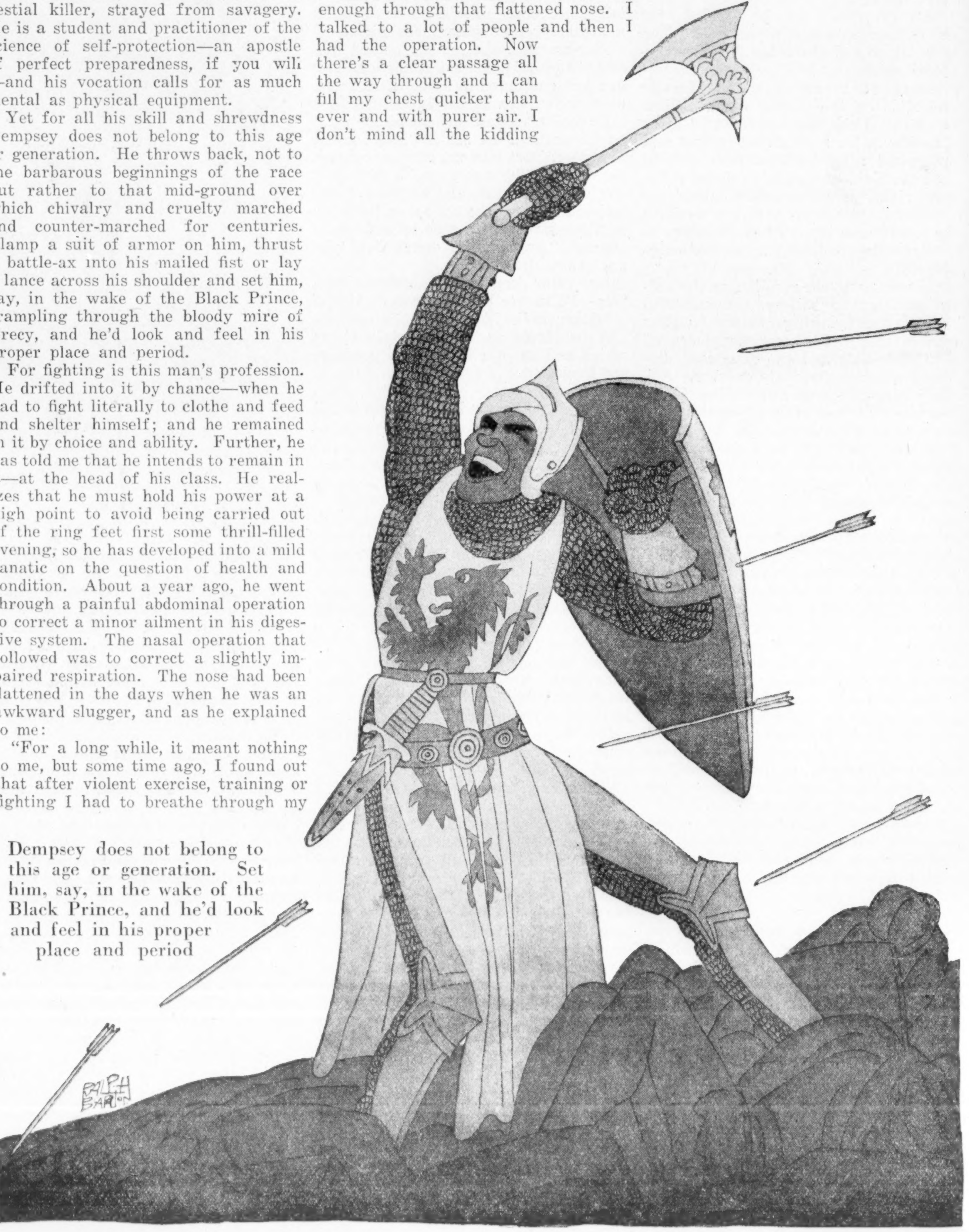
It is when Dempsey is training lightly indoors that the beauty of the man is revealed—for strength and grace of movement and symmetry of form dominate then. The thick, curling hair is clipped close, cheeks and chin are shaven to pink and the light in his eyes is that of a boy thoroughly enjoying himself.

For the champion isn't a throw-back—or at least he does not throw back to jungle ancestry. The mirth or pity that he may arouse when he is seen in evening clothes is the mirth or pity that would be stirred at the appearance of a marble Hercules garbed as modern civilization dictates. In the ring, despite the ferocity of his face, he is no bestial killer, strayed from savagery. He is a student and practitioner of the science of self-protection—an apostle of perfect preparedness, if you will—and his vocation calls for as much mental as physical equipment.

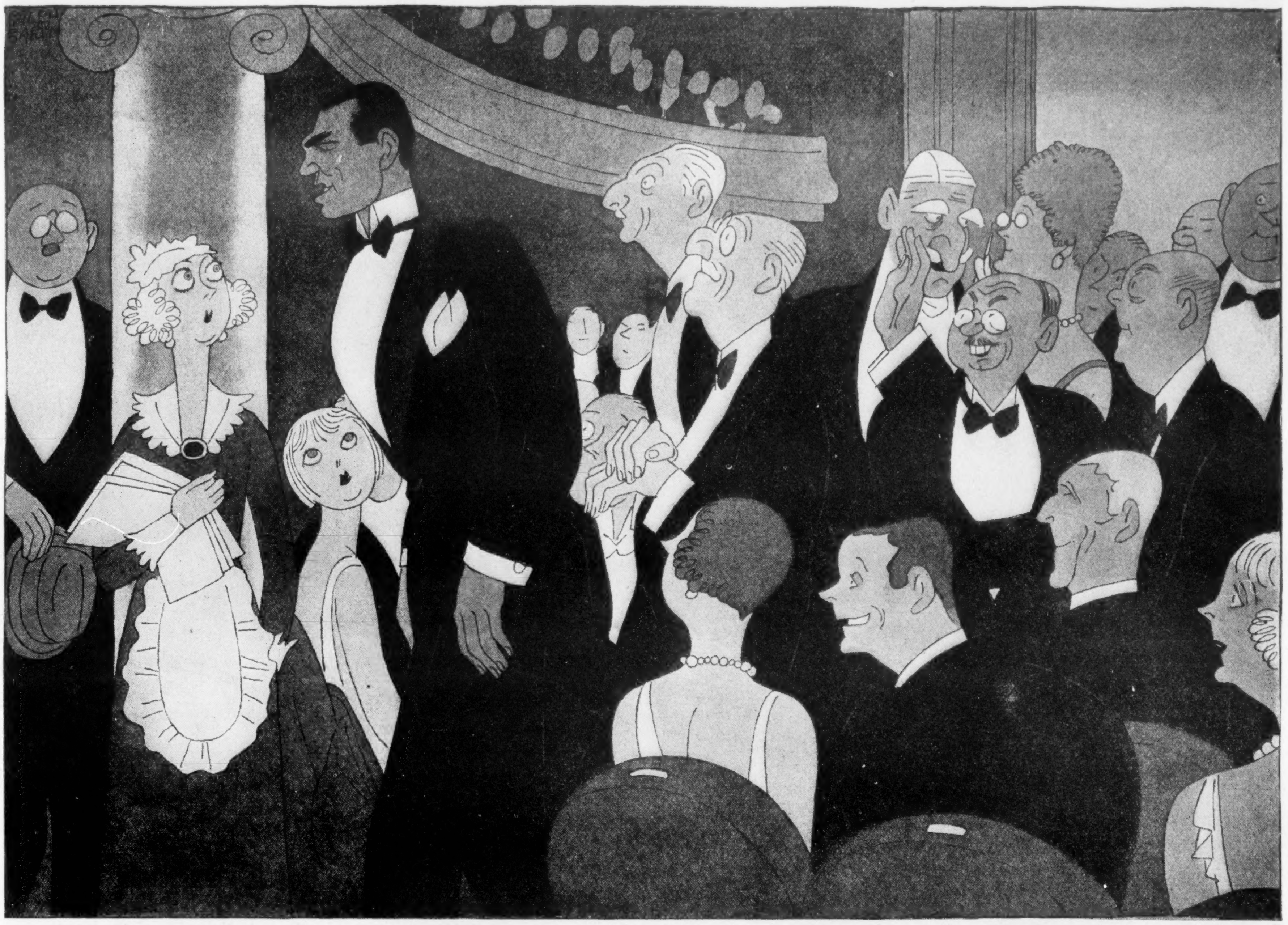
Yet for all his skill and shrewdness Dempsey does not belong to this age or generation. He throws back, not to the barbarous beginnings of the race but rather to that mid-ground over which chivalry and cruelty marched and counter-marched for centuries. Clamp a suit of armor on him, thrust a battle-ax into his mailed fist or lay a lance across his shoulder and set him, say, in the wake of the Black Prince, trampling through the bloody mire of Crecy, and he'd look and feel in his proper place and period.

For fighting is this man's profession. He drifted into it by chance—when he had to fight literally to clothe and feed and shelter himself; and he remained in it by choice and ability. Further, he has told me that he intends to remain in it—at the head of his class. He realizes that he must hold his power at a high point to avoid being carried out of the ring feet first some thrill-filled evening, so he has developed into a mild fanatic on the question of health and condition. About a year ago, he went through a painful abdominal operation to correct a minor ailment in his digestive system. The nasal operation that followed was to correct a slightly impaired respiration. The nose had been flattened in the days when he was an awkward slugger, and as he explained to me:

"For a long while, it meant nothing to me, but some time ago, I found out that after violent exercise, training or fighting I had to breathe through my mouth. I couldn't fill my lungs quickly enough through that flattened nose. I talked to a lot of people and then I had the operation. Now there's a clear passage all the way through and I can fill my chest quicker than ever and with purer air. I don't mind all the kidding



Dempsey does not belong to this age or generation. Set him, say, in the wake of the Black Prince, and he'd look and feel in his proper place and period



Graphic presentation of the reason why pinochle—in his own apartment—has become the champion's favored indoor recreation

I'm getting about it, because my health is better than it has ever been before.

"I'm not one of those who think that cauliflower ears and broken jaws and banged-up eyes are badges of honor. That idea is unhealthy. Did you ever count the number of fighters that have been battered crazy in the ring? Haven't you seen them? Some were champions. I've heard people say of them, 'Lord, that guy looks tough!' And they do look tough, but they aren't tough. All the toughness is on the outside."

He cited four illustrations of the type.

"They're cuckoo!" said the champion. "Why, those men must have been worth a quarter of a million apiece at one time or other. I've seen one or two of them chucking money away by handfuls into the street."

"You have your million safe?" I ventured.

"No, I haven't a million or anything like it," he responded, "but I have got a bit and what there is of it is safe—as safe as improved real estate investments in big cities can be. I know my health will not last forever and I feel a lot more comfortable to know that I won't be compelled to fight for a living if I'm not in shape."

So often did he revert to the importance of his health that, when I asked if he was at all superstitious, I was not surprised to hear him say:

"Yes, I'm superstitious about my health, if that's a superstition. I'm as fussy as a cat about what I eat. I get a fear of ptomaine poisoning often, especially when I'm training."

So finicky is he that, while training, every ounce of food he eats is inspected several times. A sultan living in fear of poison could not be more particular and cautious. One favorable result is that the champion has little difficulty restricting his diet at all times. Further interrogation brought out another Dempsey superstition.

"I think it's bad luck if a fellow doesn't get enough sleep," he said. "Yes, I've read about Edison getting along on five or six hours a day. That may be fine for him—but not for *mine.* I get eight hours at least, and as much more as possible. I usually stretch it to nine and I go twelve when I get a chance.

"My idea is that a man should sleep as long as he can without feeling logy when he wakes."

"Is fighting a good business?" I asked him.

"It's been good to me," he answered, slowly, "so I can't knock it, but it has spoiled some good men too."

"If you had a son"—I was thinking of the champion's prospective marriage—"would you make a fighter of him?"

"Well, now, that would depend on the son, wouldn't it?" he replied, smiling, for this champion smiles often and easily.

When I reminded him that several sport writers had declared the secret of his success lay largely in the homicidal instinct that drove him to cut down an opponent with relentless cruelty, he shook his head.

"I don't want to argue with experts," he responded, "but I'm no killer. When I go into a fight, I figure that the quickest way is the best way to win. The people pay to see fighters do their best. I never try to 'carry' a man to string out the fight. That's not shooting straight for one thing and you can bet the other fellow has no intention of carrying me."

The Dempsey principle of pugilism undoubtedly is to get there first with the greatest force, a principle that has been approved by military strategists generally. He expanded the idea, slowly. The champion, be it known, talks with little slang and his grammar is as good as that of the average business man. He expresses himself with an engaging reluctance, with a deference to the opinions of others and boasts not at all.

Ten Years More?

"YOU see," he explained to me, "I always know there is a closed glove in the air somewhere, with 'K. O.' on it for me. That glove is going to land sometime, I suppose, but as long as I can keep it in sight or in mind I can block it. But let me forget about it and that's the time it's coming across, and then they'll be writing 'ex' in front of my title.

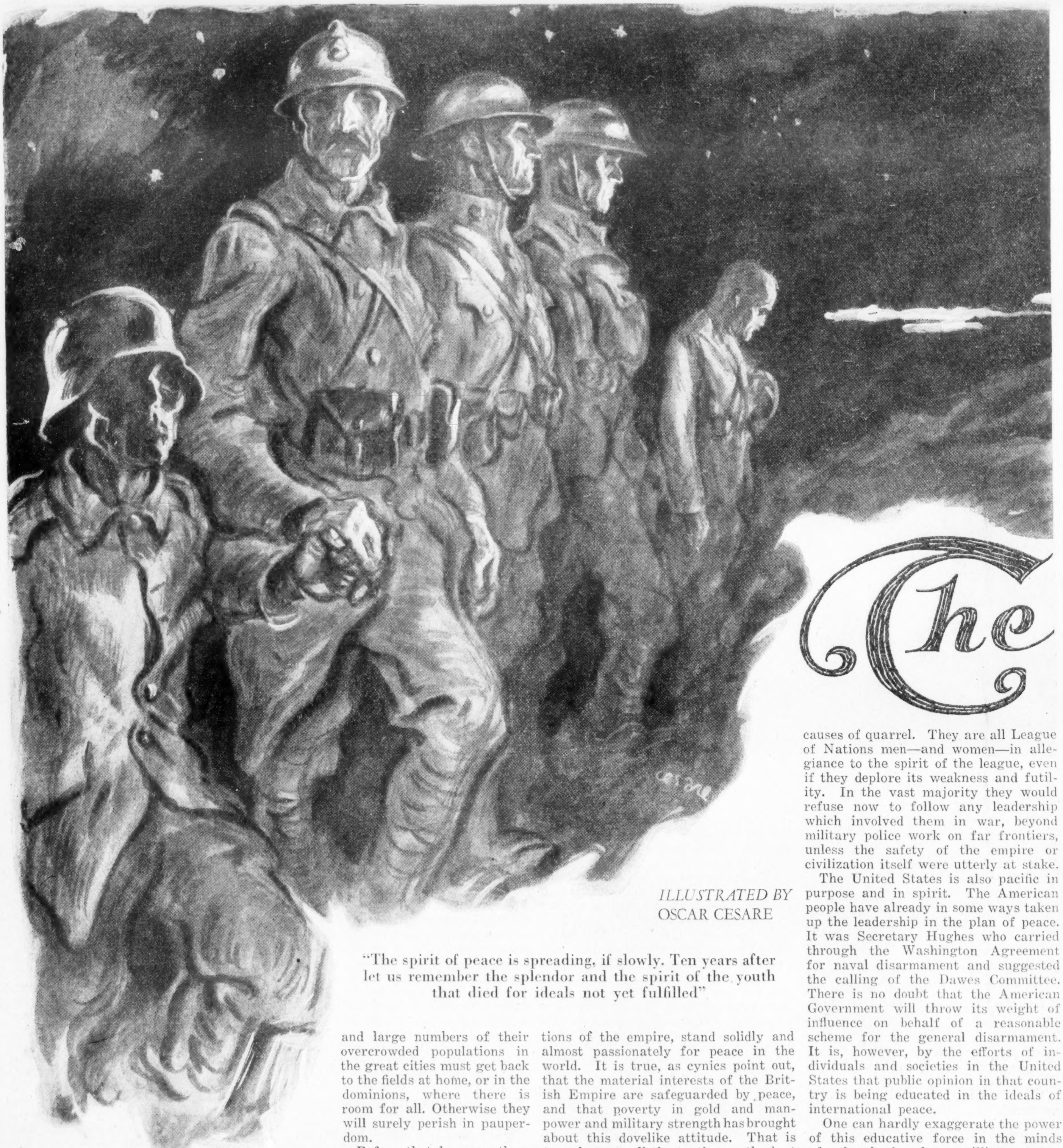
"So I try to keep in such condition always that two months will fit me for the ring. No, I never try to plan a bout. It's foolish to say that you can win in such a round by such a method, no matter what conditions are."

One of the unguessed penalties of a fighting champion's life, as Dempsey described it, may be defined as public pressure. He is more conspicuous, physically, in a crowd than the President and unlike that official he cannot travel with a ring of detectives for protection. Dempsey is a storm center of enthusiasm in the street, theatre or any gathering. He likes it, of course; the man who dislikes public adulation is as yet unborn. But often he becomes satiated and seeks recreation in a game of billiards or handball, or on a dance floor.

So pinochle in his own apartment has become his favored indoor recreation. He reads a little, chiefly short stories because novels require hours of inactivity to finish and hours of inactivity interfere with an athlete's condition. Detective stories appeal to him, but he usually complains about the lack of action in them and falls back on Western thrillers, which are greatly to his liking. As we talked, I wondered how long he could hold his place at the top of the heap of struggling fighters, and I asked if he thought his strength and stamina would be as perfect a decade ahead.

"Maybe not," he admitted. "I don't expect to be as good physically then as now. But I never look forward to being knocked out. I expect to learn more about fighting every year and if I can pick up knowledge faster than I lose my physical power, I think I may get better as I go along.

"Why, I've got so much to learn about the boxing business that I try to learn something new every day—for there's something new to be learned every day, you may be sure of that, and it goes for almost every other business too, I think."



The

ILLUSTRATED BY
OSCAR CESARE

"The spirit of peace is spreading, if slowly. Ten years after let us remember the splendor and the spirit of the youth that died for ideals not yet fulfilled"

IT IS my firm belief that the next period of history will see a slowing down in the international exchange of manufactured goods, and that most countries will have to restrict their imports because their exports are not wanted on the same scale. That is to say, the nations will become more self-contained, relying more than ever upon their own supplies of food and the internal exchange of their own industries. The English people must get back to agriculture, instead of relying almost exclusively on manufactures and buying most of their food abroad, and large numbers of their overcrowded populations in the great cities must get back to the fields at home, or in the dominions, where there is room for all. Otherwise they will surely perish in pauperdom.

Before that happens there is bound to be political strife and social unrest on a serious and perilous scale. The specter of revolution has not been exorcised from Europe, and all these pressures of populations, passions, trade interests, industrial rivalries, and social ambitions, are full of explosive forces which may lead to another world conflict, unless there is a new vision at work in the heart of humanity. It is all very difficult!

There are many hopeful signs in the world to-day which counteract the evil elements. The peace spirit is spreading between nations, if not between classes. The British people, in the mother country and in the sister nations of the empire, stand solidly and almost passionately for peace in the world. It is true, as cynics point out, that the material interests of the British Empire are safeguarded by peace, and that poverty in gold and man-power and military strength has brought about this dovelike attitude. That is true, but not all the truth, nor the best part of it.

It is also true that in most of the homes in England, Scotland and Wales the memory of dead boys sacrificed to the war spirit has produced a loathing of war which compels these people to seek for some new leadership, some new philosophy of statesmanship, some new system of international agreement, which will prevent another sacrifice like that among their children and children's children. There are not many pacifists in England or Scotland who think that all war is wrong, or even that the last war was wrong. But they are all pacifists in believing that another war must be prevented, by eliminating the causes of quarrel. They are all League of Nations men—and women—in allegiance to the spirit of the league, even if they deplore its weakness and futility. In the vast majority they would refuse now to follow any leadership which involved them in war, beyond military police work on far frontiers, unless the safety of the empire or civilization itself were utterly at stake.

The United States is also pacific in purpose and in spirit. The American people have already in some ways taken up the leadership in the plan of peace. It was Secretary Hughes who carried through the Washington Agreement for naval disarmament and suggested the calling of the Dawes Committee. There is no doubt that the American Government will throw its weight of influence on behalf of a reasonable scheme for the general disarmament. It is, however, by the efforts of individuals and societies in the United States that public opinion in that country is being educated in the ideals of international peace.

One can hardly exaggerate the power of this educative force in the minds of a hundred and ten million persons. Whatever administration is in power it will be subject to the pressure and insistence of a vast majority eager to subscribe to some plan which will demilitarize the civilized nations to a reasonable minimum of strength, and substitute international arbitration and law for the old argument and ordeal of battle, while maintaining the independence of the United States from all alliances and "entanglements." It seems to me a national policy, not only wise and justified in its reservations, but immensely helpful to the progress of the peace idea. A close alliance with the United States would be tempting to Great Britain and France. But in

HOPE AHEAD

The Third of a Series of Articles by SIR PHILIP GIBBS

my opinion it would be a calamity, because it would create a new "balance of power" so formidable that the other nations of the earth would either have to obey its dictates, just or unjust, or resist it by force. It will be far better for the world if the United States remains an arbitrator, and does not become an ally of any group of powers.

The peace spirit which is pervading the mentality of the British Empire and the United States is beginning to work in the mind of individuals and groups even among those European peoples who are closest to the danger zone and most tempted by reactionary tendencies in favor of force for defense or vengeance.

Even in France, which is reasonably afraid of what may happen when Germany gets strong again, there is an increasing desire to obtain security by justice and conciliation rather than by military domination and a policy of coercion.

Even in Germany, resentful, bitter, brooding over "injustice," inflamed to dreams of vengeance by old and new leaders who believe only in force and hatred, there are groups of idealists, societies of youth, bodies of working men, who are putting up a spiritual resistance to their Junkers and Nationalists. In spite of all their military parades in Bavaria, their secret drillings, their harking back to the sentiment of the old imperialism, their hatred of France—most dangerous, as I have said—millions of working men and women in Germany have a loathing of war (its horror is in their souls) which would make them revolt against any attempts to prepare for a war of vengeance. Those people—convinced pacifists—are, I think, in a minority. The French adventure in the Ruhr weakened and almost destroyed, for the time, pacifist sentiment in Germany by causing an outburst of fury which has left smoldering fires of resentment and rage. But some of that will pass if the London Agreement is carried out by France in a generous spirit, and especially if the Ruhr is evacuated before another year has gone. It is my personal belief that the Nationalists will not have general support in the country for a revival of militarism if France relieves the pressure on Germany and makes a working agreement with her industrialists for their mutual benefit.

If Germany asks for war again she will get revolution first.

"Restore the Mothers!"

THE hope of Europe—one good hope at least—is the new attitude of France under the Herriot government. In his great speech defending the acceptance of the London Agreement it was significant that loud cheers were raised when he said that an end had been put to "the romantic idea that in order to make certain of the fruits of victory Germany must be ruined." France, he said, must no longer count only on force and ultimatums. At present she needed to rest, to restore her finances, to build up her population. "Restore the mothers!" he cried amidst passionate applause from the Left. "That also is patriotism." Those words to the mothers of France found an echo in the hearts of all those women who have lost their sons. France above all dreads a new sacrifice of youth, and the policy of Poincaré failed because it seemed to lead to that necessity, and aroused the fear of the peasant farmers and small shopkeepers who remember their dead sons.

The London Agreement, based on the Dawes Report, may break down in its financial operations. I believe it will. But those words of Herriot renouncing the romantic idea of Germany's ruin as the fruits of victory for France promise a way of further compromise and conciliation if the burden of the London Agreement cannot be fulfilled, literally, by the German people, or if the effect of fulfillment is disastrous to other nations.

One other conference and attempt at settlement will arise out of the London Agreement. That is the question of inter-allied debts, overshadowing the financial relations of the world and the cause of grave anxiety and much antagonism. At the present time Great Britain is the only country paying off her war debts. In spite of payments to the United States which are weighing heavily upon her financial health, she is not receiving a penny from France or other countries to which she lent far more than she borrowed from the United States. If Germany is able to pay substantial reparations to France, Belgium and Great Britain it will be an easy matter of arithmetic to write off many of these debts all round. I do not think it is going to be as easy as all this, because the future of German reparations is vastly uncertain. Nevertheless it is impossible for England to demand her "pound of flesh" from France if Germany is reprieved. I think England will act more generously than she can afford for the sake of good will all round, and I hope the United States will help her to be generous.

These are, after all, details. The spirit matters more than the letter. I think that in the spirit of the world, almost everywhere, there is a growing consciousness that the perils of new conflict are so frightful that civilization may actually go down in chaos if the forces of evil are not subdued. At the back of many minds is the awful thought that machinery threatens to become the master of men and that science threatens to destroy humanity unless it is controlled.

War—Frankenstein's Monster!

WHAT were valor, spiritual courage, superb physique, in the last war, up against long-range guns, aërial torpedoes, high explosives in concentrated fire, poison gas? At a distance of forty miles a platoon of men might be wiped out by a casual shell loosed from a fifteen-inch howitzer. What was the value of discipline, ardor, human strength, centuries of character building to produce the fine flower of civilization, in the face of that explosive force which tore men's bodies to bits far from their enemy, without means of resistance on their part, with no more defense than if a thunderbolt had struck them? That is not war between human forces. It is war with engines constructed by men but overpowering. Or, of what use were fair physique, athletic youth, soldierly qualities, heroic human stuff, when suddenly they were enveloped in a vapor which choked them, burnt their lungs, blinded them, stupefied them? All the discoveries of science which made men proud of the knowledge they had wrested from nature's most hidden secrets, like gods, were used for this devilish purpose of increasing the efficiency of human slaughter. Even the victory of flight which had baffled humanity since men first walked the earth and envied the birds for liberty of the sky was achieved in time to increase the terrors and range of war.

Yet we know that if there is a next war it will (*Continued on page 36*)

Do You know how to PLAY?

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS

"PLAY counts more than anything else in life," says Mr. Duffus. Not so long ago that short sentence might have started a riot, for the authors of the copy-book maxims regarded as rank heresy the blithe philosophy that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Now we know that sensible, healthful play (not play turned into work) is the necessary balance for useful work of any kind—and here's the reason for it.

SEVERAL months ago I wrote an article for Collier's entitled, "Are You Happy in Your Job?" That is one of the most important questions that could be asked of any man. Yet I have lately been wondering, on some evidence that has been, as the politicians say, called to my attention, whether the time will not come when the important question will be, "Are You Happy in Your Play?"

And when we ask a man what his life *work* is we'll also ask him what his life *play* is.

Let's assume that you work eight hours a day six days in the week. Some of us work longer, and some not so long, but it is a fair guess that the forty-eight-hour week, or perhaps the forty-four-hour week, is what we are coming to in this country.

If you work eight hours a day, each of your days naturally falls into three equal parts—one for working, one for sleeping, and one for whatever else you can think of to do. But you probably have Sunday off, and every year you count on a two weeks' vacation and four or five holidays. In that case you work 48 out of the 168 hours in the week and something less than 2,400 out of the 8,760 hours (or, in leap year, 8,784 hours) in the year. For every hour of work you have more than two and a half hours of rest and play.

But that is only part of the story. Let us assume that you live to be seventy years old, as you may easily do nowadays if you do all the doctors tell you to. You probably won't work much before you are sixteen or after you are sixty. That cuts your actual working life, measured in years, to forty-four. But as you work less than 2,400 hours in each of those forty-four years your actual working life is approximately 100,000 hours, or between eleven and twelve years. Let us say twelve years, to give good measure. You have left, consequently, out of your seventy years on earth, about twenty-nine for sleep and twenty-nine for play.

Now sleep seems to be necessary, and you'd miss it if you didn't get it; but except in a scientific sense you aren't living very hard when you're asleep. Your waking life—all the life you really know about—therefore consists of the twelve years of work and the twenty-nine years of play. This is assuming that you are the average person I started out to describe. The figures will naturally differ with the individual, but I think in most cases it will be true that there is at least twice as much play—or time for play—in a life as there is work.

This means that play—and I shall adopt Mark Twain's definition of it as anything you do because you like to, whereas work is anything you do because you have to—counts more than anything else in your life. I have no doubt I would have been put in jail for saying this in the good old days when our ancestors were carving the United States out of the wilderness—and it would have served me right, for the statement wasn't true at that time. It is only in our own well-known generation that it has become true.

The reason is that ours is the first generation that could afford to give more time to play than to work. Machinery nowadays enables us to produce from two to a hundred times as much—the average is perhaps about fifteen times as much—as our great-grandfathers and great-granduncles could turn out in the same time with the same outgo of sweat and elbow grease. Even though we make and use more things than they did we can't help having more spare time. And so the idea that play is something unsuitable for a grown man or woman has vanished along with whiskers and steel-ribbed corsets. As Mr. Walter S. Hiatt pointed out in Collier's some time ago, America is now spending about six billion dollars a year on having a good time—or trying to have one. In 1920, according to the Federal Bureau of Education, we actually spent nearly twenty-eight billion dollars, or about one third of our national income, on luxuries. And the consumption of luxuries is a form of play.

But our children will play more than we do, because they will know more about play than we do, and won't be hampered, as most middle-aged people are to-day, with the old notion that work is about all life is for. If you are the average American I take you to be you are married and the parent of two and two-tenths (or perhaps it is two and three-tenths) children. The fraction is important. It is one of the solid standbys of social statistics. Without it there could be no average family, no average American—in fact, no fun at all for persons like myself.

Your two and a fraction children are going to school. A few years ago you could have taken it for granted that what they were learning about earning a living was the most important part of their education, and that the playing they did, and the things they learned about play, were more or less necessary evils. You'll remember how it was in your own day—you didn't come in for praise from your teachers or parents because you played hooky on a fine June afternoon, and went in swimming. They didn't see that swimming might be more valuable to you, just then, than geography or arithmetic.

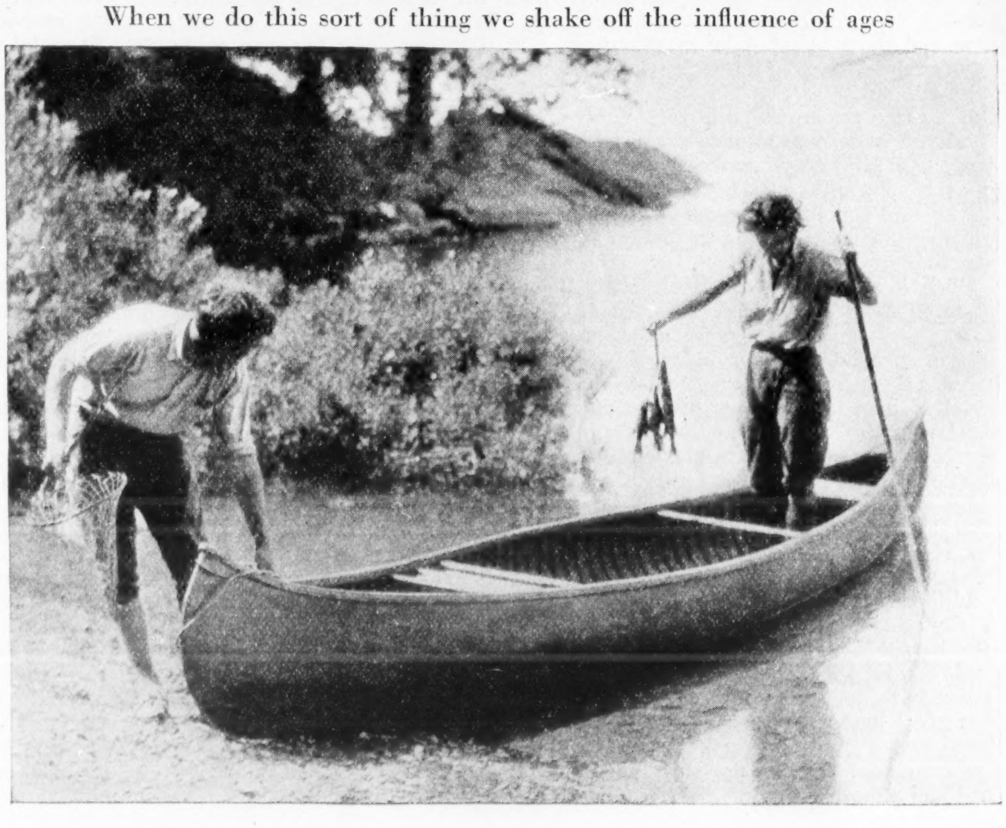
But if my figures are correct (and roughly they are) you will have to take a different view of what your own children are doing. When they learn things that will help them in their work they are preparing for their twelve years of working life. That's essential of course. But when they learn things that will help them in their play they are preparing for their twenty-nine years (minus, of course, what they've already lived through) of recreation. It doesn't take a mathematician to decide which is the more important. After you once come to see this you can't help being sympathetic with playing youngsters, no matter how much noise they make, and no matter, even, if they break a window now and then. A playing child is learning something he'll have to know if he's to lead a happy life later on—at forty-five, for example, or fifty-five, or sixty-five.

Being successful at play takes just as much training and ability as being successful at work. Some of us forget how to play before we're out of our twenties. We may go in for golf, or tennis, or automobile touring, and call it play, but we get excited, and mad, and strung up—and it isn't play at all. I've seen golf courses on Saturday and Sunday afternoons when there was less of the spirit of play than in an old-fashioned haymaking. And this was because the members of those golf clubs hadn't had the right sort of education—they hadn't learned how to play. They'd been successful in their life work, but they'd failed at their life play. I can't think of many things more tragic than that.

That's all very well to talk about, you may be thinking, but what's to be done about it? The answer is simple. It's as simple as the New Testament. The requirements for successful play—and I mean this seriously and reverently—are the same as those for entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven. We must become as little children.

Civilization is new. It really happened yesterday, or at the latest the day before. For thousands of years our ancestors lived under conditions which compelled them to take a great deal of exercise. They ran, jumped, climbed, threw stones, swam, fished, and hunted. Those who weren't good at these athletic *(Continued on page 46)*

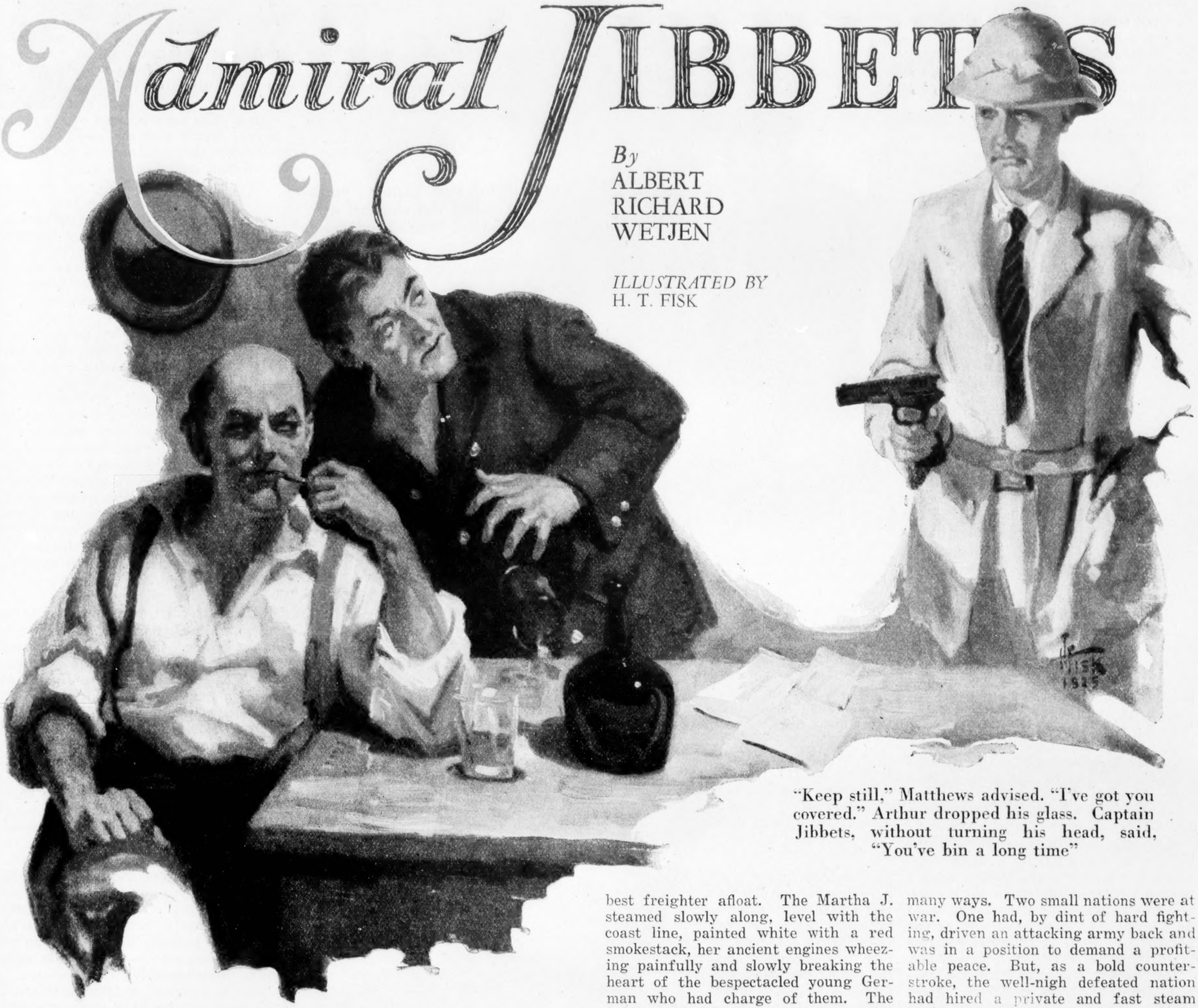
When we do this sort of thing we shake off the influence of ages



Admiral JIBBETS

By
ALBERT
RICHARD
WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. T. FISK



"Keep still," Matthews advised. "I've got you covered." Arthur dropped his glass. Captain Jibbets, without turning his head, said, "You've bin a long time"

ALL the Pacific and most of the Atlantic shipping knew that when the Leviathan was conditioned and rendered complete for sea, Captain Uriah Jibbets was offered command of her. And all the Pacific and all the Atlantic shipping knew that he refused the honor in a terribly misspelled letter which he forgot to mail until three weeks after it was written. The reasons for the above are: first, Uriah Jibbets, for all he commanded at that time one of the smallest coasting freighters out of Marshfield, was acknowledged the best navigator in the Western Hemisphere. From notes taken by him a very famous astronomer had written an equally famous book that was a standard work of reference for the craft.

The second reason, the reason why the command was refused, was rather more subtle. As Uriah explained to his wife Martha, "I ain't educated. Fine I'd look on a white an' gold bridge with all th' classy wimmin standin' on th' promenade deck an' givin' me th' once over. An' 'ow on a liner c'd I smoke me old pipe an' stand about an' spit an' swear at me officers an' wear me shirt without a tie? 'Ow, I ask? Besides, I wus raised in freighters, an' I c'n 'ave a lot more fun that way. Course, m'dear, if you insist. . . ."

But Mrs. Jibbets, who was not half as bad as one would judge from her husband's remarks about her, merely murmured, "You earn th' money, Uriah, an' you ought t' please y'self." So Captain Jibbets stayed with his little freighter and spat and swore and smoked his foul pipe as of old. But he couldn't help remarking to his mate Arthur, as they skirted the swampy low coast of a certain South American republic, that he was a man who could have bulked large in the eyes of his country.

"Y' might think this 's an honor, mister. Being appointed unofficial admiral, so t' speak. But let me tell you I c'd 'ave taken th' biggest tin can in th' 'ole globe acrost th' Western 'ad I ben so minded." To which Arthur responded unbelieving but dutifully, "Yes, sir. I don't doubt it," in an extremely agreeable tone.

The two men, one fat and moon-faced, the other slim and alert, stood on the bridge of the fifteen-hundred-ton steamer Martha J., whose owner and master was Captain Jibbets, now under sealed orders from a private charterer. As the Martha J., named after his wife, was the captain's first marine possession, he was very proud of her. Others might call her a twenty-year-old rusty tub, and a bunch of junk, but he was very sure she could go anywhere in as short a time as the best freighter afloat. The Martha J. steamed slowly along, level with the coast line, painted white with a red smokestack, her ancient engines wheezing painfully and slowly breaking the heart of the bespectacled young German who had charge of them. The holds of the ship were empty except for six powerful pumps, all dismantled, and two complete diving outfits. And her mission was as strange as her cargo.

THE Martha J. had been lying alongside the wharf in San Francisco after a successful and profitable two weeks' cruise to Mexico, on which cruise, strangely enough, the ship had carried no freight outbound, nor brought any home. Nevertheless, the day after docking Captain Jibbets had sent a draft for five thousand dollars to a middle-aged lady in Marshfield, Ore., and with it instructions to go ahead and start building the home they had both of them been thinking about for years.

Nearly a week after the draft had gone a deputation of olive-skinned gentlemen had waited on Captain Jibbets in the roomy cabin on the lower bridge. There had been secrecy, much talking and two bottles of amber liquor consumed. At the end of five hours the captain had sent his steward for a fresh can of tobacco, frowned heavily and nodded his head. When the olive-skinned gentlemen left there reposed on the captain's desk a certified check for a quite respectable amount. The one redeeming feature of the sort of charter he obtained was that they always paid cash in advance.

This new charter was peculiar in many ways. Two small nations were at war. One had, by dint of hard fighting, driven an attacking army back and was in a position to demand a profitable peace. But, as a bold counterstroke, the well-nigh defeated nation had hired a private and fast steam yacht, owned by a wandering and unscrupulous Englishman, and was arming her with several three-inch guns and much smaller artillery.

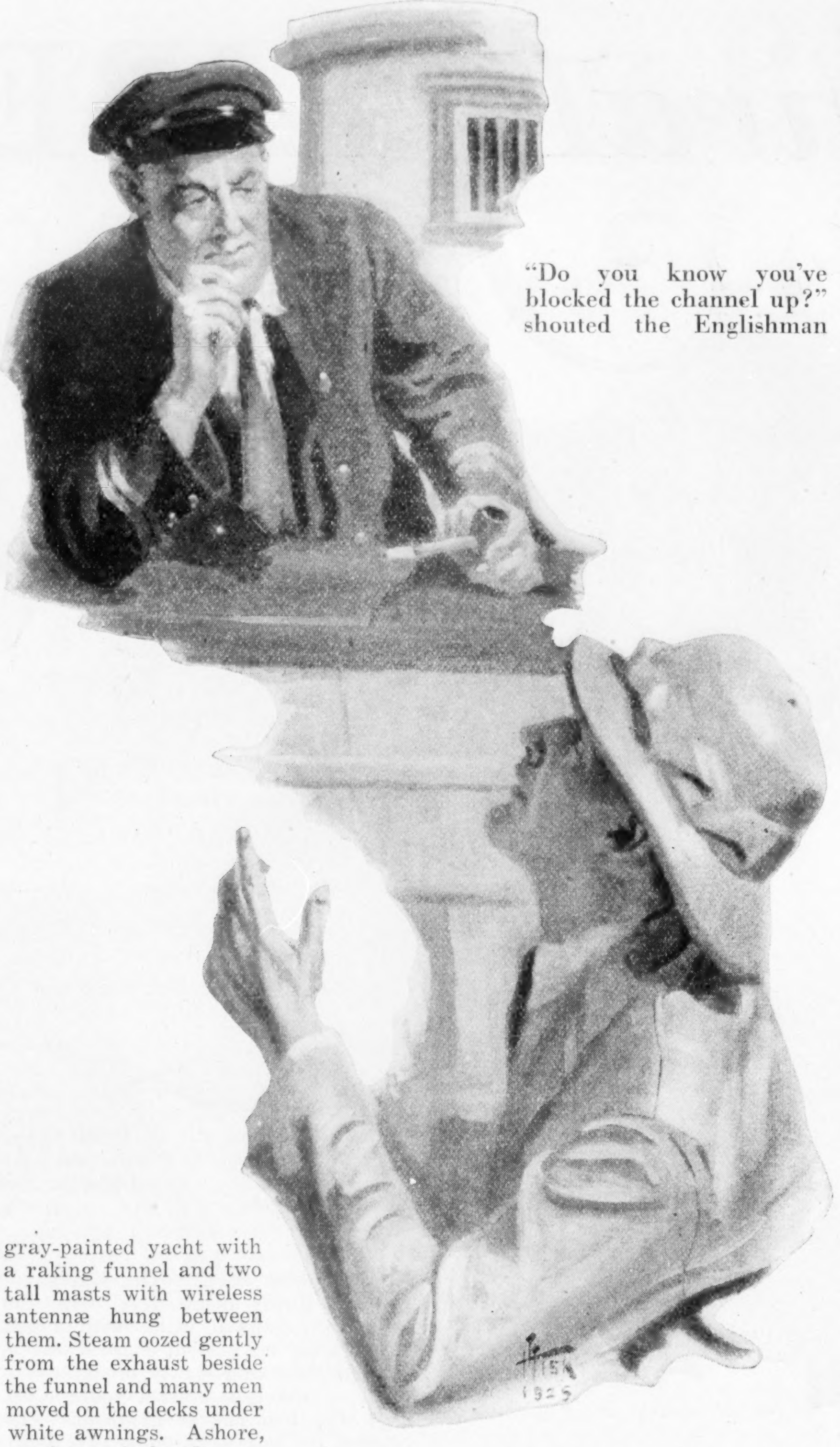
She was certainly not a formidable ship of war. But the other nation had no fleet at all, and its chief town was an open seaport. A swift night raid, the seaport shelled, perhaps captured, would bring the victorious army stampeding back to defend hearth and home. Then the beaten army could recuperate, advance and turn the tables.

Enter Uriah Jibbets, the sole commander of a temporarily acquired navy. It had been ascertained that the war yacht was taking aboard her guns and supplies in a certain sheltered bay on the enemy's coast. Twelve hours after her arrival at the bay, when the information of spies came through, cables had gone to San Francisco, and the deputation of olive-skinned gentlemen, after a careful perusal of all the ships and captains in port, had called on Captain Jibbets.

The captain lost no time. He went ashore and bought certain charts. He spent four hours in a library with his first mate Arthur. Then he made the mysterious purchase of the six pumps and the two diving suits. Not even Arthur could fathom what they were for. The orders were to prevent the war yacht from shelling the seaport. And how six pumps and two diving suits were to do that the young man did not know. Nor would Uriah Jibbets tell him.

" 'Old on an' see, mister. 'Old on. You'd want me t' mount a couple o' Maxims on th' foc'sle 'ead and some quick-firers 'midships, hey? Well, I wus young m'self once. . . . An' I don't want t' get blown outa th' water. Besides, th' missus wouldn't approve o' my killing anyone. She's a Meth'dist an' very stric'. 'Old on and you'll see. I ain't any too sure m'self it c'n be managed."

So now the Martha J. was steaming down the coast, a scant two hours from her destination. And the following day the war yacht was scheduled to sail. Arthur had a tremendous amount of confidence in his commander. He knew that behind the wind-reddened, moonlike face there was a brain that worked at all times very placidly and very certainly. But all the same he was apprehensive.



"Do you know you've blocked the channel up?" shouted the Englishman

THE sky was cloudless and without life save where a minute speck told of some bird, perhaps a buzzard, watching half a world for sign of death. A few flying fish broke the smooth water surface and once a shark glided by the Martha J., a shadowy, gray thing under the green. Arthur pointed abruptly at a headland that came to view as the coast unfolded.

"There's our landfall, sir."

The captain sucked at his pipe and grunted. Then he rolled away in the direction of the chart-room and spent half an hour poring over a large square of heavy white paper that was a maze of lines and figures.

"Six fathoms an' shallowin' t' less 'n one," he murmured. He grunted again and carefully refilled his pipe. When it was billowing smoke he frowned heavily and rubbed his chin with a huge thumb. He went to the chart-room door and bellowed, "Take a bearing!"

When the mate came to him with the bearing he studied it for a while, compared it with his chart, hauled down a book and turned the pages with exasperating slowness until he found what he wanted. Then he read and reread ponderously while Arthur moved from one foot to the other with impatience.

He jumped nervously when the captain grunted, "Make it seven degrees east o' south. . . . Let me know when she bears to th' nor'ard." In an hour they were skirting the headland and the coast was rising from swampy ground to low hills covered with jungle. Captain Jibbets scanned the shore line through his glasses and was obviously puzzled.

Arthur gave vent to his bewilderment. "Ain't a sign of a harbor there, sir. I wonder—" He broke off and scratched his head.

"When I wus a young man in th' China Sea," said the captain heavily, "there wus a 'arbor the pearlers put in an' you couldn't find it in a month o' Sundays unless y' knew th' opening. . . . Bring her to port. We'll go closer in."

They went in as close as they dared, the hand lead going, and at last, tucked in the elbow of the headland, they saw an opening in the jungle and the low hills. Captain Jibbets went to study his chart again, and confidence radiated from him. His orders were lazy and without haste, and foot by foot the Martha J. crept into one of the most land-locked anchorages Arthur had ever seen.

There was a narrow opening in the elbow of the headland curving in from seaward, and once the opening was passed the channel widened into a placid lagoon surrounded by hills. In the center of the water rested a lean, gray-painted yacht with a raking funnel and two tall masts with wireless antennæ hung between them. Steam oozed gently from the exhaust beside the funnel and many men moved on the decks under white awnings. Ashore, on the sandy beach, men moved too, and there were huge piles of stores or shells under white tarpaulins.

Captain Jibbets sucked at his pipe and stared out of innocent wide eyes. His mind might have been miles away for all the interest he appeared to take. He said aside to Arthur, "Let m' know when that tall tree is in line with th' bow an' th' stumpy 'ill yonder," and Arthur gave him a quick look and squinted across the water and obeyed.

THE Martha J. was about in the center of the narrow channel when those on the yacht saw her. A startled cry went up and men pointed. Two figures in immaculate duck ran the length of the ship and climbed her tiny bridge, where they seized glasses and focused them on the stout man in dingy serge, smoking a pipe, who appeared to be watching the ripples along the shore.

"Now, sir," said Arthur.

"Full speed," grunted the captain. The telegraphs rang and jangled, and down below the engineer cursed in German at this abrupt demand for steam. "An' put 'er nor' b' west."

Arthur nodded. He started to call the order over his shoulder to the helmsman and then stopped aghast.

"But, sir," he faltered, "I thought the chart—"

"Nor' b' west," repeated Captain Jibbets unmoved. He walked to the starboard bridge wing, removed his pipe, and spat solemnly overboard.

"Nor' b' west," called Arthur weakly. He leaned against the bridge rail and blinked. The Martha J.'s head swung towards the bank. Her nose shivered into the sand, and she checked abruptly. There was not much room in the twisting channel when a ship went in straight. And now the Martha J. was churning sand and mud to the surface of the water. Her stern swung and plowed in another sand bank. A frantic shouting came from the yacht, and men waved. One even raised a rifle and fired it in the air. "My God," groaned Arthur weakly. "What next?" He had seen a ship deliberately wrecked. Captain Jibbets blew a cloud of smoke from his big lips and rubbed a huge thumb over his chin. He seemed very much pleased.

"Stop 'er!" The telegraphs jangled again, and the thump-thump of the tortured screw died. The German engineer below leaned against a stanchion and wiped his brow.

"Mein Gott! Vot a gommander!"

"An' ask th' carpenter t' 'op down below an' open th' sea cocks."

"Eh?" said Arthur, gripping the bridge rail. He repeated blankly, "Eh?"

"You might take a couple o' men an' 'elp 'im. . . . An' I didn't say t'-morrow. . . . Send th' bos'n t' me."

"Yes, sir!" gasped the astounded mate and he tottered away. A launch was pushing off from the yacht's side and the sound of the engine starting with a little putt-putt came over the water. The bos'n arrived on the bridge a very dazed and alarmed man. He regarded the stout figure before him as though doubting his eyes.

"Take four men, Bos'n, an' go down in th' 'tween-decks where th' pumps are. You'll find a 'eavy package wrapped in canvas near the bulkhead an' another package near th' diving suits. They'll be 'eavy. Take 'em an' 'ide them somewheres in the lower 'old an' then forget all about 'em. . . . Y'understand?"

"Yessir," gaped the bos'n.

"An' it's gotta be done afore that blasted launch boards us. . . . Y'understand?"

"Yessir."

"Then don't stand and gape at me as if I wus some new disease. . . . Ferget all about 'em, y'understand?"

"Yessir," panted the bos'n for a last time, and he staggered away. Captain Jibbets smiled at the bright blue sky. He smiled at the launch racing toward him.

He grunted, "I doubt whether th' missus'd approve. . . . But th' pay ain't so bad."

THEN his calm was broken into by two white-clothed figures that burst on the bridge. Captain Jibbets turned from looking at the neat launch bobbing alongside the Martha J., and he waved a huge hand.

"I don't understand why you ain't put buoys in this channel. 'Ow c'n a common mariner take 'is ship inter sich a God-fersaken place wot even th' charts ain't sure about?"

"Say, you damned fool, do you know you've blocked the channel up?" shouted the taller of the two men. His English accent was not to be mistaken. "This confounded barge of yours—"

The captain kept a dignified silence.

"What are you going to do? I've got to sail to-night. . . . I'll lend you any men you want to haul her off at high tide. Good heavens, how did you do it? Any fool can see the sand banks each side of the channel!"

"As a qualified master mariner I can't 'ave you insulting me on me own bridge, mister." The captain frowned. "I'd like to know 'oo you are an' what you are an' then I might take ye down below and give ye a drink. . . . Y'know, when I was a young man in th' China Sea—"

"Seven feet of water in th' holds, sir," the carpenter was saying at the captain's elbow. "An' the mate says—"

"I don't want my men to repeat what an officer says," broke in the captain hastily. "Get below, my man, and report to me in half an hour." The carpenter mumbled and went away.

"I'm Clark Matthews," the taller of the two strangers said. "I'm the owner of that yacht Harebell an' this is my chief officer."

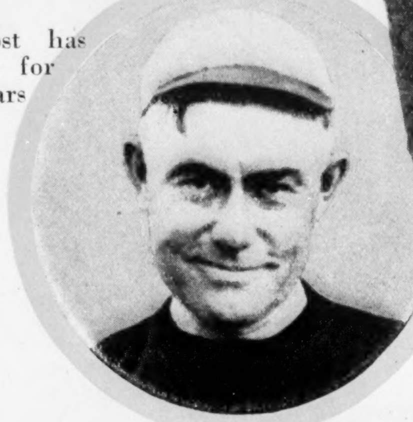
"Pleased t' meetcha," said Uriah Jibbets in his best manner. He waved a huge hand. "I'm Uriah Jibbets, Captain Uriah Jibbets of the Martha J. Named arter m' wife, gentlemen. . . . Now, if you'll come below. . . ."

"Damn it!" roared the Englishman, his face red. "I stand to lose a cool fifty thousand through your confounded carelessness. Don't you understand, man? Get your crew to work right away, and I'll give you a hand. . . . What did you want in this God-forsaken hole, anyway?"

Captain Jibbets blinked and removed his pipe. "I wus told there wus a chance o'

(*Continued on page 38*)

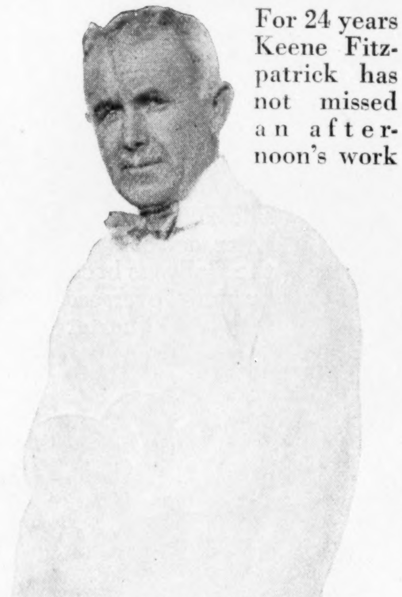
Their Business is MAKING MEN


Michigan's Yost has been coaching for nearly 30 years

They're philosophers—the coaches who have made us first in sports

By GRANTLAND RICE

THERE seems to be a general idea among the thirty or forty millions who are keenly or mildly interested in sport that so many American champions in various fields have stepped to the front through some divine prerogative, through certain natural qualities denied the remainder of the universe. But the true answer happens to be that America has marched to the pinnacle because of the work of the greatest set of coaches and trainers that ever furnished instruction to, or enforced discipline upon, the material at hand.


For 24 years Keene Fitzpatrick has not missed an afternoon's work

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Outside of the material itself there are just three things that lead to championship development. These are inspiration, instruction and discipline. And those are the three things which such men as Stagg, Rockne, Yost, Leader, Christie, Robertson, Fitzpatrick, De Forest, Jones, Roper, Andy Smith, Keene, Moakley and a long line of others have given to the cause of man-making in the United States.

They have first inspired the youth of the nation with a love of sport. They have then given out the needed instruction for skill and form. And they have enforced a discipline of training which has been of untold benefit to thousands.

Some time ago we ran across a certain well-known British athlete of more than passing fame. "The trouble with you Americans," he said, "is that you take your sport too seriously. Over here we would never stand for the discipline and training methods of your coaches. We go into sport for fun and recreation only; such rigid training rules as you have would never be tolerated. Why should sport be turned into hard work? Why should some professional trainer tell me what to eat and drink? When to practice and when not to practice?"

Every argument has two sides. There is something to this viewpoint. But we think there is much more to the other. In the first place, there is no younger generation of any land or any age that doesn't need the training of discipline, not only for sport itself, but for any life work later on. There has been entirely too small an amount of discipline in the world at large, in place of there being too much. Discipline is one of the best of all the character makers and there is still room on this rollicking planet for a touch of character here and there.

There is the case of that wandering troubadour of Slugdom known as Luis Angel Firpo. He came to this country from the Argentine, a raw, crude product of humanity, with a mighty fist, a giant frame and a stout heart. After a short period he put himself under the training guidance of Jimmy De Forest, one of the best of the tribe, the man who handled Jack Dempsey before he brought big Willard to the floor. De Forest insisted on diet, discipline and training along right lines. Within a few months he had the raw, crude product winning his way to a match with the world's champion.

Firpo was at his best on the day he fought McAuliffe, when the Wild Bull of the Pampas looked lean and hard and full of fire. But Firpo had already begun to chafe beneath the routine of training days. He didn't like the quietness of a country camp. He didn't like spinach. He didn't like road work. He wanted to be back with the crowds. He wanted to eat six or seven steaks a day, smothered with eggs and lamb chops. He was not willing to pay the price of glory in drudgery, routine and discipline.

So he cast De Forest adrift, as a man wrecked at sea might throw away the lifeboat and jump for a steel girder thrown to the waves. The result was inevitable. While he knocked Dempsey from the ring with a wild right hand, behind which was a fighting spirit that was unbroken, he was battered into complete submission in less than four minutes; and later he was whipped by Harry Wills and Charley Weinert, the latter a man he had knocked out in two rounds when De Forest had charge.

Discipline and training might not have made Firpo a champion. But they would have given him a great chance when he had Dempsey half groggy and half helpless before him. It was Dempsey, who had accepted the direction and advice of his trainers, who landed the crashing wallop which ended the fight.

Few people appreciate how long is the span of work and how extended the experience which our leading coaches and trainers have given to the youth of the nation. These figures will show just what length of service means—since they represent the years given to building up the race.

Alonzo Stagg, Chicago University—34 years.

John W. Heisman, Rice Institute—32 years.

Glenn (Pop) Warner, Stanford—30 years.

Fielding H. Yost, Michigan—29 years.

Keene Fitzpatrick, Princeton—27 years.

Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt—21 years.

Mike Donahue, Louisiana—21 years.

Pooch Donovan, Harvard—over 25 years.

Andy Smith, California—20 years.

Jack Moakley, Cornell—over 20 years.

Tom Keene, Syracuse—over 25 years.

And this is only a minor part of the list, a list that might be extended indefinitely, running from ten to thirty years—years devoted to one of the most important jobs any nation has to offer.

Alonzo Stagg holds the long-service record—34 years

Take the case of Alonzo Stagg who, back in another generation, came from Yale to handle athletics at Chicago University. Stagg has been a builder of character as well as a builder of muscle and sinew. He has sent thousands upon thousands on into the great game waiting beyond college walls better fitted for their various jobs in every way. He has taught them discipline and condition. Above that he has taught them sportsmanship and the ideals of clean, fair play. He has taught them to take their jolts and return, undiscouraged, for the next charge. He has been a philosopher as well as a coach and a trainer. Thirty-four years at football, baseball, basketball and track is sufficient testimony to show the chance he has had and the opportunity he has faced for the good of the tribe. And Stagg, like many others, has overlooked nothing that might help to build a better citizen.

There is Knute Rockne, of Notre Dame, one of the most famous of all football coaches. Rockne, in something like seventy-seven football contests that went to a decision, has won approximately seventy-two victories and suffered but five defeats.

Rockne teaches speed of foot and speed of brain. He is a great believer in speed, mental and physical. You rarely see a Notre Dame regular who isn't mentally alert, smart, keen and ready for any emergency. You rarely see a Notre Dame team that doesn't think quickly and act quickly.

Rockne is (*Continued on page 46*)

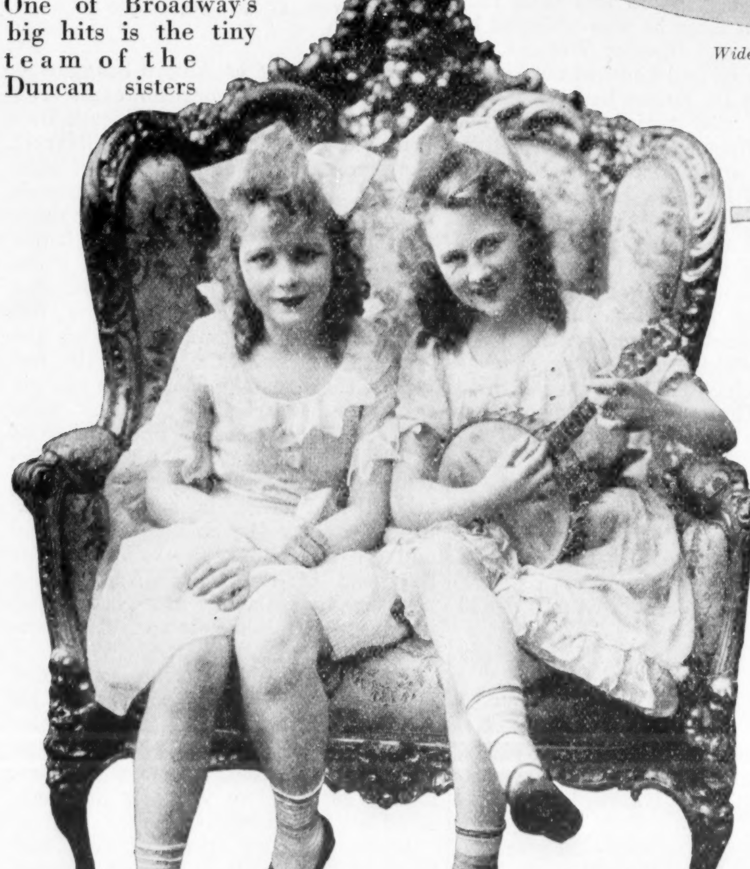
SISTER

At the Paris Academy this winter the Roux Prize for a painting was won by sisters—Lucienne Leroux, 21, and Madeline, 22

A shoe factory in Haverhill, Mass., employing 100 workmen, recently was started by the Misses Etta and Fannie Kimel

The opera in New York has a new sister act in Rosa and Carmela Ponselle (at the right). The sisterly help of Carmela hastened Rosa's début on the operatic stage

Wide World Photos



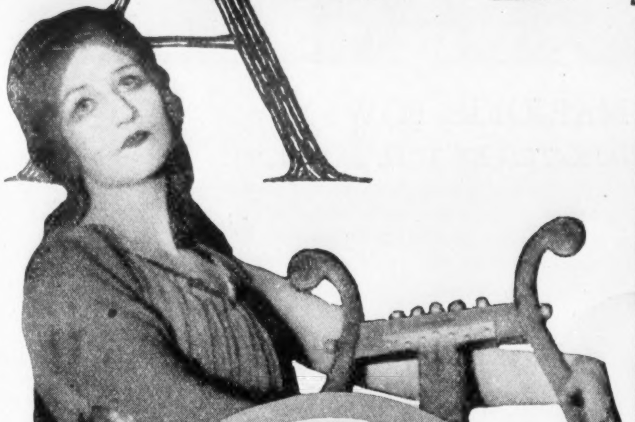
One of Broadway's big hits is the tiny team of the Duncan sisters

White—from Wide World

The famous sister act of the Dollys is back from overseas with a quartet

ACTS

They're invading trade and every field of art



Nickolas Muray

Hesper Le Gallienne (above) writes poetry; her sister Eva (at left) puts poetry into acting. It's born in them, perhaps, as daughters of the poet Richard Le Gallienne

Genthe—from Brown Bros.

They both "twang lyres"—Edna St. Vincent Millay as a poet (at left); Norma, on the stage, as a singer in a revival of "Patience"

Bangs—from Wide World

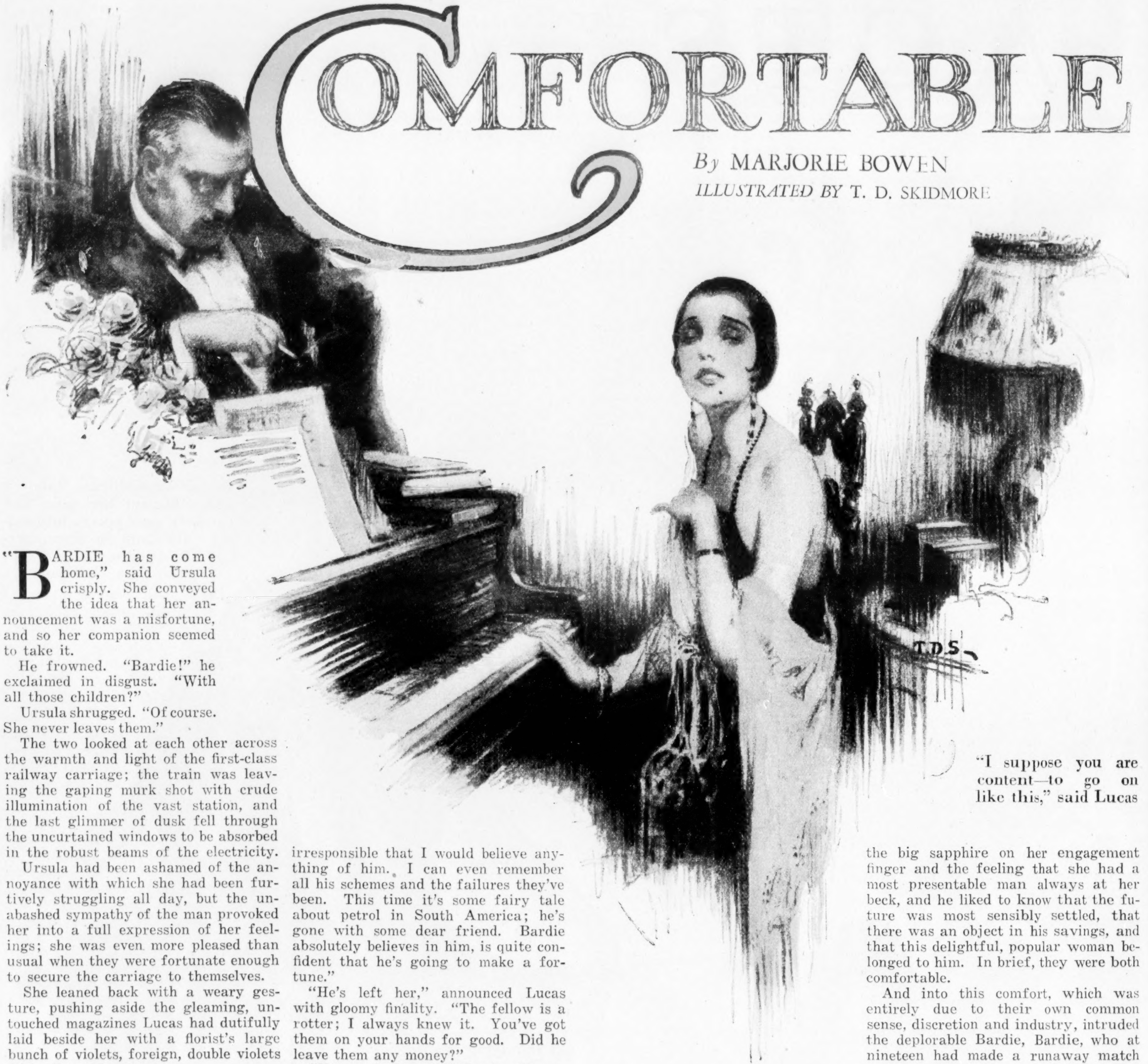
The same coterie of Eastern high-brow critics who discovered that Charlie Chaplin is a great actor recently began to rave about Lillian Gish and sister Dorothy. Whereupon the Gishes fled to California

No musical show is a hit nowadays without a dancing twin act; keen managers can't do without them. And this should serve to introduce (at right) the Keene twins

COMFORTABLE

By MARJORIE BOWEN

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE



"I suppose you are content—to go on like this," said Lucas

"BARDIE has come home," said Ursula crisply. She conveyed the idea that her announcement was a misfortune, and so her companion seemed to take it.

He frowned. "Bardie!" he exclaimed in disgust. "With all those children?"

Ursula shrugged. "Of course. She never leaves them."

The two looked at each other across the warmth and light of the first-class railway carriage; the train was leaving the gaping murk shot with crude illumination of the vast station, and the last glimmer of dusk fell through the uncurtained windows to be absorbed in the robust beams of the electricity.

Ursula had been ashamed of the annoyance with which she had been furtively struggling all day, but the unabashed sympathy of the man provoked her into a full expression of her feelings; she was even more pleased than usual when they were fortunate enough to secure the carriage to themselves.

She leaned back with a weary gesture, pushing aside the gleaming, untouched magazines Lucas had dutifully laid beside her with a florist's large bunch of violets, foreign, double violets with silver paper.

"It really is rather too bad," she said. "They all arrived last night, not a word, nor a wire! So like Bardie! Everything in an upset in five minutes—Mother almost in hysterics and Sewell, I *know,* determined to give notice. Bardie's got another baby and a dog since last time."

"Good Lord, however long is this infliction to last?"

She was gratified by his dismay, which seemed to acquit her of an uncommonly selfish viewpoint.

"Oh, indefinitely," she replied bitterly. "You know what Bardie is—she has no practical qualities whatever; she simply can't see that there is anything in quartering herself on us; she's absolutely harum-scarum—"

"Where's Oglethrope?" asked Lucas darkly.

This mention of her sister's husband brought Ursula to the very crux of her grievance.

"Oh, John! He's gone. Cleared out to South America."

"You mean he's abandoned them?"

"I don't know. John is so entirely irresponsible that I would believe anything of him. I can even remember all his schemes and the failures they've been. This time it's some fairy tale about petrol in South America; he's gone with some dear friend. Bardie absolutely believes in him, is quite confident that he's going to make a fortune."

"He's left her," announced Lucas with gloomy finality. "The fellow is a rotter; I always knew it. You've got them on your hands for good. Did he leave them any money?"

"Not a cent," replied Ursula. "Promised to send. It really is sickening."

And again these two people looked at each other in dismay.

They were young, good-looking and bore the stamp of prosperity and success. Ursula Divent was a blond woman of thirty-odd, carefully arranged and dressed to look like a youth; she had scrupulously avoided the "prettiness" so abhorred of the present fashion and cultivated a very graceful "line;" her shingled hair was totally concealed under a plain tiny black hat; her supple coat clung tightly to her hipless, bustless figure; a big collar of gray fur muffled her to the chin, and her face, naturally rather broad and vivacious, was trained to a conventional look of indifference and tinted conventional hues of pink and white; her clothes were expensive, her bearing, if it expressed no personality, at least was charmingly typical of the mode of the moment.

The mode of the moment was a serious matter to Ursula Divent; she was a dress designer and partner in a very choice little shop in Madox Street.

The man sitting opposite her was her future husband; he was a lawyer and "doing" as well as she was; but neither of them were doing quite well enough to get married on; they had quite decided that.

The present arrangement was very satisfactory. He had his modest rooms in town, she lived with her mother at Middleton and came up every day; they lunched, teaed, and dined together just as often as they wanted to, and most Saturdays they went down to Middleton together and he put up at his married sister's and there was a very pleasant family gathering for the week-end.

THEY had been doing this for five years now, and it had worked extremely well; each had liberty, no responsibility and plenty of pocket money, separate interests, leisure and no bothers of house-making or housekeeping. Ursula allowed herself discreet coquetries with other men, and he had his bachelor club and his bachelor invitations. She liked the look of the big sapphire on her engagement finger and the feeling that she had a most presentable man always at her beck, and he liked to know that the future was most sensibly settled, that there was an object in his savings, and that this delightful, popular woman belonged to him. In brief, they were both comfortable.

And into this comfort, which was entirely due to their own common sense, discretion and industry, intruded the deplorable Bardie, Bardie, who at nineteen had made a runaway match with a penniless engineer who seemed incapable of finding work and incapable of doing it when it was found for him—Bardie, who, impervious to lectures, entreaties, warnings and examples, had knocked about Europe with a yearly increasing family, managing somehow, in odd ways and with queer means, now and then seeking shelter in Mrs. Divent's model household and bringing devastation in her train.

But she had never stayed very long. John had always swept her off to some fresh hunting ground, with fresh rosy hopes, with fresh, sanguine promises. John was always prodigal with these; always fertile in resources; he did many things besides engineering, journalism, scene designing, organizing, mysterious buying and selling.

Ursula, thinking of him, sighed; it had never been so bad as this before; the visitation had never seemed so hopelessly indefinite. She looked at Lucas Marvell—so composed, so steady, so assured, handsome and well set up—and she smiled on top of her sigh to think how differently she had chosen from Bardie!

The meditations of Lucas had brought him to another point. "The man's a rogue," he said solemnly.

Ursula felt that she ought to try to be just. "I can't say that, Lucas. Perhaps he is only improvident and thoughtless. Bardie says he sailed about two months ago, leaving her in rooms with a little money. When it gave out he told her to come to us."

"Has she heard from him?"

"Two cheerful letters. Oh, Bardie is quite satisfied!"

"A man like that," said Lucas violently, "ought to be imprisoned for daring to marry. It's abominable! And people like ourselves and Mrs. Divent have to pay for his selfish folly."

Ursula tried to compromise. "Of course I'm very fond of Bardie, and I'd do most things to help—"

"My dear girl," interrupted Lucas irritably, "do let us drop that sort of talk. You know that it is the most hideous nuisance and expense—"

"Bardie always insists on Mother taking her bit of money when she stays with us—"

"Her hundred a year, two pounds a week! And Mrs. Divent takes it to buy something for the children!"

"Well," said Ursula wearily, "I can't turn her out, can I?"

"Can't you get her some work in your line? She is a very healthy young woman. Board the children out somewhere—"

"Get Bardie a job! My dear, she is so unpresentable, all to pieces. And she wouldn't think of leaving the children," Lucas muttered angrily. "Women so besotted with maternity ought to marry men who can support them."

URSULA picked up her bunch of violets. She just remembered that all this talk about Bardie had prevented the usual kiss, the little formula of lovers' talk that had become as inevitable as the bunch of Parma violets. It was so like Lucas to buy flowers you could always get at any season, a standing order that saved trouble and thought.

Ursula suppressed a yawn. She was tired; she had been at work all day on a theatrical order that had been interesting but tiresome, and in the back of her mind there had always been this worry about Bardie.

She had known that Lucas would be angry, and it was clear that he was, very angry and ruffled.

Lucas was so hard-working and sensible that it was very trying for him to be bothered by the vagaries of people like Bardie and John; it wasn't to be expected that he would be good-humored and pleasant about the affair.

Nor did he show any intention of being so. As the train stopped at Middleton and jerked each of them out of their separate reverie, he said, quite brusquely:

"I do hope that you will be firm about all this nonsense, Ursula. Bardie will have to find somewhere else to go. I can't have you worried like this."

As they descended to the dark, windy platform, she said: "I suppose you won't care to come over to-night? I don't think that it will be very comfortable—"

They so often used that word; they did not know how often they used it; "comfortable" represented their criterion.

Lucas promptly saw her point. "No, I won't come. I don't think I could stand all those kids—and Bardie gets on my nerves. See you on the links to-morrow morning?"

They parted. Ursula went reluctantly home; she enjoyed her leisurely evenings with Lucas; each liked music and also those fruity discussions as to the future that to prudent, successful, unambitious people are like luscious old port to be sipped and relished, and now, through the miserable Bardie, she had lost one of these evenings.

THE house was, of course, in an uproar—what Ursula called an uproar. Bardie had entirely rearranged the two spare rooms that Ursula had taken such pride in making very modern. All the color schemes had just been slashed across and ugly things like cots, trunks, towel horses and broken toys were all over the place; a big old bath stood on a square of mackintosh before the gas fire, and Bardie was on her knees before it washing her last but one baby. The tiniest baby of all was rolled in his wee bed, and the two older children were sitting either side of Mrs. Divent, who was reading from a battered book of fairy tales.

"How heroic Mother is!" thought Ursula. The big boys, who were in faded nightgowns, were chewing crusts and grinned as she came in; the elder was only six years old.

"Your bathroom was so grand," said Bardie cheerfully, "that I left it to you, Ursie."

"This makes a lot of work, doesn't it?" answered the other, trying not to speak crossly. "Can't Sewell help you?"

Bardie grinned. "Sewell is leaving. We had an awful row."

"Really, Bardie!" Ursula's eyes flashed. Sewell just suited her. "This is too much!"

Mrs. Divent interposed with a guilty look and accent.

"Sewell was very insolent, Ursie. And she was becoming so tyrannical. I'm not altogether sorry—"

"I am," said Ursula flatly.

"May is staying," ventured Mrs. Divent hopefully.

"May can't cook—"

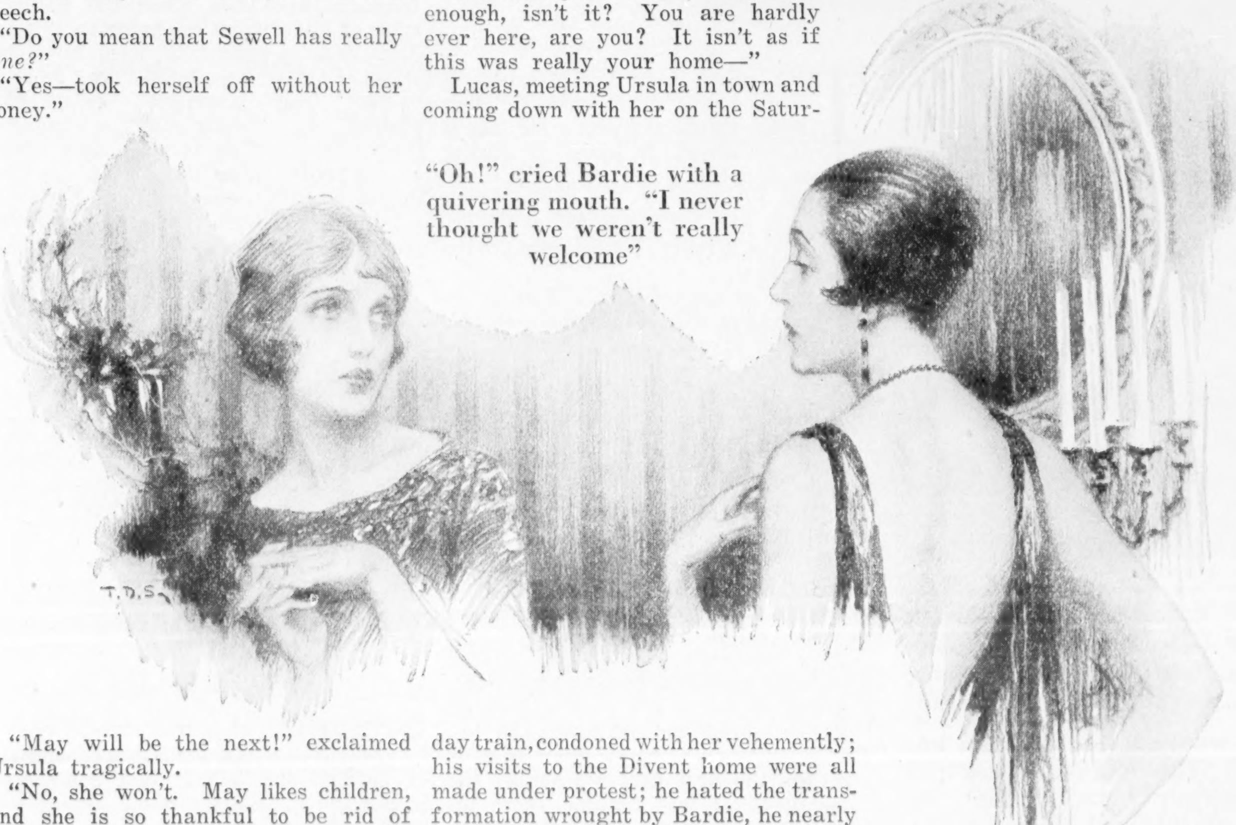
"I can," said Bardie. "You'll find a decent little supper downstairs. I've *had* to learn to cook. Servants and landladies spoil food or make kickshaws. You can't risk it with children—"

She lifted the baby deftly out on to the spread towel and dried him while he pulled at her hair.

Ursula only noted one point in her speech.

"Do you mean that Sewell has really *gone?*"

"Yes—took herself off without her money."



"Oh!" cried Bardie with a quivering mouth. "I never thought we weren't really welcome"

"May will be the next!" exclaimed Ursula tragically.

"No, she won't. May likes children, and she is so thankful to be rid of Sewell that she would do anything for me—"

Ursula sat down limply. "This is too bad. I've been working hard all day—"

Bardie glanced at her curiously. "I've been busy too. Why don't you go down and get your supper? Mother said you generally brought Lucas along."

"Lucas wouldn't come," snapped Ursula.

"Afraid of us?" asked Bardie briskly.

"Well, naturally—"

"Poor Ursie!" said Bardie thoughtfully. "Lucas is awful."

"Bardie!" cried Mrs. Divent faintly.

"Well, he is, isn't he? Really awful. And he is making Ursie the same—"

Ursula was too vexed to be able to reply; no one ever took any notice of Bardie's terribly wild tongue.

The elder sister contemplated the younger with hostile eyes.

Unpresentable! Lucas ought to see her now. Her figure had developed into that full womanly shape that was considered so unfashionable; there was a generous swell to her bosom, her hips, a sweeping curve to her throat and arm; her face was a crudely healthy red color; her rich hair hung in heavy loops down her back, in thick waves on her forehead; she wore a big washed-out apron over a mended frock; her shoes were trodden over, her hands ruined; her voice had become full, and she had a constant warm laugh.

Picking up the rosy, happy, fat baby, she said to her mother: "Do look what Tim and Johnnie are doing, they're so quiet—"

Mrs. Divent, who had been watching and listening to her daughter rather anxiously, started up; under the bed the two children, released from the lure of the fairy tale, were pulling the bunch of Parma violets to pieces.

"I'm *so* sorry," said Bardie. "It doesn't do to leave a *thing* about."

Ursula was too vexed to answer; she left the room; life had suddenly become incoherent.

IT SEEMED even more incoherent to Ursula as Bardie continued to work her swift revolution in the exact household; in her zeal to protect Ursula's possessions from the children Bardie put away anything really interesting in the house.

When Ursula protested she said gayly:

"I've left your rooms, and that's enough, isn't it? You are hardly ever here, are you? It isn't as if this was really your home—"

Lucas, meeting Ursula in town and coming down with her on the Saturday train, condoned with her vehemently; his visits to the Divent home were all made under protest; he hated the transformation wrought by Bardie, he nearly hated Bardie herself; even her name enraged him. Why didn't she call herself Barbara, as she had been christened? Why this infantile Bardie?

After some weeks of this invasion of surging humanity into the peace of their comfortable back water, Lucas, as he termed it, "put his foot down."

"Look here, Ursula, this can't go on. Oglethrope hasn't written, I suppose?"

"Not lately."

"Well, I shall have to speak to your sister. If nothing else can be done, she had better go out to her husband."

"Mother wouldn't like that."

"Mrs. Divent is so weak," said Lucas impatiently. "Here she is, living in the utmost discomfort and anxiety, denying herself everything she cares for, and she won't lift a finger to help herself."

"Oh, I believe Mother rather likes it," replied Ursula dryly. "She is rather old-fashioned, you know."

"Well, something will have to be done," said Lucas grimly, "or you will find them on your hands for life—you'll find yourself a gray-haired woman, working to educate Oglethrope's children."

"Well, I will speak to Bardie—that would be kinder."

When Ursula returned home the yells of the two elder boys greeted her as she turned her latch key; Bardie was romping overhead with them; a grinning May (an awakened and humanized May) was carrying the tiny baby upstairs; Mrs. Divent followed with the big baby.

"Mother," cried Ursula sharply, "you'll drag yourself to pieces—and *do* get Bardie to stop that noise. I'm tired and edgy."

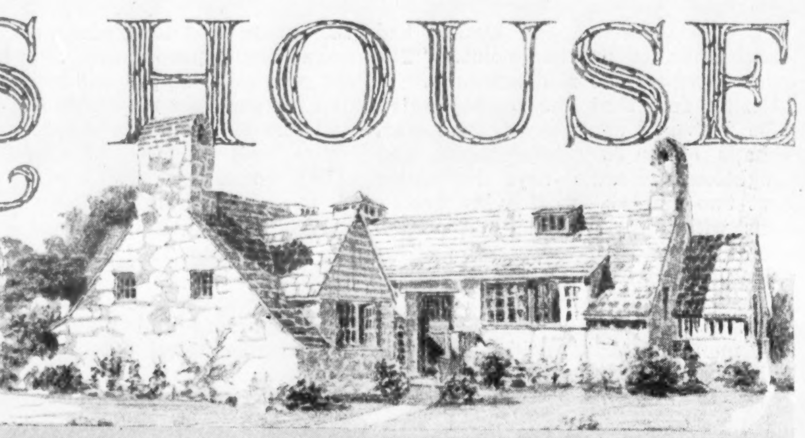
"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Divent meekly. "We try to get them all to bed before you come home, dear; they are fine, healthy children and one can't always control them."

Ursula felt as if these words definitely ranged her mother against her, on Bardie's side; this increased her feeling of hostility toward her sister.

"I want to see Bardie when she is free," she said, and turned into the parlor kept sacred to her, where her supper waited before the gas fire.

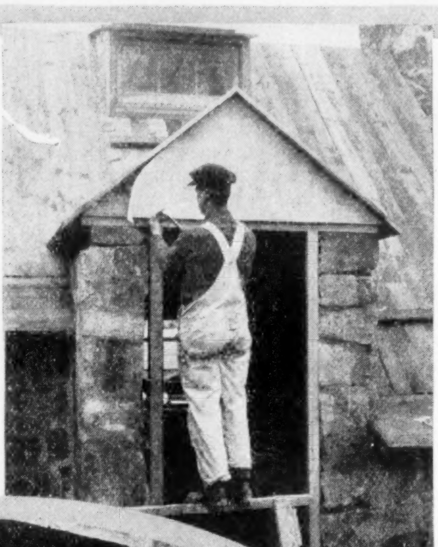
Bardie *was* a good cook; Ursula lived better than under the régime of Sewell, and the housekeeping bills were considerably less: Ursula thought of this, but (*Continued on page 34*)

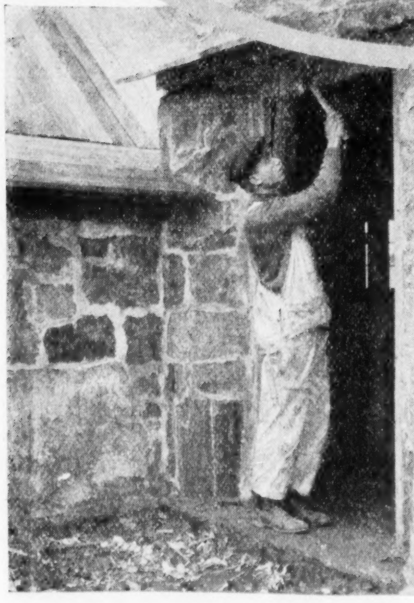
COLLIER'S HOUSE *is Roofed*



By HAROLD CARY

PROGRESS is being made with the new small house. And Mr. Cary is still saving money. He says: "The walls are up now, the house is roofed, the window and door frames are in, the partitions are set and lathed with wire." The house is beginning to look like a house. Roofs always give trouble, so the story of his experience will help you when you build.





Garden entrance to Collier's house (top). Some idea of the construction of the roof, the ridge dormers and the walls which, though low, give plenty of headroom within

Next we have the kitchen entrance. The door is set back and the doorway framed in stone. At right, outside coal bin (of stone)

Bottom: The secluded main entrance—framed in stone. Later, a flagged terrace will be built here

THE other Saturday afternoon I walked up to the new Collier's house thinking about costs, about labor, about the job of producing a large, finished stone house for seven or eight thousand dollars when every contractor and builder in the neighborhood thinks it must cost between twelve and fourteen.

Coming around a corner I came on a figure in overalls, leaning on a shovel. I saw that it was Leon Soderston, the man who is to own the house when it is done. He did not see me. As I came up I saw him reach out and softly touch the cold stone walls.

At my hail he looked up and grinned, embarrassed. "I guess I was sort of petting my house," he said. "It's so beautiful."

So that's the feeling he has about it, I thought to myself. Soderston is an artist by occupation and temperament, so I stepped off to look, too.

It *is* handsome, that house. Placed on a little eminence in a wooded tract, it grows up out of the ground, keeping low and spreading out over the lot. The stone work is better than that of my own, the first Collier's house; the house itself is less regular, more informal, more homey. The visitors who have come to see it have found it charming, with qualities unobtainable at low cost except through the use of the revolutionary Flagg architectural and construction plans. You can get the same effects by ordinary methods but at great cost. Our costs must stay at least a third below those for the average house built of equally fine and permanent materials.

So it is that most of my description must concern the battle against cost.

The walls are up now, the house is roofed, the window and door frames are in, the partitions are set and lathed with wire. Most of the time, since the stone work was completed a month ago, we have been working with just two carpenters and a helper.

The Flagg-type roof is an exceedingly economical structure; but the design called for is far from economical in this one particular. As I have said, the house spreads out over the lot. Now any architect will tell you that the only way to save money on a roof is to make your house tall and thin so that there is very little square area to cover. By using low walls and single-story construction we add greatly to the roof area. Saving money on it would be impossible were it not for the fact that all the rooms run up and get their headroom from the roof. Such space is always wasted in ordinary design. We have gained more than we have lost in cost. In appearance and convenience we have gained immeasurably.

In the actual construction details a good deal is saved by using a purlin roof instead of a rafter roof. In Colonial times this was a favored method of framing, and then when the balloon type of house framing came in it was discarded. It cannot be used now because of the way we build frame houses to-day. The difference is easily explained. In a rafter roof the supporting timbers run up to meet each other at the roof tree or ridge pole. In the purlin roof the members run horizontally. In this house the roofs over each gable are composed of six-by-six timbers, with their ends in stone walls. A single side of a roof requires but two timbers with this construction. A rafter roof would require three times as much wood. The roofing boards are put on to meet at the peak and are exactly the same material which would be required if they were laid the opposite way on rafters. Since less wood is actually used less labor is required to frame the roof. Even more important to me is the fact that these timbers can be shown in the room below, where they are always subject to comment on account of their extremely decorative effect.

Roofs, $150—Up

SOMETIMES, of course, shingle roofs are laid on a roof structure composed of rafters and boards laid some six inches apart. This method cannot be used with purlin roofs and it is a very bad method to use for any purpose. It wastes a large amount of coal in winter and makes a house very hot in summer.

The choice of roofing materials today is wide indeed. There are several factors to be considered. We are using on this house the cheapest type of material which is capable of keeping out the rain and which at the same time looks well. Applied to the roof it has cost about a hundred and fifty dollars. We could have spent as much as fifteen hundred—ten times as much. There are several things to be considered when you choose a material for this purpose. Mr. Soderston wanted very much to put on colored, rough-textured asbestos shingles which are made of asbestos fiber and Portland cement. This material on his large area of roof would have cost at least a thousand dollars and he did not feel willing to spend that much at the present time.

His second choices of copper, zinc, or slate in some cases cost more and in some cases less, so he did this ingenious thing: he ordered us to put on sheathing heavy enough to carry the weight of slate, the heaviest material which he might ever wish to use, and asphalt roofing laid up like a standing seam roof. This roof will last for ten or fifteen years, is good looking, carries the lines of the house out beautifully, and is just as good for insulating purposes as any of the expensive roofings which he has considered. When he wants to put on his expensive roof, which will be fireproof and as permanent as the structure itself, he can put the new material on right over the old.

A Building-Loan Snag

THE roof on my house is of exactly the same material as the roof on this house, but this one is laid up in a different way with metal-capped seams which should make it even more satisfactory.

In the framing of the roof is included the putting on of the roof and ridge dormers. Both of them are jobs of carpentry which the amateur builder has little need to worry about because every journeyman is thoroughly familiar with the problems which are met in each case. When I was putting through the first house I remember that the roof-framing job filled me with fear. I worried about it continually. When the time came to do it the carpenters proceeded to accomplish the task with a speed which amazed me. The only mistake they made was at my own suggestion. To anyone who is building let me suggest that there is nothing to worry about. The carpenters will eat up this rough job. The ridge dormers and the dormer windows themselves follow the plans naturally.

While this part of the work is going on the mill which made the frames for the windows and the dormers should have the order for the windows themselves. There is nothing unusual about them nor is there anything really different except that the frames are plowed at the sides and bottoms to catch any (*Continued on page 44*)

SARGON, King of Kings

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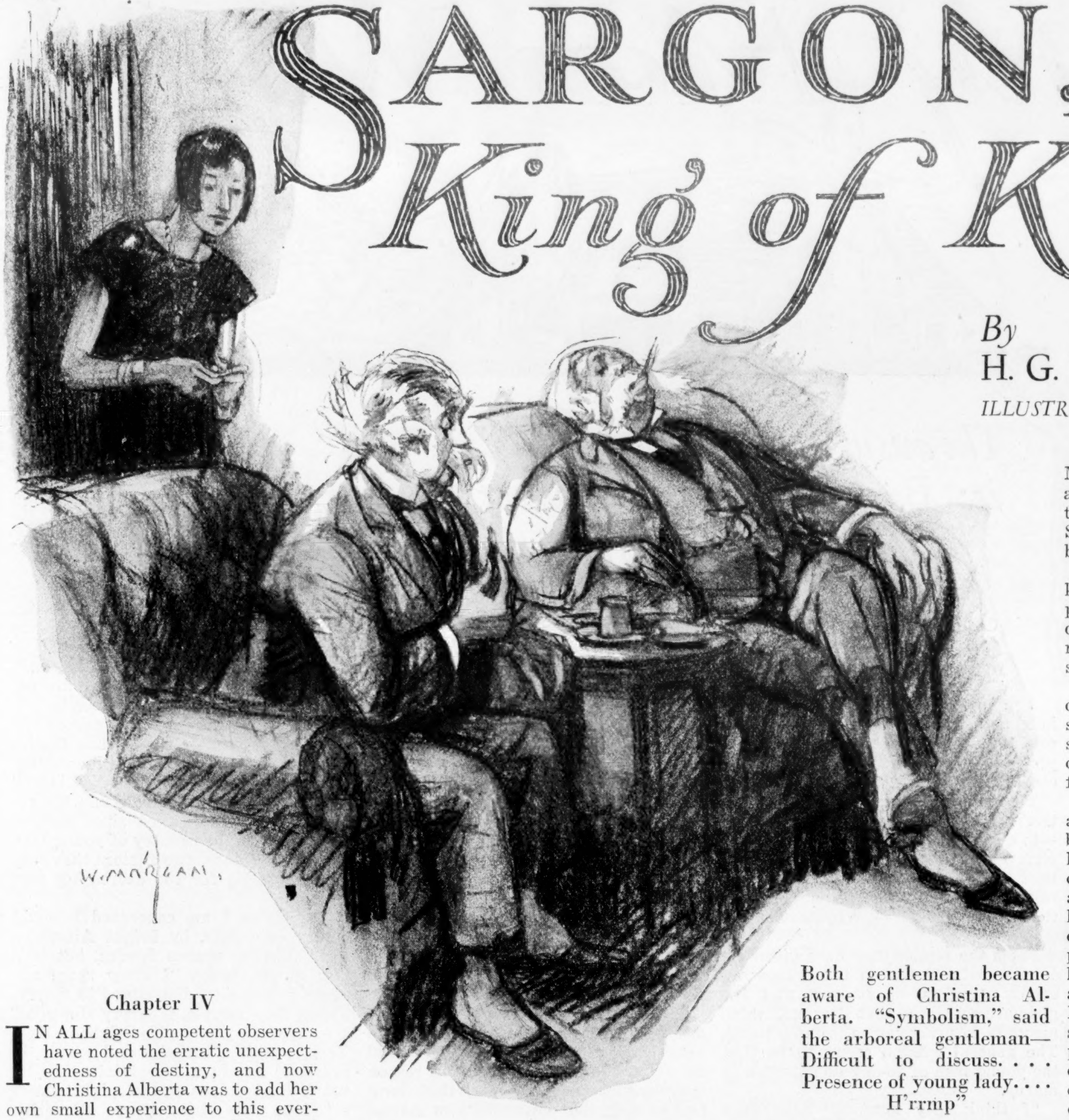
By
H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



Both gentlemen became aware of Christina Alberta. "Symbolism," said the arboreal gentleman—Difficult to discuss. . . . Presence of young lady. . . . H'rrmp"

Chapter IV

IN ALL ages competent observers have noted the erratic unexpectedness of destiny, and now Christina Alberta was to add her own small experience to this ever-accumulating testimony. It seemed to her that in planting him out in the wholesome quiet of Royal Tunbridge Wells she was securing for her Daddy the very best possible conditions for a happy and harmless life. There had indeed been a notable change in the little man since her mother's death; a release of will, a new freedom of expression, a disposition to comment and even form judgments upon things about him. She had herself likened it to the germination of a seed brought out of a suppressing aridity into moisture and the light, but she had not followed up that comparison so far as to speculate what efflorescences might arise out of this belated unfolding of his initiatives. That here of all places he would meet just the stimulus that was needed for the most fantastic expansions of his imaginative life, that for him Tunbridge Wells should prove the way out of this everyday world of ours into what was to be for him an altogether more wonderful and satisfactory existence, never entered her head.

For three days, until a fretting urgency for events carried her back to London, she stayed in the Petunia Boarding House, and for all those three days there was no intimation of the great change in his mind that impended. On the whole, he seemed unusually dull and quiet during those three days. He liked Tunbridge Wells very much, he said, but he was greatly disappointed by the High Rocks and by the Toad Rock when he came to examine them. He even doubted whether they were not "simply natural." This was a terrible concession. He tried hard to believe that the Toad Rock was like one of the big Maya carvings of a toad from Yucatan, a cast of which he had seen in the British Museum, but it was evident that with all the will possible he could not manage so great an act of faith. All the decoration, he declared, all the inscription had been obliterated, and then, making the great blond mustache bristle like a clothes brush: "There never were any decorations or inscriptions. Never."

It was clear to Christina Alberta that he must have evolved very extraordinary expectations indeed to be so much cast down. She found herself very interested in the riddle of what was fermenting in his mind. It seemed to her as if he had regarded Tunbridge Wells as a sort of Poste Restante at which some letter of supreme importance had awaited him. And there was no letter.

"BUT what did you expect, little Daddy?" said Christina Alberta, when on the afternoon of the first day he took her to the Toad Rock to see for herself how ordinary and insignificant a rock it was. "Did you expect some wonderful carvings?"

"I expected—something for me. Something significant."

"For you?"

"Yes, for me. And everyone. About Life and the Mysteries. I had grown a sort of feeling there would be something here. *Now*—I don't know where to turn."

"But what sort of thing, what significance did you expect?"

"Isn't Life a Riddle, Christina Alberta? Haven't you noticed that? Do you think it is just nothing but studios and dances and excursions and char-à-bancs and mealtimes and harvest?" he said. "Obviously there is something more in it than that. Obviously. All that is just a Veil, Outward Showing. H'rrmp. And I don't know what it is behind it and I am just a plain boarder—in a boarding house—and my life is passing away. Very difficult, H'rrmp. Almost impossible. It worries me exceedingly. Somewhere there must be a clue."

"But that's how we *all* feel, Daddy," cried Christina Alberta.

"Things can't be what they seem," said Mr. Preemby, waving his hand with a gesture of contemptuous dismissal toward Rusthall Village, public house, lamp-posts, a policeman, a dog, a grocer's delivery van, and three passing automobiles. "That, at any rate, is obvious. It would be too absurd. Infinite space; stars and so forth. Just for running about in—between meals."

Now, who would have thought, Christina Alberta reflected, that this sort of thing was going on in his head? Who would have thought it?

"Either I am a Reincarnation," said Mr. Preemby, "or I am not. And if I am not, then I want to know what all this business of the world is about. Symbolical it *must* be, Christina Alberta. But of what?

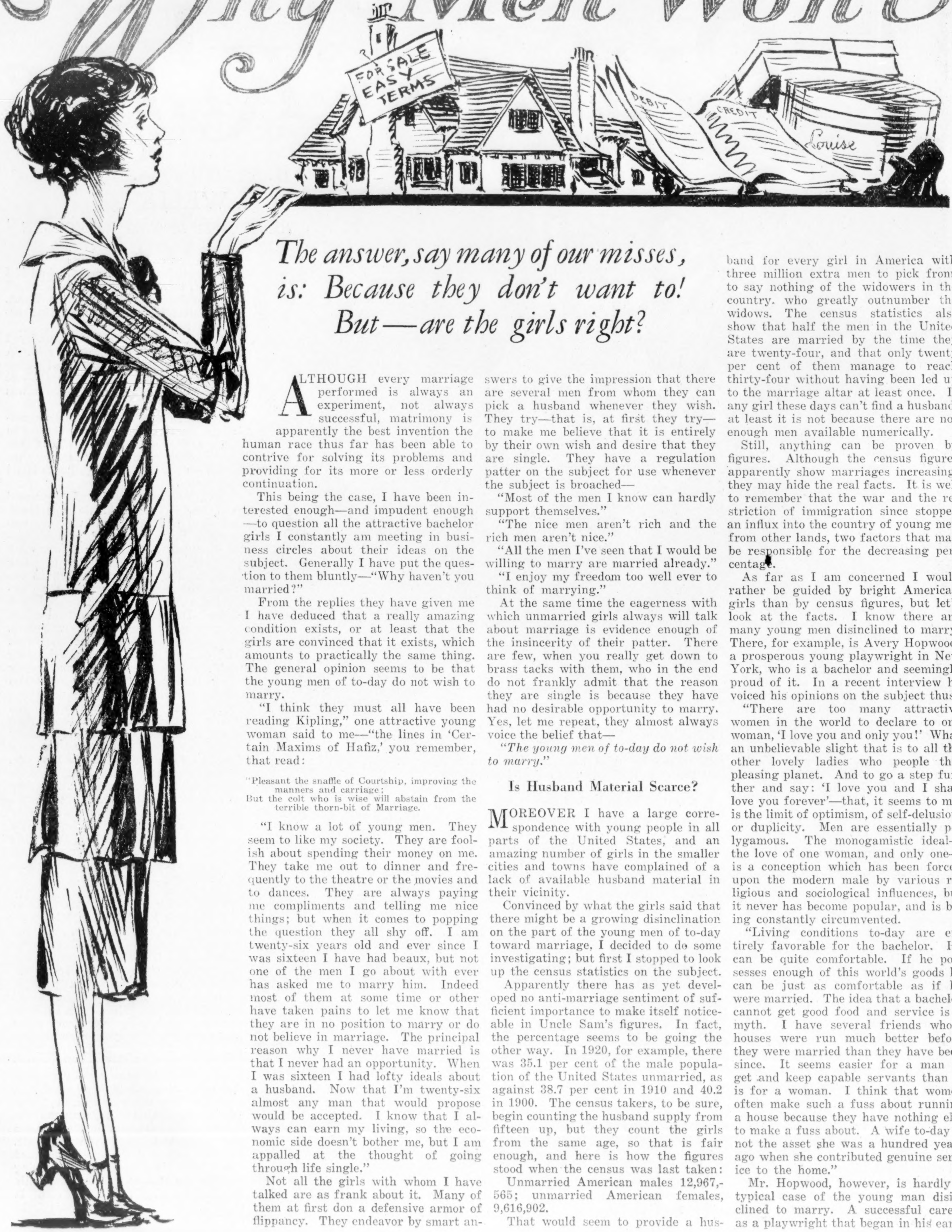
"All those years at the Laundry I knew that that life wasn't real. A period of rest and preparation. Your dear mother thought differently—we never discussed it, H'rrmp—but it was so."

Christina Alberta could find no adequate comment, and they went on in silence for some time. When they spoke again it was to discuss how they could get round to the High Rocks Hotel for tea.

Mr. Preemby was evidently depressed and more than a little aggrieved, but he had none of the comprehensive despondency of your melancholic type. Concurrently he was quite actively interested in the boarding house and the fellow boarders he encountered there. It was a novel experience for him to be in a boarding house. During his married life he had always spent his holidays with Mrs. Preemby in seaside apartments, so that she could supervise the provisioning properly and detect, expose and rectify errors and extortion. They had taken drives inland during these vacations, or camped on the beach while Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta had made sand castles or pottered among rocks and Mrs. Preemby had sat in a folding chair and pined for the Laundry. If the weather was bad, they kept in their apartments, where Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta could read books while Mrs. Preemby could pine for the Laundry almost as well as she could on the beach. But deep in Mr. Preemby's heart there had always been a craving for such a collective promiscuous life as a boarding house affords.

THEY had made the acquaintance of the second Miss Rewster, Miss Margaret Rewster, on their arrival with the luggage. She was a taller, more anxious, and less richly belaced variation of her sister. They both, Mr. Preemby discovered, had a peculiar hovering quality. They seemed always hovering behind bead curtains or down passages, or looking over from staircase landings, or peeping round doors; poor dears! They were dreadfully anxious not to interfere with their guests, but they were equally anxious that everything should be all right. At mealtimes they operated with the joints and dishes behind a screen, and the chubby maid carried round the plates and vegetables. And whenever Mr. Preemby looked at the screen he found either Miss Margaret Rewster peeping over the top of it at him or Miss Emily Rewster peeping round the end. It made him quite nervous with his forks and spoons. (*Continued on page 28*)

Why Men Won't



The answer, say many of our misses, is: Because they don't want to! But—are the girls right?

ALTHOUGH every marriage performed is always an experiment, not always successful, matrimony is apparently the best invention the human race thus far has been able to contrive for solving its problems and providing for its more or less orderly continuation.

This being the case, I have been interested enough—and impudent enough—to question all the attractive bachelor girls I constantly am meeting in business circles about their ideas on the subject. Generally I have put the question to them bluntly—"Why haven't you married?"

From the replies they have given me I have deduced that a really amazing condition exists, or at least that the girls are convinced that it exists, which amounts to practically the same thing. The general opinion seems to be that the young men of to-day do not wish to marry.

"I think they must all have been reading Kipling," one attractive young woman said to me—"the lines in 'Certain Maxims of Hafiz,' you remember, that read:

"Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

"I know a lot of young men. They seem to like my society. They are foolish about spending their money on me. They take me out to dinner and frequently to the theatre or the movies and to dances. They are always paying me compliments and telling me nice things; but when it comes to popping the question they all shy off. I am twenty-six years old and ever since I was sixteen I have had beaux, but not one of the men I go about with ever has asked me to marry him. Indeed most of them at some time or other have taken pains to let me know that they are in no position to marry or do not believe in marriage. The principal reason why I never have married is that I never had an opportunity. When I was sixteen I had lofty ideals about a husband. Now that I'm twenty-six almost any man that would propose would be accepted. I know that I always can earn my living, so the economic side doesn't bother me, but I am appalled at the thought of going through life single."

Not all the girls with whom I have talked are as frank about it. Many of them at first don a defensive armor of flippancy. They endeavor by smart answers to give the impression that there are several men from whom they can pick a husband whenever they wish. They try—that is, at first they try—to make me believe that it is entirely by their own wish and desire that they are single. They have a regulation patter on the subject for use whenever the subject is broached—

"Most of the men I know can hardly support themselves."

"The nice men aren't rich and the rich men aren't nice."

"All the men I've seen that I would be willing to marry are married already."

"I enjoy my freedom too well ever to think of marrying."

At the same time the eagerness with which unmarried girls always will talk about marriage is evidence enough of the insincerity of their patter. There are few, when you really get down to brass tacks with them, who in the end do not frankly admit that the reason they are single is because they have had no desirable opportunity to marry. Yes, let me repeat, they almost always voice the belief that—

"The young men of to-day do not wish to marry."

Is Husband Material Scarce?

MOREOVER I have a large correspondence with young people in all parts of the United States, and an amazing number of girls in the smaller cities and towns have complained of a lack of available husband material in their vicinity.

Convinced by what the girls said that there might be a growing disinclination on the part of the young men of to-day toward marriage, I decided to do some investigating; but first I stopped to look up the census statistics on the subject.

Apparently there has as yet developed no anti-marriage sentiment of sufficient importance to make itself noticeable in Uncle Sam's figures. In fact, the percentage seems to be going the other way. In 1920, for example, there was 35.1 per cent of the male population of the United States unmarried, as against 38.7 per cent in 1910 and 40.2 in 1900. The census takers, to be sure, begin counting the husband supply from fifteen up, but they count the girls from the same age, so that is fair enough, and here is how the figures stood when the census was last taken:

Unmarried American males 12,967,565; unmarried American females, 9,616,902.

That would seem to provide a husband for every girl in America with three million extra men to pick from, to say nothing of the widowers in the country, who greatly outnumber the widows. The census statistics also show that half the men in the United States are married by the time they are twenty-four, and that only twenty per cent of them manage to reach thirty-four without having been led up to the marriage altar at least once. If any girl these days can't find a husband, at least it is not because there are not enough men available numerically.

Still, anything can be proven by figures. Although the census figures apparently show marriages increasing, they may hide the real facts. It is well to remember that the war and the restriction of immigration since stopped an influx into the country of young men from other lands, two factors that may be responsible for the decreasing percentage.

As far as I am concerned I would rather be guided by bright American girls than by census figures, but let's look at the facts. I know there are many young men disinclined to marry. There, for example, is Avery Hopwood, a prosperous young playwright in New York, who is a bachelor and seemingly proud of it. In a recent interview he voiced his opinions on the subject thus:

"There are too many attractive women in the world to declare to one woman, 'I love you and only you!' What an unbelievable slight that is to all the other lovely ladies who people this pleasing planet. And to go a step further and say: 'I love you and I shall love you forever'—that, it seems to me, is the limit of optimism, of self-delusion, or duplicity. Men are essentially polygamous. The monogamistic ideal—the love of one woman, and only one—is a conception which has been forced upon the modern male by various religious and sociological influences, but it never has become popular, and is being constantly circumvented.

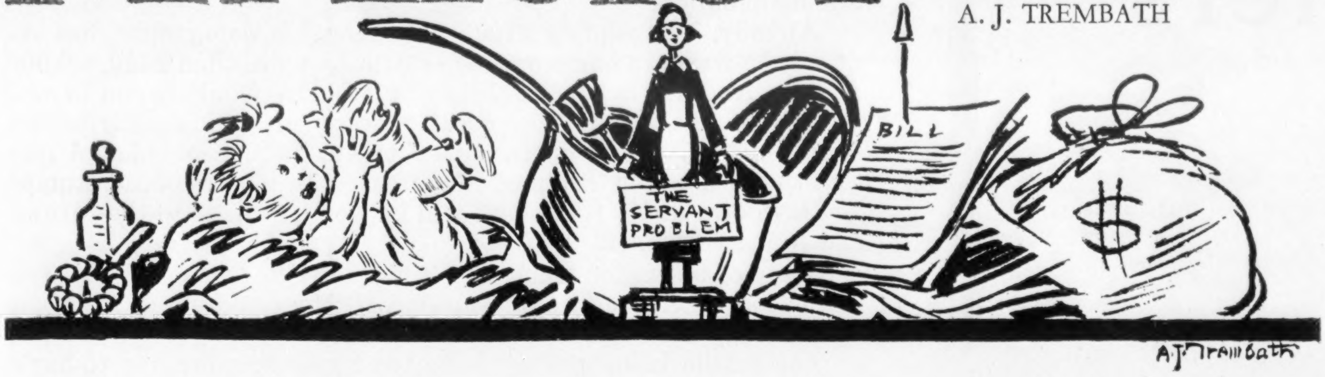
"Living conditions to-day are entirely favorable for the bachelor. He can be quite comfortable. If he possesses enough of this world's goods he can be just as comfortable as if he were married. The idea that a bachelor cannot get good food and service is a myth. I have several friends whose houses were run much better before they were married than they have been since. It seems easier for a man to get and keep capable servants than it is for a woman. I think that women often make such a fuss about running a house because they have nothing else to make a fuss about. A wife to-day is not the asset she was a hundred years ago when she contributed genuine service to the home."

Mr. Hopwood, however, is hardly a typical case of the young man disinclined to marry. A successful career as a playwright that began in his early

MARRY

By
WILLIAM JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. J. TREMBATH



twenties has kept him provided with an ample income and his profession as a playwright throws him constantly into the society of many charming and beautiful women, so he never has suffered from that sense of loneliness that inspires most bachelors with a desire for a home of their own.

A much more typical example is a young man of my acquaintance, a recent graduate from one of the big universities. He is twenty-four. He earns forty dollars a week, sharing a room and bath with a college mate. I asked him whether he ever thought of marrying.

"Get married! Why, I can't even afford to go with any of the sort of girls with whom I would like to associate. When I was in college, getting an allowance from home, I used to know a lot of nice girls, daughters of prosperous parents. Now that I am on my own I can't afford to even see them. I am making only forty dollars a week. My room and meals cost me twenty-four. Car fare, laundry and clothes take the most of the rest of my earnings. If I took a girl to the theatre she would have to sit in the gallery, and if we went to supper afterward, it would be at a soda counter, and if we rode home it would have to be in the street cars.

"That isn't what the girls want these days. If a man takes them out, they expect taxicabs and orchestra seats and after the show they want to go somewhere and dance and that costs money. I could easily spend my whole week's salary in one evening's entertainment.

"The girls to-day, too, dress in a way that appalls any young man thinking of getting married. They all have to have fur coats and silk stockings and they spend a lot on cosmetics and getting their hair done. Even if a young man, earning as little as I am, was lucky enough to find one of those sweet old-fashioned girls who are willing to do their part in maintaining a home, the excessively high rents and the cost of food are enough to deter any man who thinks of marriage. And I never meet a girl these days who would be willing to start married life in a humble way, as probably her parents did. They all want to start in where their parents left off, with servants to wait on them and all the modern conveniences. None of the girls I know or used to know would think of considering a marriage proposal if it involved her doing her own housework. The girls of to-day, at least those in the set I used to go around with, when they do get married will not have babies unless they can afford to hire nurses to take care of them. The girls of to-day are quitters when it comes to doing their share in home-making. If they do happen to marry a man of moderate income, they rush out and get jobs."

Now in my own mind, hitherto, I always had divided bachelors into two classes—those who were too tight to get married, and those who were too timid. Look about you at the confirmed old bachelors you know and I think that you will find that this is true. There is a type of man who realizes that marriage involves his making sacrifices, dividing the money he earns with his wife, arranging his plans with some consideration of her wishes and, being selfish and preferring to spend his earnings on himself, to follow his own pastimes, he stays single. There are others too timid to marry. They look ahead and see the responsibilities of marriage, the problem of another's support, the cost and anxiety of possible children, so they shun the society of women and find refuge in men's clubs and in hotels and furnished rooms.

But the young bachelor I mentioned does not come in either of these classes. He has thought about marrying and would like to marry, and, I venture to prophesy, some of these days will marry. It will be when his earnings have advanced to the point where he feels that he can support a wife, or else, against his ideals of what a home should be, out of sheer loneliness, he will become the husband of a girl with a job, and after marriage she will keep on working.

Further research has convinced me that upstanding young men are opposed to having wives that insist on earning their own living. The idea was well expressed by a mechanic earning about fifty dollars a week, who at thirty-two is still unmarried.

"No he man," he said, "wants his wife working. When a man gets married, he wants a home that is well looked after, with a woman in it that will stay there and look after the children. These girls who get themselves jobs don't want to give them up. The idea of running a home and looking after meals doesn't appeal to them. They don't want children either. They have gotten used to spending the money they earn for fur coats and silk stockings, and they get exaggerated ideas of the kind of husbands they ought to have. They can't picture themselves as working men's wives. If they do not get husbands, it is their own fault. They are unwilling to do their share in home-making. The idea of marrying a poor man and giving up silk

(*Continued on page 45*)

THE BUTCHER
THE BAKER
THE CANDLE STICK MAKER

MR. JOHNSTON has been querying the "attractive bachelor girls" he knows. "Why haven't you married?" he has been asking them. Having completed his little quiz, he says: "The general opinion seems to be that the young men of to-day do not wish to marry." In other words, if we are to believe those girls, the young men of to-day are taking a tip from Mr. Kipling's famous line: "The colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage." But there's still hope for the ladies. Even Mr. Johnston is not convinced. Well, what's the truth? Does there exist an anti-matrimony sentiment among our bachelors? Or are those friends of Mr. Johnston's all wrong? How do you feel about it? Let us know—in 200 words, or less—before April 20th. For the first and second best letters received we shall pay $50.00 and $25.00, respectively; for the ten next best, at the rate of $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; and they should be sent to Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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MARCH 14, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AMERICA'S DROOPING WINGS

TWENTY-TWO years ago this month a good joke was going around the Patent Office at Washington. Two bicycle menders from Dayton had applied for patents on an airplane. Their names were Wilbur and Orville Wright. Nine months later they made the first flights ever made by man in a motor-driven, heavier-than-air machine.

The Wrights had profited by the experience of Professor Langley, who died broken-hearted after his flying machine flopped into the Potomac. He had learned something from inventors like Lilienthal and Chanute, who had risked and in one or two cases lost their lives fooling with gliders. So, in a few short years, the dream of Darius Green, Da Vinci and Icarus came true. Wise men said mechanical flight was impossible. Later they wished they hadn't.

The Wrights rejoiced when they stayed up for two or three minutes. Last year an airplane remained up for a little less than thirty-eight hours, without refueling; a man flew from New York to San Francisco within an elapsed time of less than twenty-two hours; and the American army flyers went around the world in 365 hours of actual flying.

The other side of the story has been told in testimony given last month before a committee of Congress. We have the fastest planes and the best pilots. Yet, according to one of our foremost manufacturers of aircraft, "every bit of flying in this country is done on wood or wire and so forth that is six or seven years old." Our army, navy and postoffice flying services are seriously handicapped by obsolete machines, though we have admirable scientific data as to aëronautics. We have almost no commercial flyers.

The tourist can go all over Europe, from London to Moscow, by air line, at a total cost not much greater than that of travel by rail. He can travel economically by air in Siam and Brazil. The United States is backward.

Brigadier General William Mitchell, an air man of long experience, thinks we need a united federal air service, which would look out for the air needs of the army, the navy, the postoffice and commerce. Beyond doubt the government must help aviation get on its feet—or rather on its wings—just as in former days it assisted in the building of highways and railroads.

Air travel can be made a safe, as it is already the fastest, means of transportation. It can be made inexpensive. As a military weapon aircraft might render our coasts absolutely secure against invasion. Here is a job of first importance for the new Congress. America's wings must not droop.

"When Everyone is Somebodee"

FAR down in the newspaper report of a recent speech by Herbert Hoover, this astonishing sentence escaped the attention it deserves:

"There is room for 20 per cent or 30 per cent increase in our standards of living to-day."

This is a further shock for all who shudder at the sight of carpenters going to work in their own motor cars, of shop girls wearing fur coats, of radios in tenements and of farmers wintering at Palm Beach. What are we coming to? In the profound words of W. S. Gilbert:

"When everyone is somebodee
Then no one's anybody!"

Now the Secretary of Commerce says that our standard of living can go still higher. Who is to pay for the increase? Old Man Waste, none other. Mr. Hoover says that a general higher buying power can be created by paring down the losses in production and distribution.

Already, by spending $100,000 a year, his department has reduced the waste in our economic system by more than $600,000,000 a year. And this is but the beginning. We have only begun to survey, from the edges, the great morass in which distribution flounders. When the engineers of waste elimination plunge into that they will surely drain off stagnant pools, blow up dead stumps and lay down direct roads that will be worth billions to the farmer and to the consumer.

Many of us eat too much, but millions are undernourished. The extra food which they would consume, if they could afford it, might well take up the surplus of our agriculture.

The textile industry may have too many spindles for to-day's *demand,* but it has none too many for the people's *needs*—if they were able to pay for the garments.

There are few commodities for which the market can be glutted so long as consumers have money to spend. Our living standards will continue to rise as we keep busy, cut out waste and follow the modern doctrine of high wages, low prices, narrow margins and rapid turnover.

Right Thought Keeps On

MANY years ago James Whitcomb Riley wrote in one of his poems that the time would come when "nary a child in Indianny will have curv'ture of th' spine."

The other week there was opened in Indianapolis the Riley Hospital—a two-million-dollar structure—where "Indianny kids" will have relief from "curv'ture of th' spine" and other troubles. It was made possible through the efforts of the Riley Memorial Association.

It's strange how a good idea never seems to let go until it has grown to maturity and borne fruit. There is always somebody, some way, to put it through.

The Greatest Invention of All

THE oceans are only ferry-ponds to-day that you can cross in floating hotels, complete with swimming pools, tennis courts and conservatories. But when the Atlantic runs raving wild from Labrador to Hatteras and the breakers off Nantucket Shoal are booming to a steel-gray sky, then the Coast Guard goes out to save wrecked seafarers with the same old rig that took Jason to find his golden fleece. Oars and men and a boat that stout hearts can lift to the wrath of waves as a lady sways her fan to parlor music.

The continents are whispering galleries to-day for the magic of wires and wireless. But when a December sleet storm cut off St. Louis save for one wobbly circuit through Vandalia it was the old-fashioned workmen that put the lines back in service. Rough gangs from Georgia and Wisconsin, fellows with hands and feet of little use at a dance, but they spliced wire with their bare fingers thirty hours at a stretch to the tune of a zero wind squealing through the cross-arms.

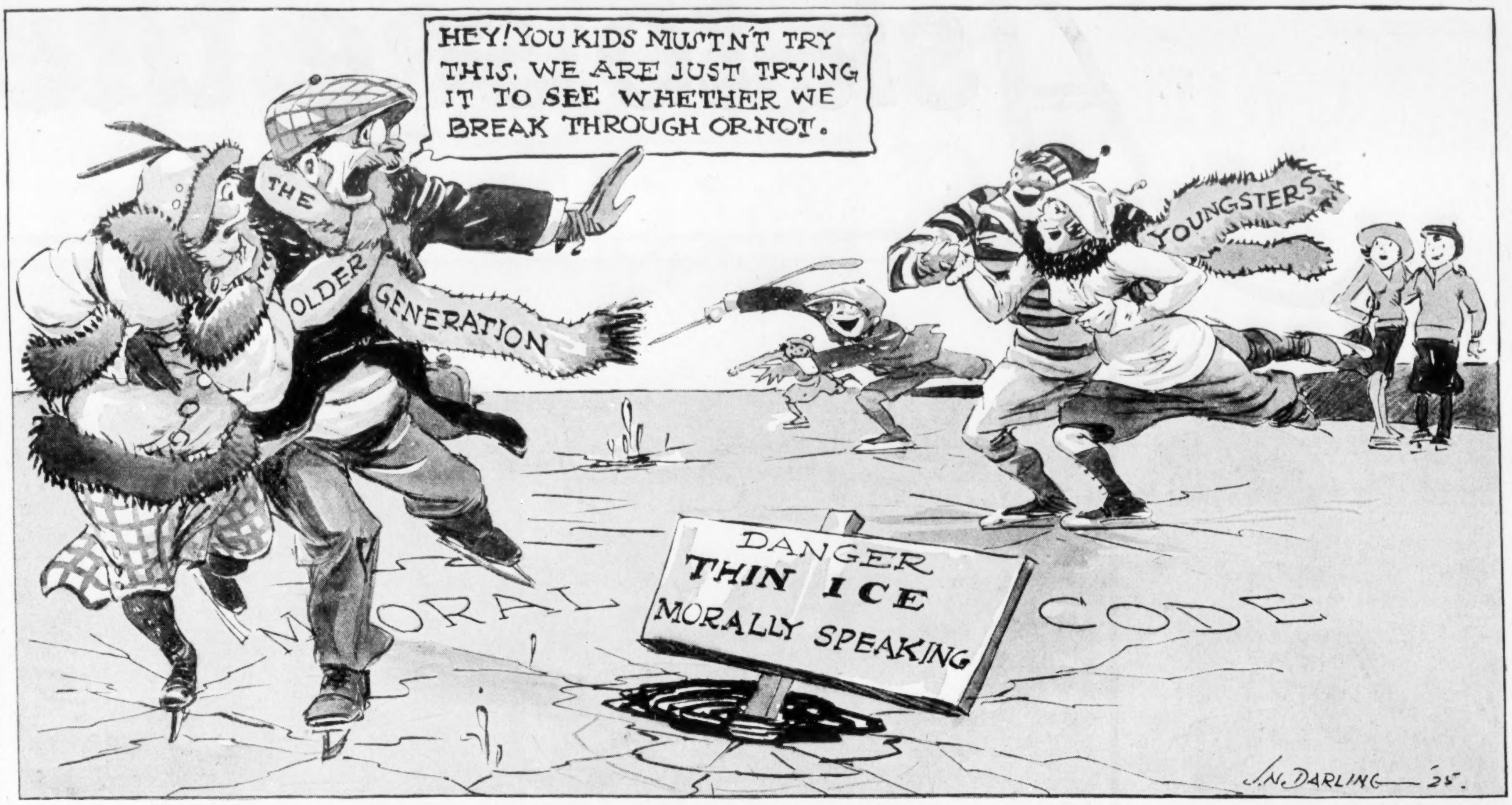
When the plague came down on Nome and somebody had to get the medicine in there from Nenana, it was the oldest conquerors of all that won that race against death. Sleds of hardwood and walrus hide, a bunch of brave dogs to pull and men to hold the trail. Man and his dogs against the icy midnight, the blizzard gale and thirty below zero. Not much prettiness about those outfits and the dogs would break their harness to eat you alive, but they beat the plague to it, 650 miles on foot in 127½ hours in weather that few of us could face for a city block.

Let inventors keep their pride just so they read these headlines which tell us how much greater a creation is man than all his devices.

Of Course We Dreamed It

IN 1920, when the radio baby first began to keep the neighbors awake nights, $2,000,000 worth of sets were sold. Last year the sum was $350,000,000. This year, if Mr. David Sarnoff's figures are accurate, it will be $450,000,000, which is about equivalent to interest at four per cent on the debts owed us by our allies in the late war.

But it isn't the money that takes one's breath away—it's the 20,000,000 listeners, who will soon be 40,000,000 or even 60,000,000. In fact, before very long the whole world may tune in while one man sings or talks or plays the violin. But maybe if we pinch ourselves real hard we'll wake up.


HEY! YOU KIDS MUSTN'T TRY THIS. WE ARE JUST TRYING IT TO SEE WHETHER WE BREAK THROUGH OR NOT.
THE OLDER GENERATION
YOUNGSTERS
DANGER THIN ICE MORALLY SPEAKING
MORAL CODE
J.N. DARLING '25.

If fathers and mothers test thin ice, how can you blame the children?

HOW WILL MAN'S WORK BE DONE?

By George Otis Smith

Director U. S. Geological Survey, Department of the Interior

CIVILIZATION moves by wheels. Thinking back across the centuries, we see that human progress has been largely a question of wheels. When the prophet Jeremiah watched the potter's wheel, twenty-five centuries ago, human nature was much the same as it is now, but since then industry and transportation have improved wheels and multiplied wheels until to-day almost the whole world is motor-driven.

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Since the days of the cave man human toil has gradually been lightened by drawing upon the bounties of nature. Draft animals and flowing streams first lifted the burden from human shoulders; later, through the magic of steam, the forest and the coal mine supplied both heat and power, until so many wheels were turning that philosophers began to speak of the "industrial revolution."

To-day it is a commonplace of life that machinery is doing man's work for him. Where Aladdin rubbed his lamp and ring to summon genii to do his bidding we press the button or throw the switch; whatever the task, the energy of hundreds of horses or thousands of men silently awaits our signal.

Heat, light and power—three forms of energy—make possible our modern standards of living; essential to modern life as are the turning wheels, we accept them without thought of the energy behind the wheels. We have formed the habit of overheating our houses and offices, of turning night into day, and of joy riding, with little heed of the nation's supply of coal, electric current or gasoline.

Government scientists and engineers, planning for the future, tell us that, measured by heat units as a common denominator, the energy contributed here in the United States in a year by work animals, firewood, water power, coal, oil and natural gas adds up to the imposing figure of 25,000 trillion British thermal units. Of this incomprehensible total, coal furnishes 65 per cent, oil and gas 22 per cent, wood 6 per cent, water 4 per cent and work animals 3 per cent. More enlightening is the look backward, for no longer ago than the year 1880 the mineral fuels rendered less service to man than firewood, while up to 1850 the horses, mules and oxen each year furnished more energy than coal. Of late years we have witnessed the rivalry between coal and oil; the coal output has somewhat more than doubled since 1900 and oil has increased more than twelvefold, so that last year the contribution of oil energy became nearly one third that of coal energy.

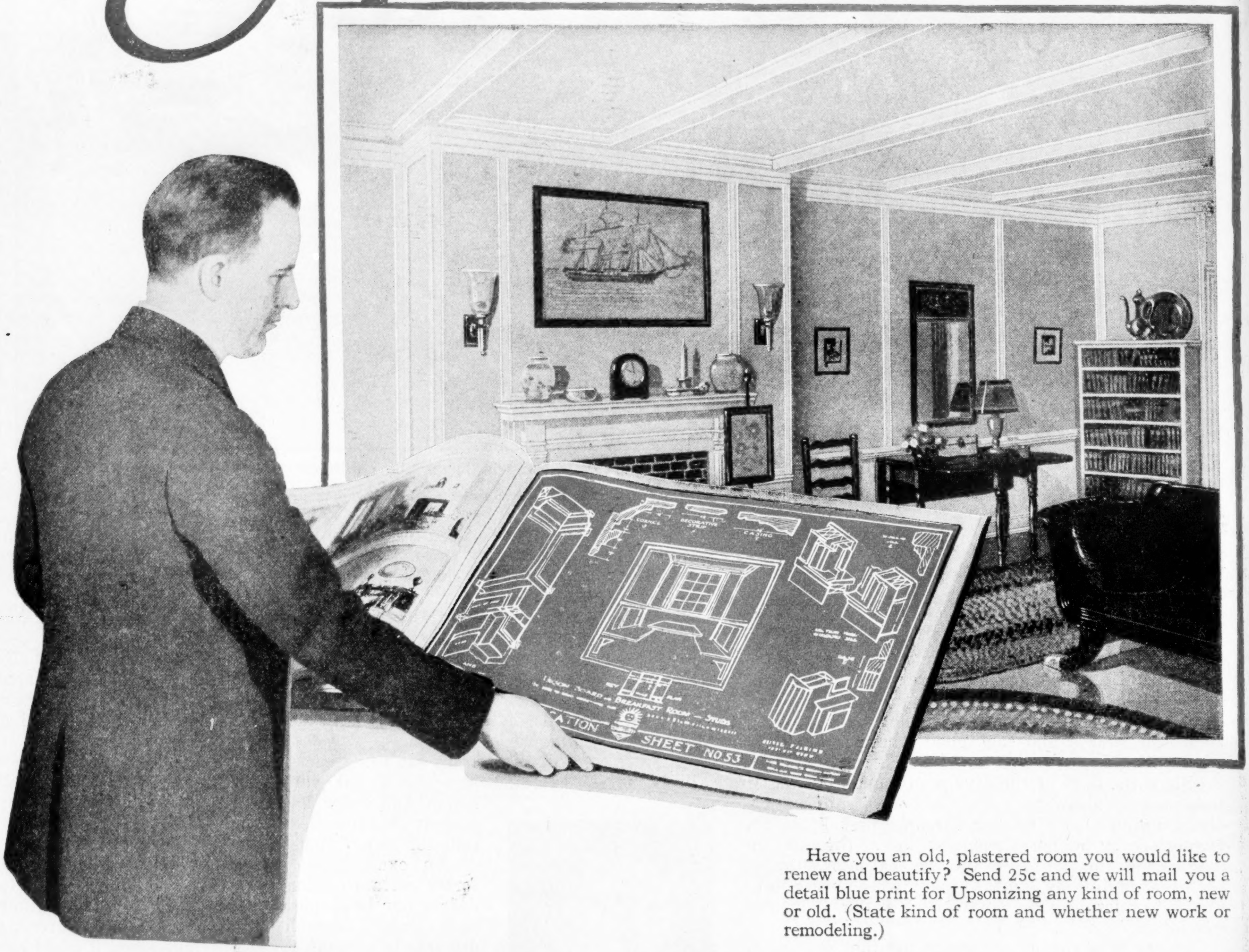
Power is labor's best friend. The American wage earner has more power at his elbow than any other worker in the world. Last year our stationary power plants, both steam and water, actually turned out some 130 billion horsepower hours, which, translated into units of human energy, means that in a single year these wheels did four years of hard labor for every one of us, whether child, woman or man.

We Americans are using energy on a magnificent scale, a scale possible nowhere else in the world, for America's supply of coal and oil and water power far exceeds that of any other nation; yet these God-given resources give us no warrant for being heedlessly spendthrift.

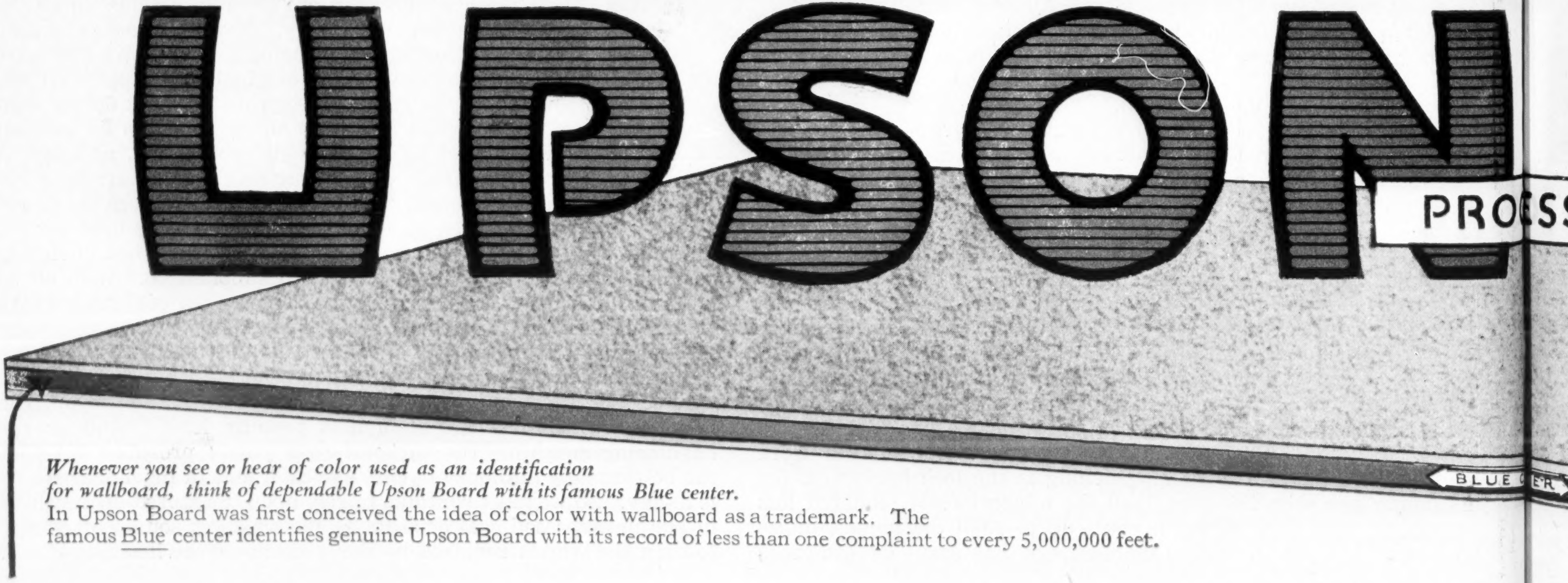
An examination of the nation's balance sheet forces certain conclusions: First of all, we need to deflate our large ideas of the adequacy of our water power, which, though not a diminishing resource, is deficient in amount, for if fully developed it could not turn more wheels than are already installed in all the power plants of the country. Next, we need to revamp our ideas about substituting oil for coal. We now have about 99 per cent of our original coal supply left untouched in the ground as against perhaps 60 per cent of our original supply of oil recoverable by present methods, yet as one geologist points out, although it took 41 years to extract our first billion barrels of oil, the seventh and eighth billion barrels together have been taken out in three years. Oil is the superior fuel and should be used for superior purposes. Corn can be substituted for coal, but obviously such use of a foodstuff is wasteful. To supplant coal with oil as a steam-raising fuel is similarly bad economics, for coal cannot take the place of either oil or corn in their higher uses.

Nor should we face the future with gay assurance that science will unlock the atom and thus set free energy enough to turn all our wheels forevermore. Unfortunately for such optimism, the scientists who know the atom best promise least. And as for harnessing sunshine, the carboniferous plants probably did that far better many millions of years ago than human ingenuity can do it to-day. So we must continue to rely upon the stored-up sunshine in our unsurpassed coal deposits as the cheapest source of energy to turn the wheels required by our present-day civilization.

Ask to see the



Have you an old, plastered room you would like to renew and beautify? Send 25c and we will mail you a detail blue print for Upsonizing any kind of room, new or old. (State kind of room and whether new work or remodeling.)



Whenever you see or hear of color used as an identification for wallboard, think of dependable Upson Board with its famous Blue center.
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vonderful new Upson Blue Book

the first complete plan service ever offered for renewing and beautifying walls and ceilings

THE new Upson Blue Book—already in the hands of most Upson dealers—is the most complete plan service ever offered for beautifying walls and ceilings.

Have you a room in your home where ugly, cracked plaster walls are a constant embarrassment?

The new Upson Blue Print Service will show you how shabby walls and ceilings can be transformed into interiors of permanent and fascinating beauty!

Forty "detail plans" by famous architects

This new Upson plan service offers for your inspection forty "detail plans," designed by several of America's leading architects—shows you a host of suggestions for harmonious trim and decoration!

You may be one of the few who have been prejudiced against wallboards. Or possibly you have heard of some of the weak, spongy boards that are not adapted to fine interiors.

But now you have a worth-while surprise ahead! Upson Board and the new Upson Blue Print Service!

The sure, modern way to better interiors

Your carpenter applies the big, sturdy panels of Upson Board or Upson Fibre-Tile right over old plaster—or in new construction direct to studs and joists. Then, appropriate wood trim as suggested in the new Upson Blue Prints, a coat or two of paint, and you have a much desired paneled background!

There is little dirt and muss, and no delay! Your room is ready for occupancy in one-third the time of plaster.

And you no longer need use the unsightly nails necessary on the exposed surface of other wallboards! Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners—a patented Upson innovation—anchor the board securely from the back!

Your Upsonized room should be as permanent as your home itself. Upson Board is not like other boards. It is harder, stiffer, *nearly twice as strong* as ordinary wallboards.

Upson Board is not easily-broken, hard-to-apply, paint-absorbent, nor dust-creating like substitutes containing plaster. Nor is Upson Board dangerously heavy—the added weight of Upson Board never demands reinforcement of ceilings!

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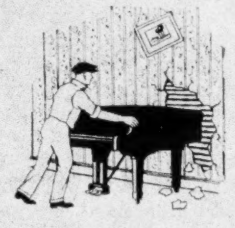
If you have a room you might Upsonize right now, send 25c for a blue print and complete instructions for Upsonizing.

THE UPSON COMPANY
Fibre-Board Authorities 323 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

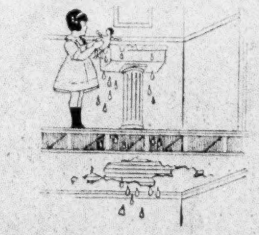
Impartial testing Laboratories confirm superiority of Upson Board

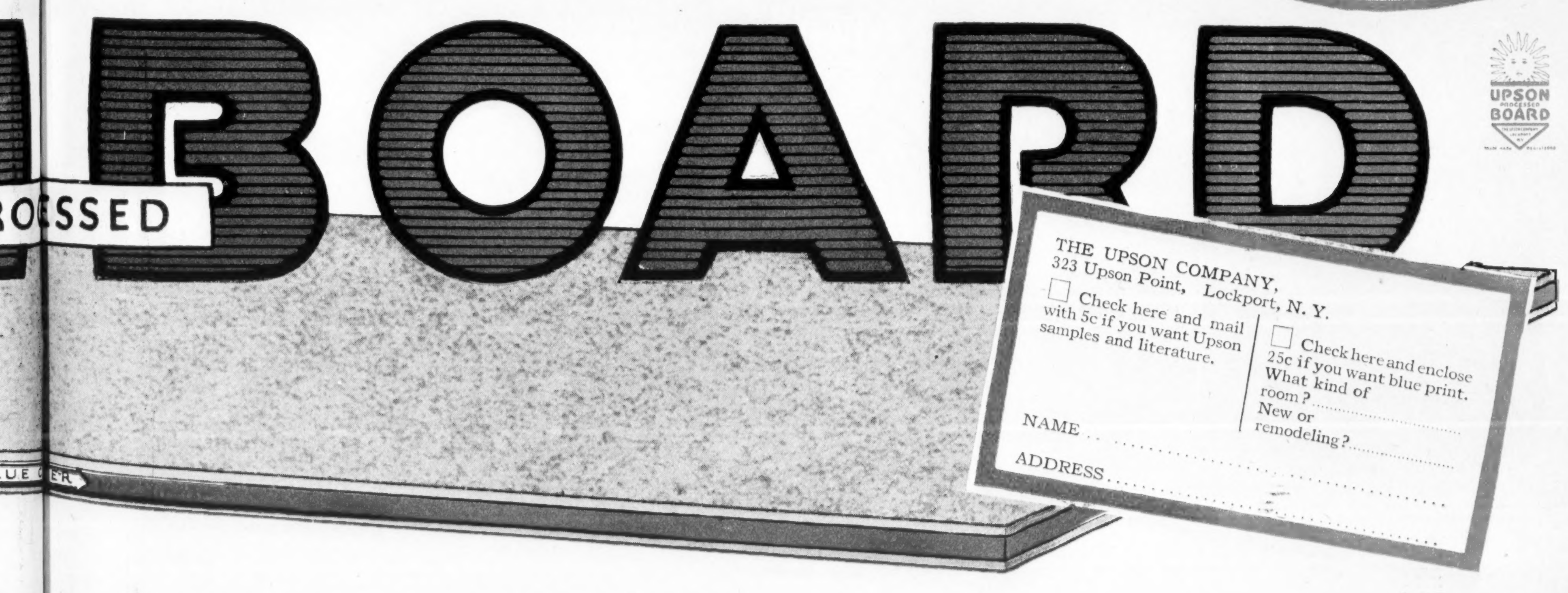
IN ONE of the many dramatic tests for strength, made by recognized engineering authorities, Upson Board withstood an impact of 40% to 70% more than the other fibre wallboards tested, and nearly 150% more than plaster-filled boards *twice as thick*.



Jars and blows that would ruin ordinary plaster walls have little or no effect on Upson Board.

In another test, Upson Board immersed in water for a given length of time gained only ½ ounce to the square foot, whereas the sample of plaster board exposed to the same test increased nearly ½ pound to the square foot. Other fibre boards tested in the same way were found to absorb nearly twice as much water as Upson Board.





THE UPSON COMPANY,
323 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

☐ Check here and mail with 5c if you want Upson samples and literature.

☐ Check here and enclose 25c if you want blue print.
What kind of room? ....
New or remodeling? ....

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

(Continued from page 21) When he dropped his serviette he hoped that would pass unobserved, but Miss Emily noted it at once and sent the chubby maid to pick it up for him.

Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta came down to dinner as soon as Miss Margaret had sounded the second gong, and so they were the first to be seated and could survey their fellow guests at an advantage. Christina Alberta was quietly observant, but Mr. Preemby said "H'rrmp" at each fresh arrival. The next to appear were two birds of passage, a young man in Hudibrastic golfing knickerbockers and a lady, presumably his wife, in a bright yellow sporting jumper, who were motoring about Kent; they made strenuous attempts to seize a table in the window which was already reserved for Petunia regulars and were subdued with difficulty but perfect dignity by Miss Emily. They then consulted loudly about wine—the young man called the lady "Old Thing" and "Old Top," forms of expression new and interesting to Mr. Preemby, and she called him "Badger"—and the chubby maid produced a card of wines that could be sent out for. The young man read out the names and prices of wines and made his selection almost as though he were a curate officiating in a very large cathedral. His wife, to follow out that comparison, made the responses. "Chablis such as we should get here might be too sweet," he proclaimed.

"It might be too sweet?"

"What of a Pommard, Old Top?"

"Why *not* a Pommard, Badger?"

"The Beaune is a shilling cheaper and just as likely to be good—or bad."

"Just as likely."

The chubby maid flew out of the room, list in hand, with her thumb on the wine he had chosen.

MEANWHILE, under cover of this hubbub, the two ladies Mr. Preemby had seen at tea in the lounge on the occasion of his first visit percolated unobtrusively to a table near the window. They were obviously sisters, both rather slender and tall, with small, round bright-colored faces on stalklike necks; they had sharp little noses and one of them wore tortoise-shell spectacles. A gentleman with a white mustache, larger and nobler even than Mr. Preemby's, and a very red face, accompanied by a small, alert-looking wife, was the next to appear. Possibly this was the gentleman who had been in a forest in Burma. The small, alert-looking wife bowed to the slender ladies, who became agitated like reeds in a wind. The gentleman took no notice of them, grunted as he sat down, produced glasses and read the menu.

"Tomato soup *again!*" he said.

"It's usually very nice tomato soup," said his wife.

"But Three Times Running!" he said. "It favors acidity. I don't *like* tomato soup."

The table in the bow window was occupied by three people who drifted in separately. First came a little, thin, dark lady in gray, carrying a bead workbag; then a little, dark, bald man with large side whiskers, whom she addressed as Father, and then a plump, healthy-looking wife with a radiant manner who swept in and distributed greetings.

"Did you get your walk, Major Bone?" she said to the gentleman from the Burmese forest.

"Just to Rusthall Common and back," said Major Bone, speaking thickly through his mustache and soup. "Just to Rusthall Common."

"And you got a char-à-banc to Crohamhurst, Miss Solbé?" The two sisters answered in unison. "Oh! we had a *lovely* ride."

"So picturesque," said the one with spectacles.

"So open and pleasant," said the one without spectacles.

"Did you see the sea?"

"Oh, plainly!" said the one with spectacles.

"Ever so far away," said the one without.

"Just as if the sky had a steel edge," said the one with spectacles.

"Exactly like a leetle silver line," said the one without.

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby.

Small portions of fish followed the tomato soup and were consumed in comparative silence. There was a little burst of scarcely audible conversation at the window table. "Now, is *this* the same fish we had yesterday?" asked the wife.

"It is a very similar fish," said the gentleman with whiskers.

"The menu simply says 'Fish,'" said the daughter.

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby.

"I think our back tires were too tight to-day, Old Top," said the man in plus fours, in a very loud, clear voice. "I felt the road dreadfully."

"I felt the road dreadfully," said the lady in the yellow jumper.

"I must let them down a little to-morrow morning."

"It would be better."

"To-morrow morning will do. I won't trouble to-night."

"Much better to-morrow morning, Badger. You're tired to-night after all that bumping. You'd make your hands dirty."

Silence and active business with knives and forks.

"Porruck hasn't written about that," said the major from the forest.

"Very likely he's busy," said his wife.

Silence.

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA searched her mind for some conversational opening that would give her father a reasonable opportunity to make an acceptable reply, but she could think of nothing that was neither too disconcerting nor too dangerous. She met his eye, and he had the expression of one who holds out against a strain.

Fish gave place to lamb.

"I thought that road from Sittingbourne was just awful," said the motoring gentleman.

"It *was* just awful," responded his wife.

Christina Alberta saw her father's face working. He was going to say something. "H'rrmp. To-morrow if it is fine I think we will go for a walk in the morning."

The knives and forks were hushed. Everybody was listening.

"I'd love a walk to-morrow, Daddy," said Christina Alberta. "I should think there were some jolly walks about this place."

"Exactly," said Mr. Preemby. "Very probably. The guide book is very reassuring. H'rrmp."

He had the dignified expression of a man who has carried off a difficult duty.

Resumption of activity with knives and forks.

"Hard to tell this lamb from mutton," said Major Bone, "if it wasn't for the mint sauce."

"Peas are never so nice as they are from your own garden," said the wife of the whiskered gentleman to her daughter.

"It's late for peas," said the daughter.

The two Misses Solbé and the motoring gentleman began talking at the same time. Mrs. Bone expressed the idea that it was hard to get good lamb nowadays. Taking courage from this sudden swirl of conversation, Mr. Preemby was emboldened to remark to Christina Alberta that he had always been attracted to Tumbridge Wells. He felt the air was a strong air. It gave him an appetite.

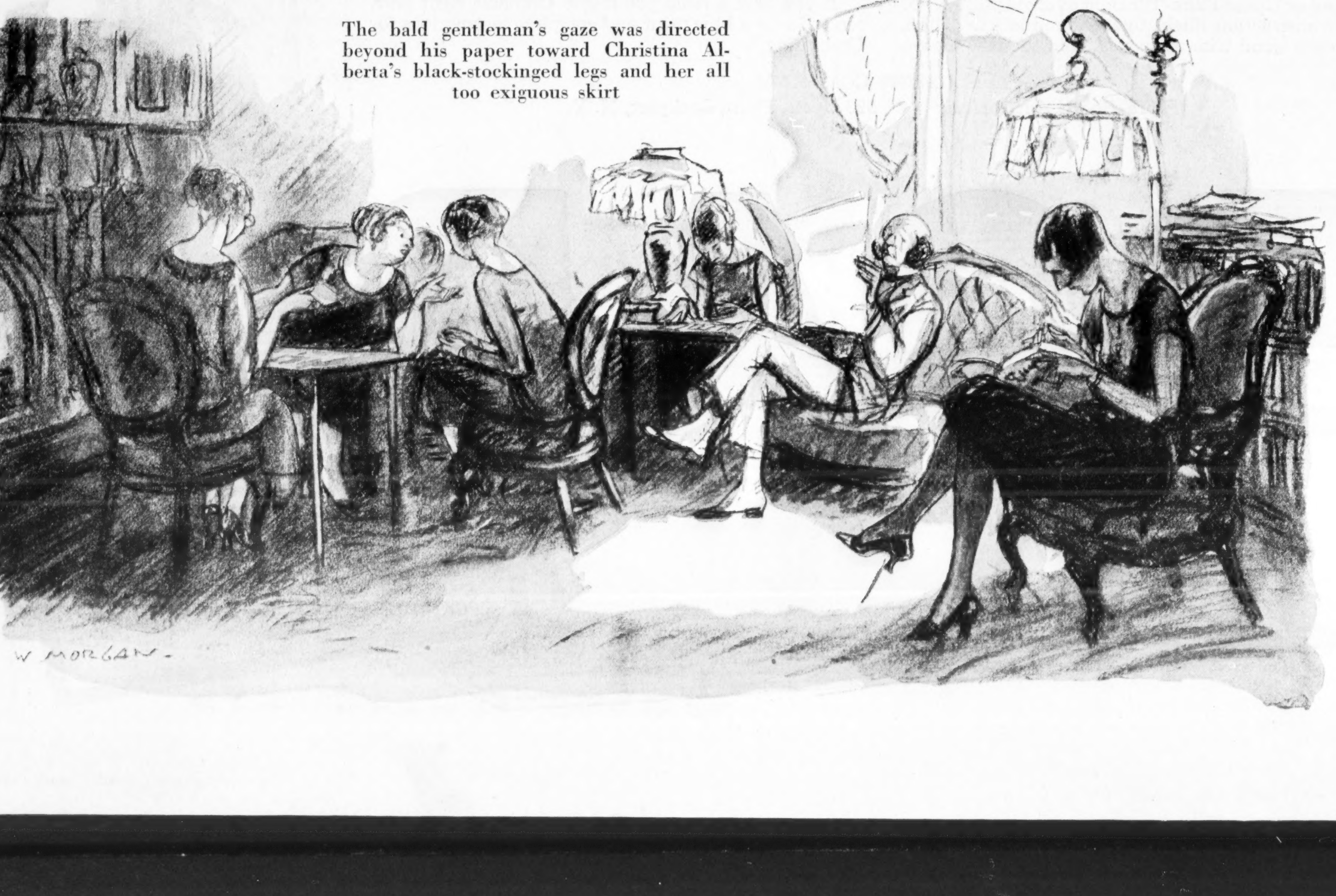
"You must be careful not to get fat," said Christina Alberta.

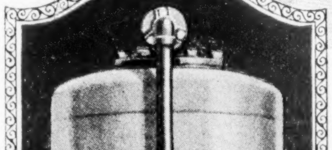
The outburst of active human exchanges came to an end. Baked apple and custard were consumed in comparative silence. The chubby maid came to ask Mr. Preemby whether he would like his coffee in the lounge or the smoking-room. "The lounge, I think," said Mr. Preemby. "H'rrmp. The lounge."

The Misses Solbé, bearing glasses containing sugar and lemon juice, flitted from the room. The people from the window table followed. The function of dinner was completed. They found themselves alone in the lounge. Most of the people seemed to have drifted into the sitting-room. The gentleman from the forests of Burma went by toward the smoking-room carrying a large cigar which had an air of also coming from the forests of Burma. It did not look like a cigar that had been rolled or filled; it looked like a cigar of old gnarled wood that had been hewn from a branching tree. A straw came out of the end of it. . . .

Christina Alberta stood and contemplated a vast void of time, two hours it might be, *(Continued on page 40)*

The bald gentleman's gaze was directed beyond his paper toward Christina Alberta's black-stockinged legs and her all too exiguous skirt





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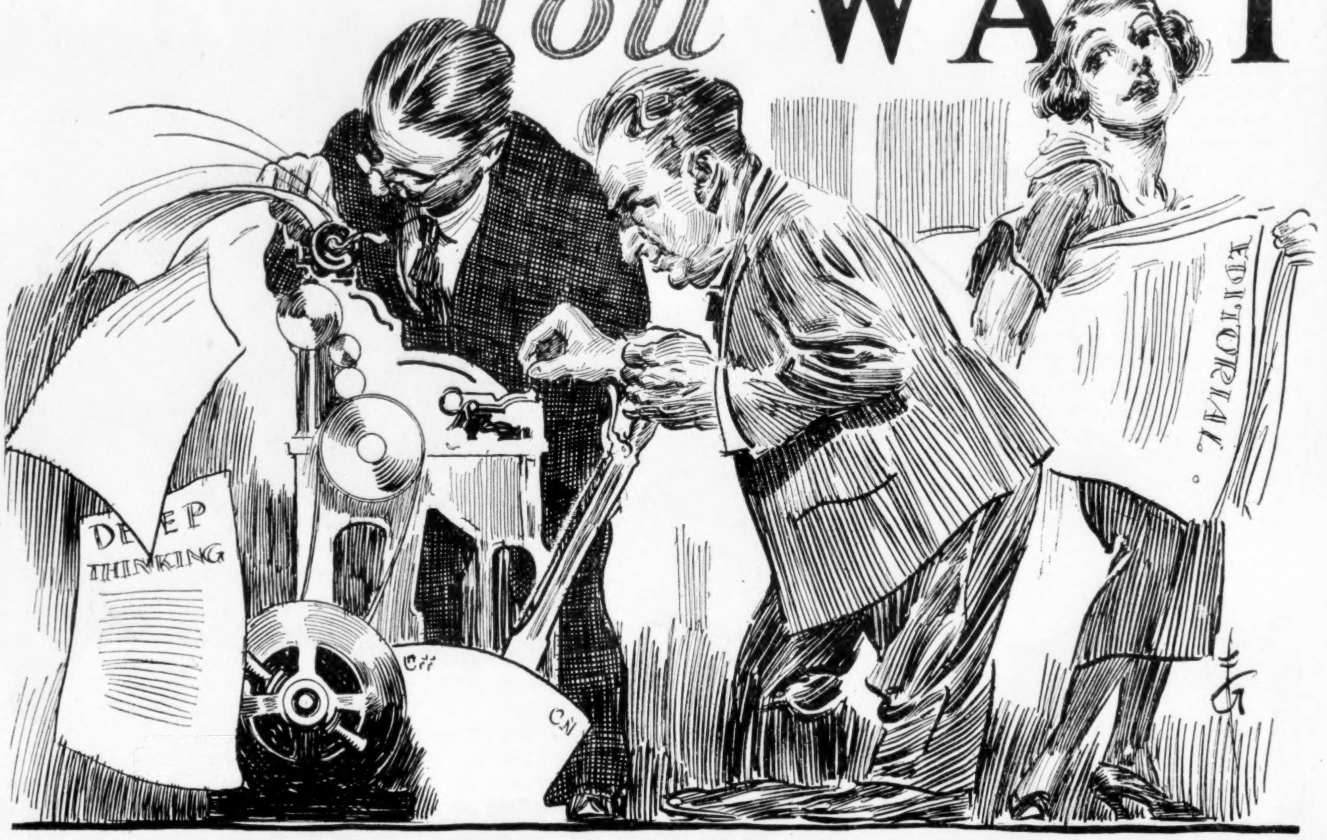


"They push in a sheet of paper, touch a button and yank out a column of denunciation"

"MEBBE I'm all wrong," ventured Mr. Stubbs, "but it seems to me people don't do as much thinkin' as they used to."

"Lord, but you're old-fashioned!" groaned Uncle Henry. "Here we are in the twentieth century, an' yet you carry a buckeye in your pocket to ward off rheumatism, wear nightgowns, own a photograph album an' talk about woman's place bein' the home. With my own ears I've heard you condemn lipsticks, an' as for powder rags, you're convinced that the Bible warns the fair sex to 'Let your nose so shine that men may see your good works.'

"Why *should* people think any more? Answer me that! Thanks to the editorial pages of the daily press, the inmates of the United States are now able to devote full time to the important business of life, safe in the knowledge that they'll find their thinkin' all done an' spread out on the bed for 'em by the time they get back home from golf, the movies, ball games, or the public library, where they've been lookin' up a four-letter suffix relatin' to a geological epoch.

"Thinkin' went out with wood stoves, mustache cups, bootjacks, carpet slippers, coal-oil hangin' lamps, an' stereopticons. Nowadays you don't see people travelin' by stagecoach, do you? Or readin' by tallow dips? Or votin' for William J. Bryan? This is the age of machinery, 'Lonzo, an' the editors of the nation are entitled to rank with the radio, crossword puzzles, college education, an' party loyalty as thought-savin' devices.

"Nobody, not even the humblest, does his own thinkin' any more. Why mess up the home and the hair when you can send your thinkin' out an' have it done cheaper an' quicker—especially cheaper?

"Every first-class editor takes in thinkin' by the day or week, specializin' on rough dry jobs, an' makin' delivery the same day if it gets in before nine o'clock in the mornin'.

"Whether it's the mistakes of President Coolidge or the squid as an edible, Trotzky's latest overthrow or the menace of roller towels, the future of the chicle industry or the meanin' of dreams, the proper elevation of naval guns or treatment of the skin, an analysis of Abyssinia's budget or the effect of jazz on public morals, any editor worthy of the name can be depended upon to turn out a bang-up job of thinkin' at a moment's notice. That is, of course, unless he has to go all over the office huntin' for a match.

"They cover the whole country like a blanket, if you know what I mean. The minute the word comes that a Sign of the Times or a Trend of Public Opinion has been discovered, they're out of their bunks, on with their pants, an' down the slidin' pole they come on the jump. Half the time the whole editorial is ready for the presses before they've hit the floor, that is, if it's a domestic question. An analysis of foreign affairs takes longer, for there's the spellin' of the names to look up.

"It's wonderful what a business they've built up in a few short years. Back in the old days, everything was done by hand an' there weren't even delivery wagons. No sight was more familiar than that of ol' Horace Greeley staggerin' along of an evenin', carryin' home a whole week's thinkin' for the New England States, an' it was nothin' for Charles A. Dana to work from dawn to dark gettin' out a rush order of thinkin' for the Republican party.

"An' look at things now! All done by machinery, even the typewriters bein' fitted up with electric drives. As you go by an editorial sanctum these modern times, you can't hear yourself think—or anybody else—for the roar an' rattle. It's wonderful to see 'em take a sheet of paper, push it in, touch a button an' yank a column of denunciation, approval or elucidation out of the other end.

"For the life of me I can't understand why the youth of America take all the trouble of goin' to college, spendin' four whole years in the pursuit of knowledge, when all that time can be saved by nothin' more arduous than gettin' a job as editor. It's the world's shortest cut to omniscience, for on the very instant, as it were, doubts drop away, ignorances disappear, an' knowledge crawls up on all fours, pleadin' forgiveness for former elusiveness.

"Farmers go to their graves without learnin' the best time of the moon to plant beans by; financiers grow gray grapplin' with the intricacies of the money world; statesmen burn the midnight oil strugglin' with international problems; mothers an' fathers spend anxious hours wonderin' whether to chloroform the children themselves or send for the vet—wherever you look there is strain an' dubiety, yet even a country editor can handle these questions sight unseen, an' solve 'em without a moment's delay.

"No question that they've got it on the rest of the country, 'Lonzo. For instance, when *you* start in to think you're weighed down by the old superstition that it's a mental process, an' you want life to stop so that quiet can be assured. You have to sit down, get a chair for your feet, draw the blinds, an' then the first thing you know you're asleep.

"The true editor goes through no such rigmarole. Not for nothin' has he followed the deliberations of Congress, listened to our foremost orators an' read the speeches of Mr. Bryan an' Senator Beveridge. He sits up to his typewriter in perfect confidence, for he knows how one word always leads to another.

"Honest, I don't know what the country would do without editors. I get a feelin' of confidence in the permanence of American institutions every time I go by an editor's office an' see that inspirin' sign, 'Thinking Done While You Wait. Special Rates for Commercial Clubs.'

"No care is taken of 'em at all, however. Oftentimes an editor, right in the middle of a smashin' editorial analyzin' J. P. Morgan's financial blunders, has to stop an' borrow fifteen cents for cigarettes. An', as I said, there's the time they have to waste huntin' for matches.

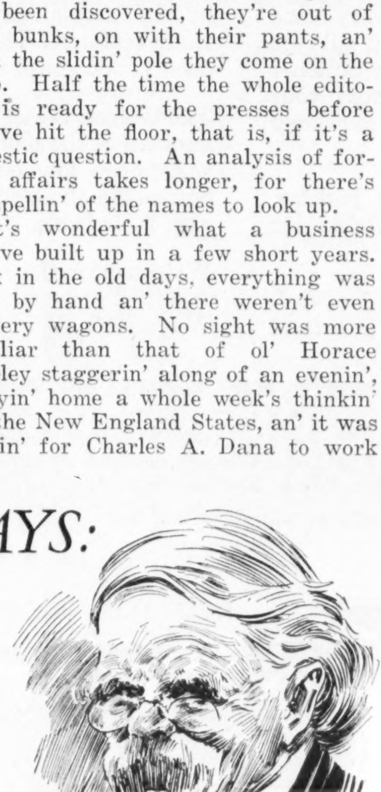
"If you ask me, I'll say that editors come under the head of natural resources, jes' the same as oil wells, an' we ought to take the same pains to conserve 'em. We make a great to-do about four or five little gushers in Teapot Dome, an' yet the thousands of editors in the United States go unprotected. We ought to constitute 'em into a natural-gas reserve."

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Stubbs, "I'll say that Senator Borah is the greatest thinker in the United States to-day, even if he is a Republican."

"He may call himself a Republican," said Uncle Henry, "but, jes' the same, he's a Democrat at heart. The minute anybody agrees with Bill, he begins to feel he's wrong."

UNCLE HENRY *SAYS:*

"Nobody, not even the humblest, does his own thinkin' any more. Why mess up the home an' hair when you can send your thinkin' out and have it done cheaper and quicker?"



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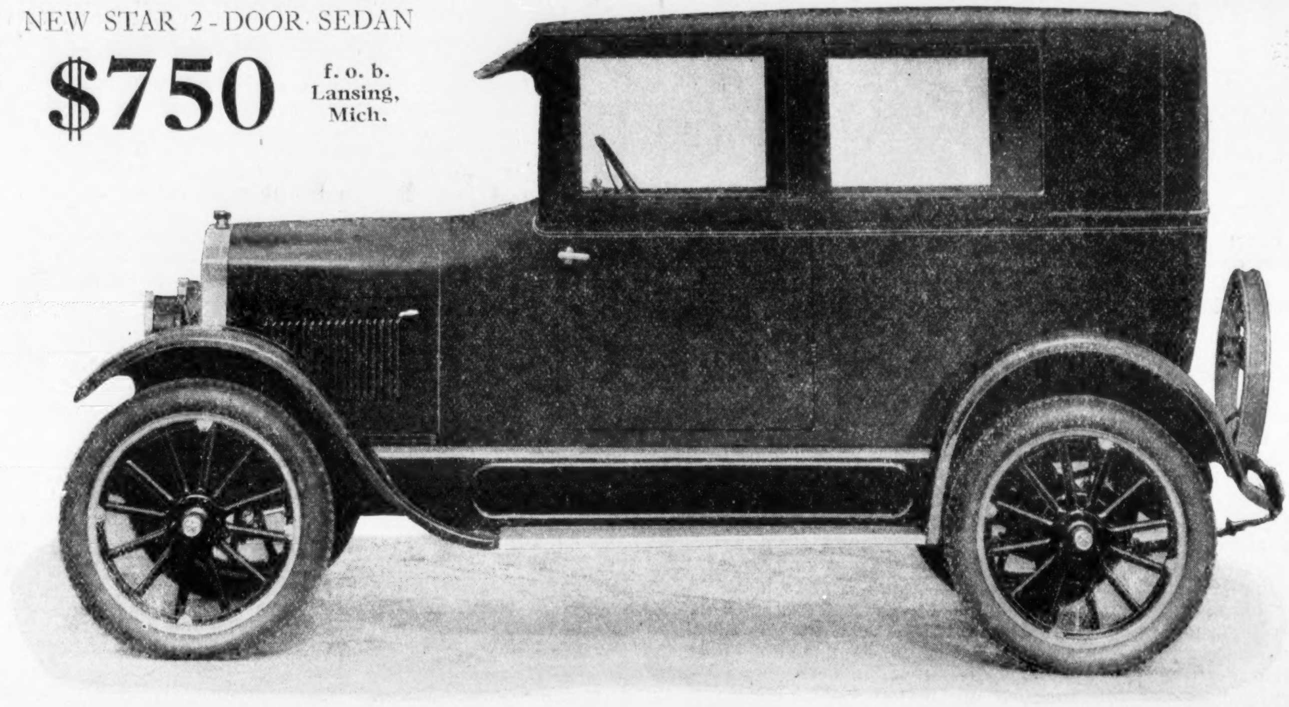

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The Cloudburst

Continued from page 7

to bother me of course. And get a job."

"At what?"

"I've thought that all out too. Waitress at one of the hotels—if there's nothing else to do. I could *start* with that, couldn't I? And save my money and sell my car and take vocal lessons."

"And after that?"

"Oh, there'll be an opening!" This rather airily.

Mr. Robinson finished his sandwich, with a flick at his trousers, brushed the crumbs from his fingers, produced matches and a paper of cheap cigarettes.

"Smoke?" he asked, presenting the package.

"No, thank you."

"That's good."

"Oh, don't you think I don't smoke because I believe a woman shouldn't! We've as much right as you men have. It's just that it gets up my nose."

"H'm," grunted Mr. Robinson, enigmatically as he lit his cigarette. He drew a long inhalation, expelled it daintily.

"Speakin' of your career," he said casually, "what can you do—until you scrape enough money together to live while you're takin' singin' lessons?"

"I'll try anything."

"That straight?"

"Certainly."

"Well," remarked Mr. Robinson, lighting another cigarette, "maybe luck has run you against the right man.

"The right man—maybe—" he said. "I've got a friend in the oil business. He's looking for a girl like you—pretty, and a lady and knowin' her way about."

"Yes—" Her eyes showed intense interest.

"Yes. Idea is, she makes the acquaintance of dopey old gentlemen. Gets them to where they'll do 'most anything for her. Then she leads them in to her friend Mr. Stivers. When they come out they're carryin' bales of oil stock. Then she drops 'em, and she and Mr. Stivers move to the next town—"

"But is the oil stock—good?"

"Sure! It's printed in gold letters on green paper. Prettiest stock you ever did see. Great to frame and hang up in the parlor."

"Well!" she said. "Well!" It was all she could find to say; and the words came between little gasps.

That smile of his ran into a rumbling chuckle.

"Don't sit there lookin' at me as if I was your husband," he said. "This proposition's pie beside what you'll get put up to you, as you mount along the rocky *and* thorny path of your career. Besides, it don't mean anything. There ain't no Mr. Stivers. I was just trying you out to see whether you're a good woman or—"

"Mr. Robinson!"

BUT neither her tone nor the sudden clenching of the small, pink hand on her kee served to stop him.

"I've never bothered much about love and matrimony myself. But I see quite a lot of folks—in the insurance business. Yours ain't the first case of the kind that's come under my observation and attention. Case one, for example. She got stuck on her own face and wanted to show it in the movies. Only reason I could see why she left him. Well, she went to Hollywood—and starved for a while, I guess. She's in southern California yet. But not in the movies. When he found out what she was in he stopped trying to get her back. Anybody would—"

"But I'm not—if you think—"

"Neither was she. Nope, she was a good woman too. Just a little too sure that everybody would like to look at her face so much as she did. Then there's case number two. That's sadder. She had a little more cause, I guess. He used to go on jags now and then. She didn't seem to know how to handle 'em. Sort of got on her nerves. She took her little girl and went away. She had an idea she could do 'most anything to make a living. The cold, cruel world took her up on that. It let her do 'most anything. She ended by keeping house for people. Pretty rough time she had. Finally, after her little girl had been sick for three months in the country hospital and she was down to skin and bone, she got plumb tired. By now she'd seen a lot of drunks, and she realized that her husband was only an amachure at that game, after all. But when she wrote to him hintin' that she'd come back, he just nachally lost his interest. Another lady had hooked him. She'd straightened him out too. Yep. 'Twas just as if you come back some day, and found your Edward sewed up tight to this Leila and not a bit sorry—"

"He's welcome to her!" she interrupted savagely.

"Yes. I suppose so. Completely lost your taste for that man. I can see that. It was all wrong—from the first, wasn't it?"

She shook her head somberly. "No. I thought I loved him very much, once."

"Even after your marriage?"

"Oh, yes! Until—well, I've told you about that. I don't have to explain again, do I?"

"Hate him?"

"Yes!" Marian Coburn managed to put a hiss into this simple affirmative.

"Just love to torture and torment him, I suppose—on a rack or something?"

Mrs. Coburn stirred uneasily.

"No," she said faintly, "I am too indifferent for that. But I could hear of his death and never shed a tear. Never shed a tear!" she repeated savagely. But her eyes belied her. Until now as hard as blue enamel, they had become as soft as moist velvet.

Mr. Robinson had been lounging against the rear mudguard of his car. Now he straightened up, took a step, towered perturbingly over her.

"Then if you're heart-whole and fancy-free," he began, "it might as well be me—"

She had sprung to her feet by now; she had sprung away. . . . She bumped against the mudguard of the car—he had cut off escape. . . . His arms were round her. . . . His face, with that leering smile, was bending down to hers. . . . She struck at it feebly. He only laughed; and in one motion of his hand put her arm down to her side. He had the irresistible strength of a bear—of a cloudburst. His face was coming nearer and nearer; she saw its enlarged pores, its broken veins of middle age; smelled his cigarette-tainted breath. She screamed. That was useless; the remnants of her reason told her that no human help could reach her, across the gulf of raging waters. But that thought only set her to screaming again. He held her tight now; the horror of his face had reached hers; and suddenly her screams became articulate.

"Edward! Edward! Edward!" she cried.

His arms relaxed, but he was still holding her. He had seated her gently on the steps of the car. He stood off looking at her. . . . He was laughing. She tried to struggle to her feet. But her legs would not work. She sank down in a heap.

"Listen now, you pretty little damn fool," he said. "I haven't got long to linger here. While we've been talking, that stream there has gone down. I can get my car across. Don't you try to get yours across yet. It won't make it. It's too heavy. I've just naturally jerked the truth out of you. Rough stuff, sure. But we pull rough stuff—in the insurance business." He smiled here—that same smile, half-engaging, half-sinister. "You'll have to wait a half an hour or so. You might spend that time meditating on whether you're goin' west to the Springs or east to Denver. I guess now you'll have to get back to your own car. This bus is goin' to move. I'd help you up, only I figure you ain't yearnin' just now for my touch and contact.

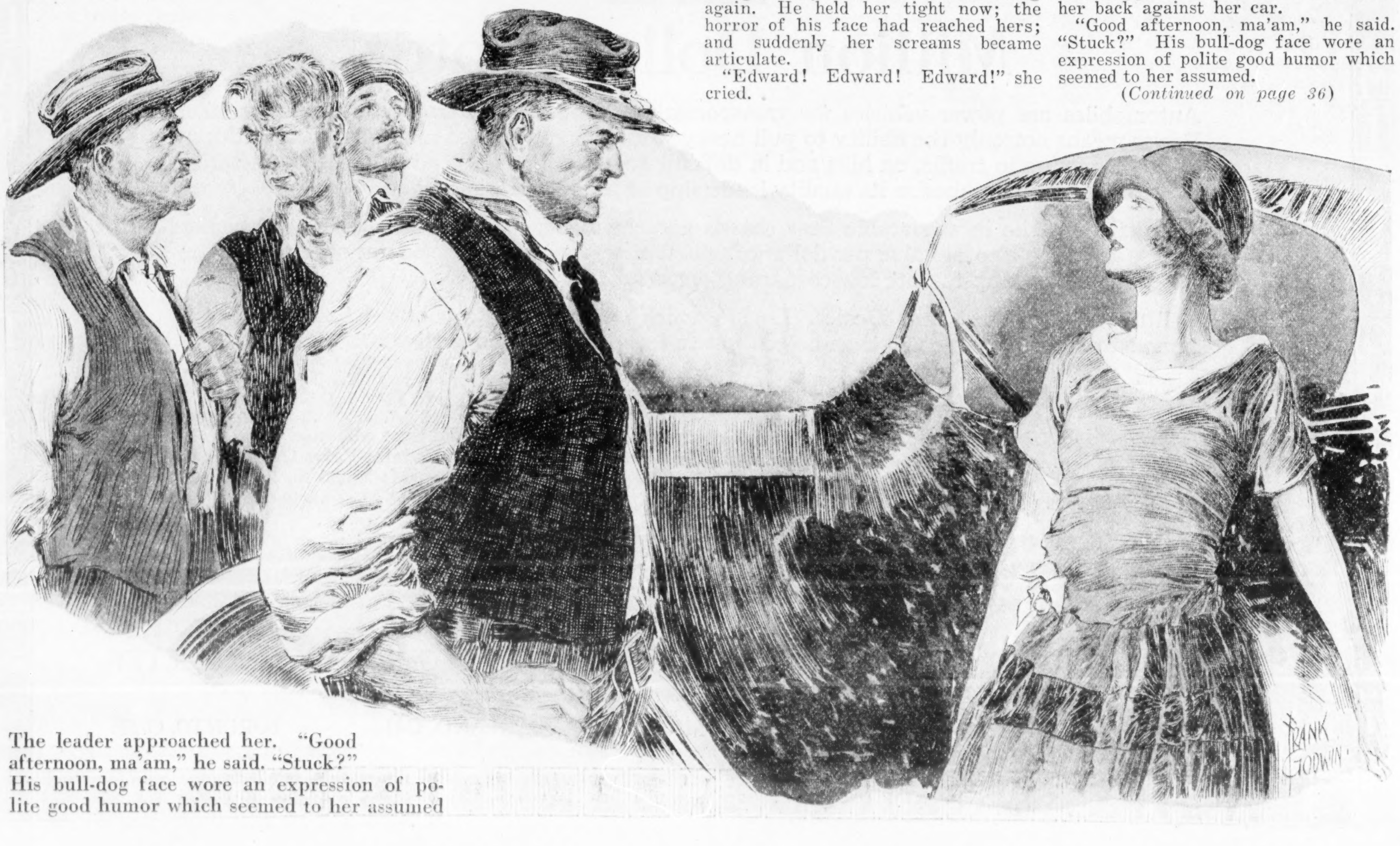
"Likely as not, before you get ready to start certain parties will be comin' along inquirin' for me. Do as you please. But if you're as grateful as you ought to be to the best friend you've met in a month of Sundays, you'll give them the wrong steer—get me?"

AFTER a time, Marian Coburn rose, rescued from the mud her coffee, sugar, and paper cups, packed them away in the box of her roadster. She turned then and looked down the valley.

Voices hailed her, many masculine voices, calling all together. On the slope across the retreating torrent two big cars had stopped. From them men were leaping into the muddy roadway. The first of all to descend dropped on one knee, examining the ground. He was looking at those gashes in the roadway, left by Mr. Robinson's flivver. Three others were sliding down the slippery bank. They waded the torrent. The leader wore a black slouch hat, trimmed with the gilt cord of authority. She had risen. His eyes, as he splashed through the water, never looked down at his footing. He kept them fixed on her, and his hand rested on the holstered revolver at his right hip. The other two carried rifles. The leader approached her as she stood with her back against her car.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," he said. "Stuck?" His bull-dog face wore an expression of polite good humor which seemed to her assumed.

(*Continued on page 36*)



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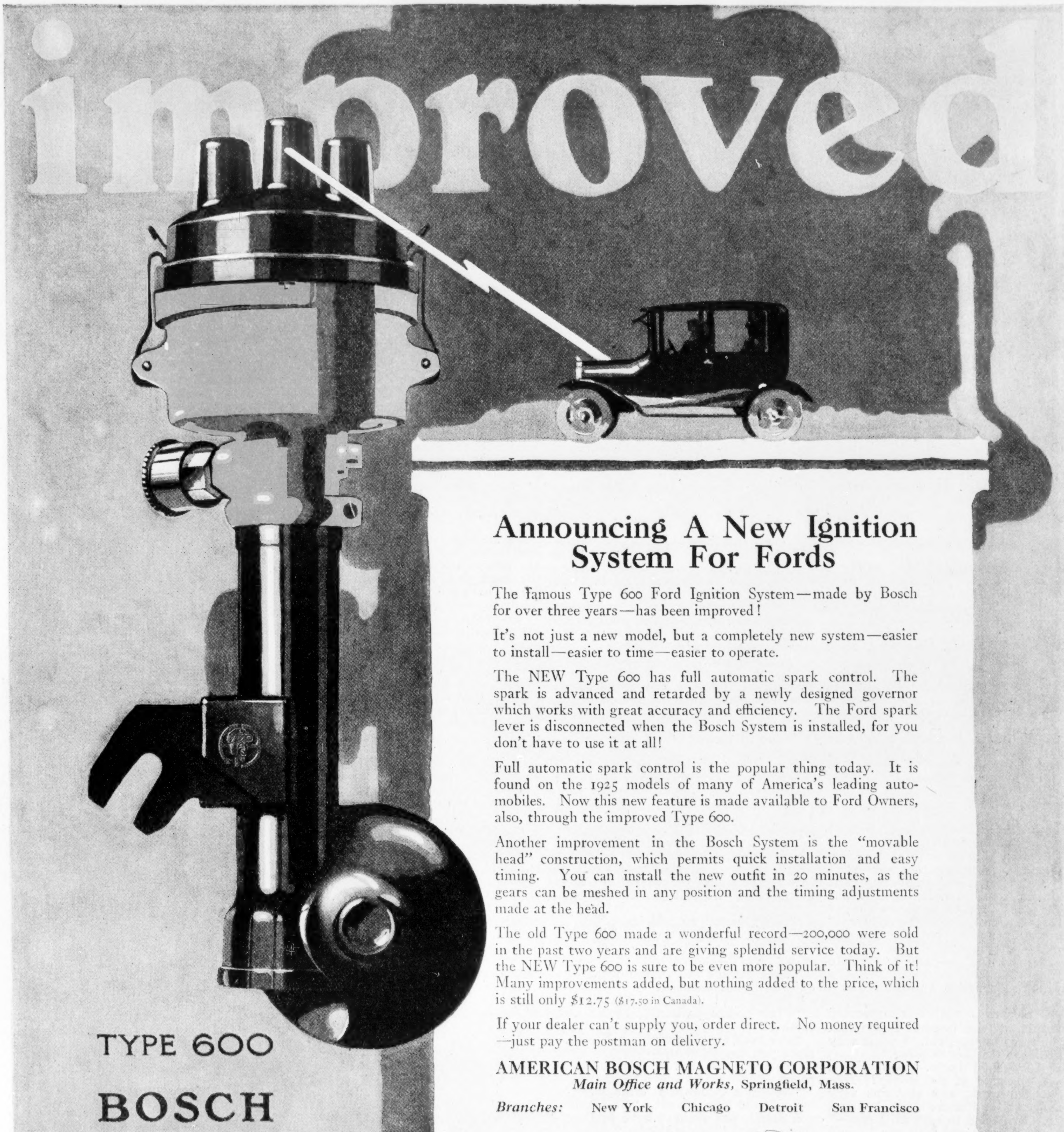

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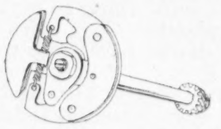

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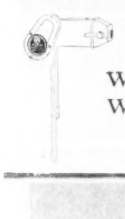

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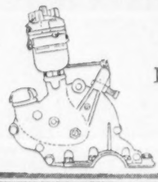

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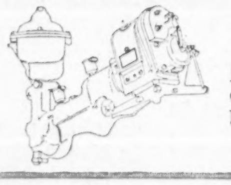

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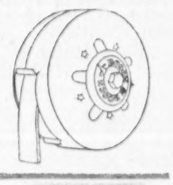


BOSCH
SHOCK
ABSORBER

TRADE MARK

Comfortable

Continued from page 19

her face did not soften as she daintily ate her supper with a large napkin spread over her perfect gown; the meal Bardie had provided helped her to face Bardie when she came in flushed and smiling, unrolling her sleeves and putting back the locks of rich hair from her forehead.

"Mother said that you wanted to see me, Ursie. The children are almost asleep, and she is staying up with them—"

"I daresay," said Ursula, trying to smile, "that we are rather tired for a serious talk, but this is the only chance we get. I'm away all day—"

Bardie interrupted in her impetuous, radiant manner. "I know, Ursie; it is a dreadful life. Why on earth don't you marry Lucas?"

At this unlooked-for carrying of the war into her own camp, the elder sister's carefully arrayed forces were shattered.

All she could do was to stammer: "Why don't I get married? We can't afford to—it would be sheer improvidence—"

"It's improvident not to," smiled Bardie. "You're wasting the best of everything, life itself."

Ursula pulled herself together. "We're talking at cross purposes, Bardie. It is no use for us to argue. I've got to make you understand things a little. You haven't heard from John, I suppose?"

"Yes," cried the delighted wife, "a wonderful letter! He's full of hope and courage. Dear old John—"

"Nothing about coming back?"

"No, but there hasn't been time."

Ursula bit her lip. "Bardie, things can't go on like this. We must come to some other arrangement—"

The younger woman's candid look became faintly puzzled. "What is wrong?" she asked.

Ursula was exasperated. "Oh, my dear, it is no use beating round the bush! Mother is becoming a nervous wreck; I'm so bothered I can't work; Lucas won't come near the place; the house is always at sixes and sevens; we've lost Sewell—"

Bardie, suddenly pale, interrupted: "You want us to go?"

"If you were reasonable, you wouldn't force me to say it."

"Oh!" cried Bardie with a quivering mouth. "I never thought that we weren't really welcome; it always seemed as if I was free to come here, as if it was home. Does Mother want us to go? Mother seemed so fond of the children!"

"Mother pretends, but it's wearing her out"—Ursula was glad of this excuse for her cruelty—"and I've got to save her—"

"I don't see," faltered poor Bardie.

HER meekness rather exasperated Ursula. "That is what I complain of; you're so unpractical. I work very hard to keep this house going."

Bardie flushed hotly. "Oh, Ursie, are you thinking of the money? I do all Sewell's work, and she was very extravagant, and there's my hundred a year. I've tried to save all I can—"

"Don't be absurd, Bardie," said Ursula sharply. "We can't talk about money, of course, and, of course I don't want you to go till you've found something else comfortable; it is really all John's responsibility—"

"John! What has it to do with John? He is working his very hardest for us. He is bound to succeed this time; he says in his last letter they'll strike oil any minute."

This faith of Bardie's was to Ursula not beautiful or desirable, but merely silly and futile.

"I can't argue with you," she said, rising. "Let things go on as they are; you can't be made to understand, Bardie."

As she crossed to the door the two sisters were for a second beside each other, and Ursula had a horrible feeling of being pale, withered, and bloodless beside something radiant, blooming and pulsating with life, of being a dummy beside a human being.

As she crossed the landing she glanced through the open door of Bardie's room; her mother was sitting beside one of the children's cots; a tiny hand rested in her withered palm; the little heaps of shabby clothes, the improvised beds, the pile of stockings waiting darning, the rubbed and shabby toys, the night light in the saucer, all the little shifts and expedients that testified to courage as dints in armor might, gave Ursula a queer sensation.

"After all," she thought uneasily, "Bardie won't worry about what I said; she'll be just the same in the morning."

But in the morning she did not see her sister; in leaving the house she met two of the children, and she looked at them keenly; for the first time she noticed the superb beauty of the little boys, their gay friendliness, their splendid vitality.

How shabby they were too, the little coats rather too threadbare for the keen spring day. Ursula hastened on to catch her train. How warm and luxurious was her own fine cloak!

In the train she decided that she would offer Bardie, say, a hundred a year toward making the children more presentable, and help her look for rooms—or even a tiny house somewhere in the country.

WHEN she returned that evening she found a complete silence wrapping her home. A swift survey showed her that the place was changed again; all her treasures were back in their places.

She ran upstairs; the spare rooms were transformed to former chill prettiness; in one of them Mrs. Divent was sitting; she had been crying.

"Why, Mother!"

"Bardie has gone," said Mrs. Divent tearfully. "While I was out she and May put everything as it used to be. She's gone, taking the children—"

"Where to?"

"Some village or other. She left the address—"

Mrs. Divent produced a piece of half notepaper.

Ursula read: "Dear Mother: The moment I grasped we were in the way I felt we must go at once with as little trouble as possible. I've put everything back as it was. I wired Sewell to come. May's coming with me; you'll easily get another girl. I'm going to this cottage to wait for John. Of course I'll refund every penny we cost you and Ursula.

"With love, BARDIE."

Then followed an address.

"Whatever made her think," asked Mrs. Divent, tearfully, "that she was in the way?—and to talk of money!"

"Well, wasn't she in the way?" inquired Ursula uneasily.

"In the way! Bardie and the boys!"

"They were wearing you out, Mother."

"I've been more happy than I've been since you two grew up—"

"There was never a moment's peace—"

"Never a moment's dullness, you mean," said Mrs. Divent. "Oh, Ursula, you didn't, you couldn't have said anything to make Bardie think—"

Her voice trailed off, and Ursula affected not to have understood.

"Has Sewell come back?"

"Yes, just before you did. I'm not sure I shall keep her—she seems a very disagreeable woman, somehow."

Ursula looked at her uneasily; then went downstairs and wrote to Bardie, inclosing a check for a hundred pounds.

Two days later it was returned.

John, Bardie wrote pleasantly, had sent some money; they were doing very well.

Then, one day, she found no one in the house but Sewell.

Mrs. Divent had left a letter, rather a rambling, incoherent sort of letter in the wording, but piercingly plain in the meaning.

"—You know, Ursula darling, I feel it is your house and you must have it as you like it, and you'll be very comfortable with Sewell, but Bardie really needs help with all those boys, and my little income that you don't need will be of real use to her—"

Ursula needed to read no further than this. Mrs. Divent had gone to Bardie and the boys. Her heart had been aching to go to Bardie and the boys, but she had been afraid to say so; she had fled secretly, as Bardie herself had fled: they were all afraid of her, the successful, efficient Ursula.

She sat listlessly in her pretty chair. Her glance fell on a sentence at the end of the apologetic, timid letter Mrs. Divent had so fearfully penned:

"Why don't you marry Lucas, dear? I think it is silly for you to wait any longer—"

Ursula rose restlessly, looked indifferently at the delicate supper, wandered about the room; she paused before the calendar and tore off the leaflet for the day: noticing, with idle instincts of neatness, that this had not yet been done.

The quotation, in black letters on rough paper, sprang at her:

But at my back I always hear,
Time's winged chariot hurrying near
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.

Ursula looked from the calendar to the mirror, that touchstone of feminine success. She saw a face faintly terrified; the fashionable frock with the dressmaker's tricks of freak line and color looked like the impertinent garb of folly; her bust, which had always seemed to her so charming, looked that of a middle-aged woman playing at youth.

Bardie was nearly ten years younger, and Bardie had four boys. Ursula had her prosperous business and money at the bank, but these assets seemed to her to have withered like fairy gold—really to exist no longer.

Who really cared about a smart, silly little shop; about a few hundreds in the bank?

Bardie's boys might be something splendid some day and Bardie be there to see the splendor: already they were an illumination even on the dreariest of days; she, even she, had missed their light about the house.

Time's winged chariot hurrying near—

Ursula shivered; cold fingers seemed to touch her flesh. She thought of Lucas, of their little lunches, teas and dinners, so comfortable, so arid; how often had they yawned as they turned homeward. She thought of his perfunctory kisses, his stereotyped endearments, his slightly lecturing ways, his careful habits, his satisfaction when she told him of some work of hers that meant money, and she thought of Bardie's candid words: "Lucas is awful." The slang expression was eloquent; for a second Ursula saw her lover with her sister's eyes.

Yet at first it had seemed so different: surely Romance had been theirs—*at first.*

At first! Ah, that was it; they had tried to stop life, to hold back the clock, to remain at one point indefinitely, to check the flow of events till they became stale and stagnant. All because they were afraid, afraid of not being comfortable.

The next time she saw Lucas she told him that she would not be coming home by that convenient matinée train on Saturday.

"Mother is visiting Bardie," she said casually. "I thought I would just run over and see them all."

Lucas answered dryly; he had been very dry, almost sullen, of late; with a hot, ashamed hope of forcing his hand, Ursula continued:

"I don't think Mother will come back; she prefers the domesticities. That leaves me quite alone—"

"You've got Sewell. She does you very well, doesn't she?"

"Oh, well, if you think Sewell a sufficient chaperon—"

"I didn't know you troubled about such things, Ursula—"

Coldly she replied: "Probably I shall take a service flat in town."

"Good idea," he said laconically and returned to his paper.

"It's over," thought Ursula. "If he cared in the least he'd speak now—"

On an irresistible impulse she said: "Lucas, how old are you?"

HE DROPPED his paper; they looked at each other across the comfortable railway carriage that was swinging through the summer evening, the cornfields, the woods, the hay meadows; they looked with startled eyes; each saw the fine lines, the blurring of the contours in the face of the other; there was gray in the close-shaven hair above his ears; her lids were lined by lilac shadows.

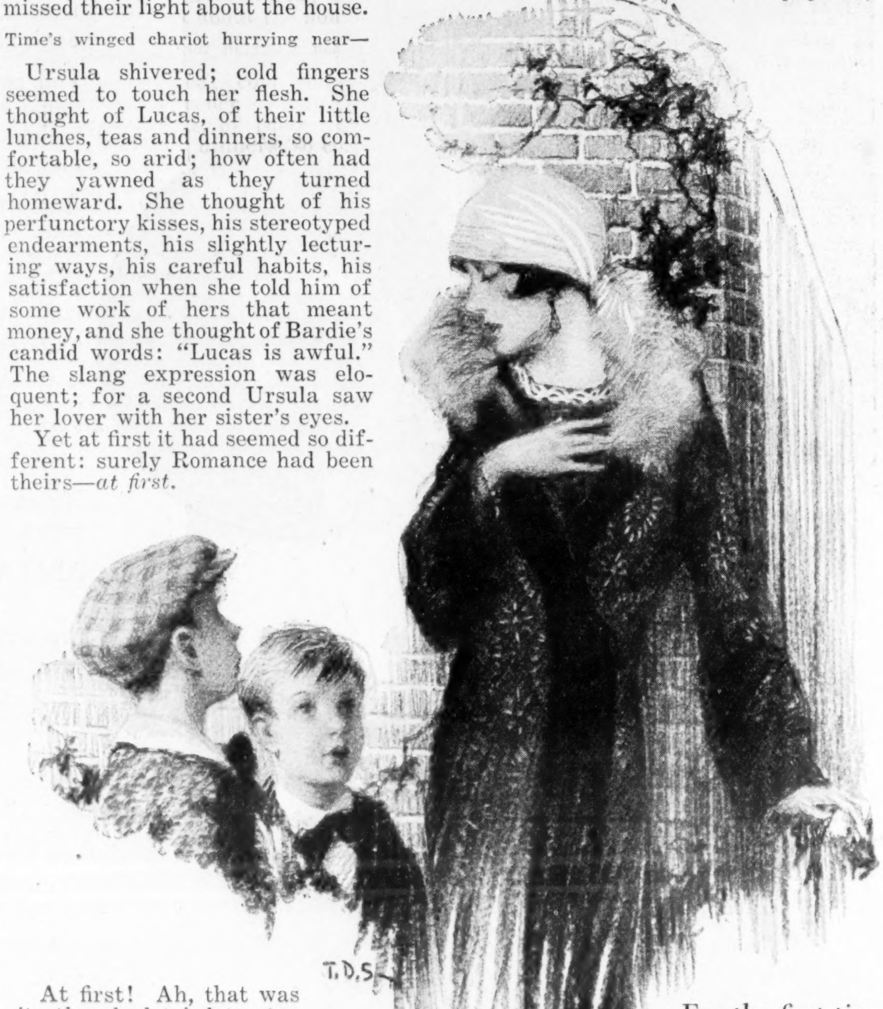
"I'm thirty-eight," said Lucas in a voice that had lost the usual trained suavity.

He returned to his news sheet and Ursula gazed out of the window at the still luminous landscape over which the tender darkness seemed to bend like a caress.

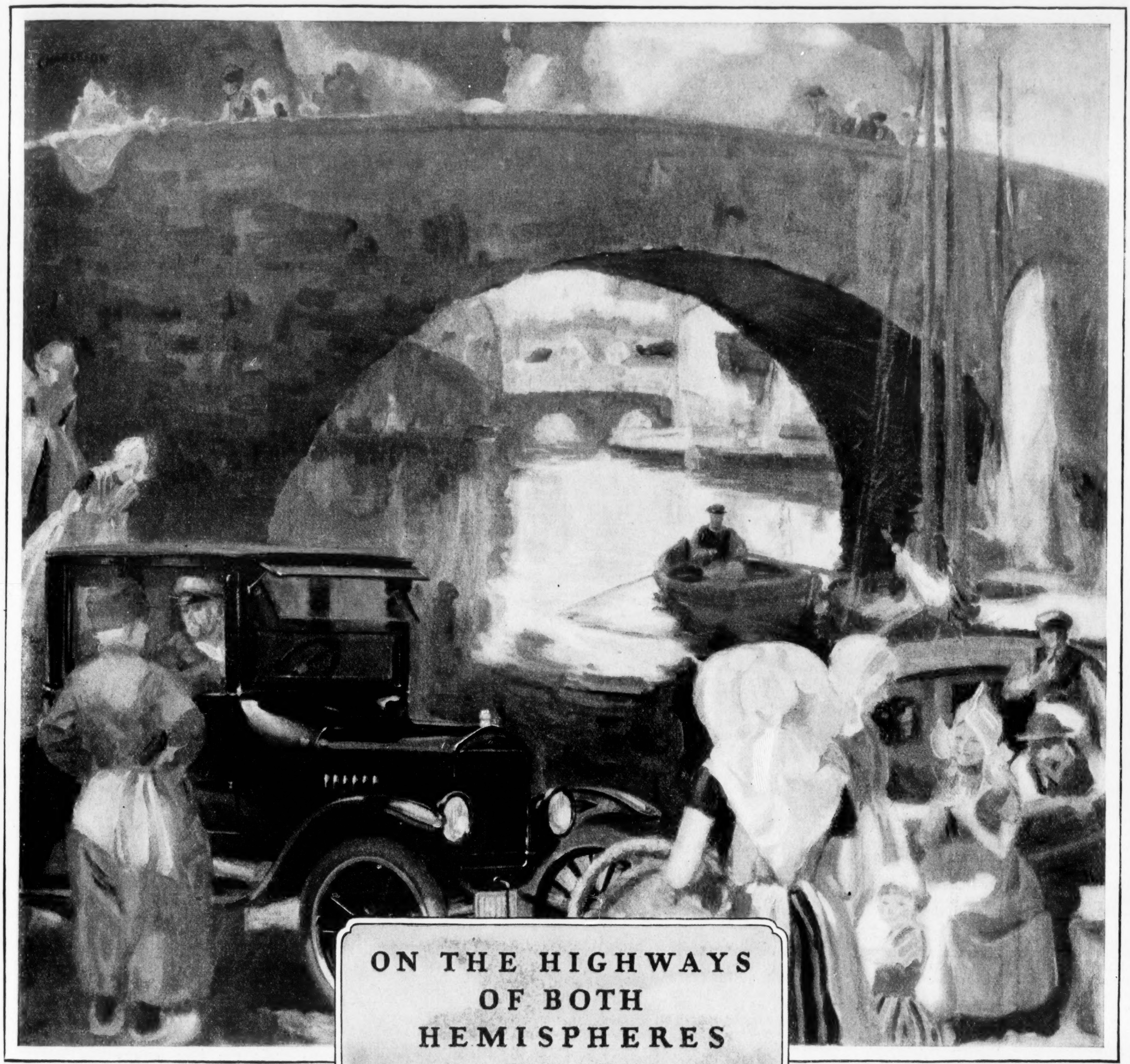
They did not speak again that evening save for the solitary "good-bys" which clove their ways apart; nor did Ursula see Lucas again before she went, on her free half day, to see Bardie.

She had taken the morning away

(*Continued on page 44*)



For the first tin Ursula noticed the beauty of the little boys, their gay friendlines



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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Cloudburst

Continued from page 32

"Yes—the bridge is down beyond—I've been here for hours."

"There was another car stuck here with you?"

"Yes."

"A flivver maybe?"

"Yes. A flivver."

Here a middle-aged man whose well-tailored clothes, spattered though they were, seemed inappropriate to their rough work, took up the conversation.

"We're looking for a man about forty-nine, thick-set, smooth shaven, bushy eyebrows, driving a flivver, Colorado license number—"

"Oh, but this car had an Oklahoma number," said Marian, and her blue eyes were ineffably candid. "And there wasn't any man in it. Only two women—tourists. Mother and daughter, I think. They got out about a half an hour ago. Their car is lighter than mine."

The third man broke in now. He was short and fat; for all that, he looked ill-humored. On his greasy waistcoat he wore a silver badge. "There, what did I tell you?" he said. "Told you he'd took the valley road. Stood to reason. Let's get back to the cars!"

Curiosity fought apprehension for a moment in Marian, but curiosity prevailed.

"What has he done—in case I see him?" she asked.

Here the man in city clothes took up the story.

"Con man," he said. "Gold brick game. Tried it—the old brick game that we thought was dead twenty years ago—on the cashier of my bank. We led him on—and he slipped us."

"Got away!" said the sheriff grimly. Then hesitantly to Marian:

"Sorry there's no time to help you out. But that water will all be gone in an hour, way she's drying."

"Oh, go on after your man, by all means!" she said. "I'll take care of myself."

Then suddenly Marian ran to the edge of the water.

"Can you tell me where is the nearest telegraph office?" she called. "I want to send a message—to my husband in Denver."

The Hope Ahead

Continued from page 11

be worse than the last because the poison gases are more deadly, the guns have longer range, the aëroplanes will be more crowded in the sky, the cities will be more at the mercy of falling bombs. In many laboratories scientists are searching for new forms of destruction which may even make those weapons obsolete because so limited in their power of slaughter. It is not only possible but likely that some "death ray" projecting wireless force may sweep a countryside with a heat that will turn everything to flame and then to dust and ashes. Is mankind going to risk such an infernal ending to all its dreams of beauty and order and more perfect life? Is it going to allow its stupid brawls, its national ambitions, its little points of honor and argument, to be settled by this latest type of warfare which does not spare women or children, but, indeed, makes them the victims of its worst cruelties? With all its passionate follies, humanity can hardly be as mad as that.

But we must first kill the idea of force and violence between classes as well as nations. There will be no world peace if those who preach the virtue of international brotherhood are at the same time organizing a class warfare in a spirit of intolerance that is abominable. In many countries of the world—and the most civilized—at this present date, the nations are being divided by a passionate opposition between ideas roughly labeled as Capital and Labor, Liberty and Tyranny, Bolshevism and Fascisticism. In England the Left Wing of the Labor Party is using wild and whirling words which are a disgrace to civilized men and women. They are advocating "an orgy of blood" to overthrow the capitalist system and establish equality of labor in all countries. At a meeting in the Memorial Hall, London, last August, the Communists put forward a program of violence which was an outrageous defiance of the moderate counsels of Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues, and proposed a charter of labor "rights" including a thirty-hour working week, which would bring Great Britain to the depths of ruin in a very short time. On the other side the English "Diehards" are organizing a secret society of Fascisti on the Italian lines, for the defense of property, national discipline and resistance to all liberal ideas. Intolerance and the spirit of violence are at work among the extremists on both sides, both narrow-minded and ignorant, both asking for trouble, both believing in force rather than in argument, arbitration and law.

Not only in England. There are many little Mussolinis about the world who are in favor of tyranny under the name of discipline and prefer hammering their political opponents in a physical way rather than converting them by arguments and beating them at the polls. There are many little Lenines skulking about factory yards or drawing good salaries as labor agitators who have equal scorn for the old traditions of parliamentary government and the common law of the land, and advocate short cuts to the equality of men by "the dictatorship of the proletariat"—which allows no equality to those who disagree with their point of view—and by violent assault upon the lives and property of the middle class.

The old liberal principles of free speech, religious liberty, racial equality before the law and obedience to the law itself until it is altered by the will of the majority, is being attacked from both wings on the Left and Right.

The Swastika or "Hackenkreuz" societies in Germany and Austria, becoming very powerful and aggressive, have declared war against the Jews and vengeance against France. In Hungary the persecution of Jews is a passionate article of faith among those who support the present dictatorship. In the United States of America the Ku Klux Klan defies the very spirit of liberty and law which inspired the American constitution and preaches intolerance as its creed—intolerance of Jews, intolerance of the Negro race, intolerance of Catholics, intolerance of political labor. It is a secret society which seems to me in violent conflict with all the idealism stirring in the soul of America. If it is not checked or killed by public opinion it will lead to social conflict in the United States of very grave consequences.

The argument of the Ku Klux Klansmen that they stand for purity in politics, the old traditions of American character menaced by the tyranny and corruption of Irish politicians, Jewish financiers and Labor revolutionaries, seems to me no defense of their methods or their principles. It is not by defiance of the law that they will exact obedience to the law. It is not by setting up a secret government that they will destroy Tammany, which is also a secret government. It is not by spreading a propaganda of hate against the Jewish race—which has been greatly loyal to American ideals and by its genius has brought great wealth in art, music and literature as well as in dollars to the United States—that the gospel of Christianity will be more faithfully observed. It is not by burning Catholic churches that Christ will be served. It is not by lynch law against Negroes or any other class of American citizens that the United States is going to give a spiritual lead to the world or improve its own state of civilization. All that is a hark back to barbarity and not a stride forward to a more civilized world. It is the revival of cruelty which we want to slay with other qualities of the beast in us. It is the spirit of "Prussianism" against which we were supposed to be fighting in the great war.

Ten years after the beginning of the war, fought on our side with a high appeal to such words as "Liberty," "Justice," "a world made safe for democracy," and "the overthrow of militarism," one is dismayed to find the beginning of a class warfare with appeals to force, and denials of liberty and justice on both sides. Surely the one sacred remembrance worth keeping, the only glory that belonged to that war, is the spirtual emotion which for a time exalted our common clay above self-interest, above the fear of death itself, and united all classes in the nation in a comradeship of sacrifice and service. It was so in Germany as well as in England, in the United States as well as in France. Each side believed itself to be in the right, prayed God for aid with no sense of blasphemy.

Never before in history, at least in France, England and the United States, was there such a "sacred union" of all ranks and classes under the first impulse of that immense emotion for a single purpose. All political differences were blotted out, all prerogatives of caste and wealth, all hatreds between groups of men, all intolerances were waived. In those days, as I have written, the society women went down on their knees to scrub floors for the wounded, or serve as drudges in wayside canteens. In those days, ten years ago, the young aristocrat marveled at the splendor of his men—"nothing was too good for them." In those days before the time of disillusion the men were uplifted by the love of the nation that went out to them. There was no spirit of class warfare, no Bolshevism, no hatred of Labor. The dirtiest soldier in the trenches, covered with mud and blood, was our national hero. And between the wounded soldier lying in his shell hole beside his wounded officer there was no hostility, no gulf of class. They were crucified together on the same cross. They were comrades in agony and death.

It was for war. The service which united all classes was the slaughter of men on the other side of the line drawn across the map of the world, or the provision of means of slaughter. That intense impulse of devotion, sacrifice and duty which in its first manifestations had something divine in its carelessness of self—in all countries—was in its effects destructive of the best human life in the world. Is it too much for humanity to get that same impulse for the cause of peace, to get back to that comradeship and coöperation within those nations for other purposes than that of war, to rise above self-interest for the commonwealth of civilization?

It is very difficult, almost impossible, I think, without tremendous leadership which we cannot yet perceive. War is a shock which thrills every soul by its terrific portent. Peace is a state in which the smaller interests of life seem more important than great issues. War provides the people with a single dominating purpose inspired by passions. Peace has no definite goal to capture or defend, and human intelligence is divided by a million views in its gropings for the ideals of peace. It is only danger that rallies the human tribes in self-defense. In safety they scatter and are hostile to each other.

Well, the danger ahead is great enough in my judgment to provide the impulse again, and to recreate the passion which united classes and nations ten years ago. If we have that "next war" it is going to thrust us all into deep pits of ruin. If we have social warfare within the civilized nations we shall not emerge from it until tides of blood have flowed. If we have an unrestricted commercial war, a savage and ruthless competition between great powers out for world trades at all costs against each other, the other things will happen. The human tribes in the next phase of history, now approaching, must coöperate or perish.

There is no one cure for all these troubles, but they may be lessened, and their greatest perils averted surely by a spirit of reason against unreason, by tolerance against intolerance, by ideals of peace against ideals of force, by conciliation against conflict, by a change of heart in the individual as well as in the nation.

It comes back to that as it has always come back. Are we going to serve God or devils? Is the Christian world going to crucify Christ again or obey His commands? There are many religions in the world, but all men have the same God in their hearts. Catholic, Protestant or Jew, Mohammedan, Hindu or Buddhist, the God that is revealed to them has the same attributes of mercy, justice, love, under whatever name they worship the Spirit. It is because men are disloyal to their God that the world is afflicted by so much unnecessary evil, by so many tragedies and tears.

The Christian peoples at least are dedicated to peace, by words that they cannot ignore without treachery to the spirit of their faith. There is no Christianity in hatred, none in class warfare, none in violence against our neighbor, none in envy of our neighbor's goods, none in denial of the laborer's hire, none without love and pity and self-sacrifice. It is only by rededicating ourselves to that spirit that we can hope to solve the problems that beset us on every side and exorcise the evil powers in the heart of humanity which are working for destruction.

Ten years after the World War, civilization is still unsafe. Ten years after the great sacrifice of youth, peace is not assured for babes who are now in their cradles. But, ten years after, there is the beginning, at last, of a world opinion rising up against the war makers, eager for some new form of international law, determined to prevent another massacre of young manhood by the science and machinery of destruction, aware of the evil forces that are working for new conflict. The tides of hate are on the ebb in many countries. The spirit of peace is spreading, if slowly. It is the hope ahead.

Ten years after let us remember the splendor and the spirit of the youth that died for ideals not yet fulfilled.

THE END

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Collier's offers ten life memberships in the National Education Association, valued at one hundred dollars each, to the ten teachers who submit the best essays describing methods of using in the classroom the Moral Code compiled and published in Collier's for January 17th.

The conditions of the contest are:

1. **That participation shall be restricted to those actively engaged in teaching primary grades, grammar grades, high schools, rural schools, and teacher-training schools.**
2. **That all manuscripts shall be typewritten, and sent to the National Education Association, Washington, D. C., with the words "Moral Code Contest" written on the envelope.**
3. **That no manuscript shall exceed five hundred words.**
4. **That the contest shall close on April 15th.**
5. **That the award of the judges shall be final.**

The judges are Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; Mr. Milton Bennion, of the University of Utah, Chairman of the Committee on Character Education of the National Education Association; and the Editor of Collier's. A copy of the Code may be secured by addressing Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, enclosing a two-cent stamp.

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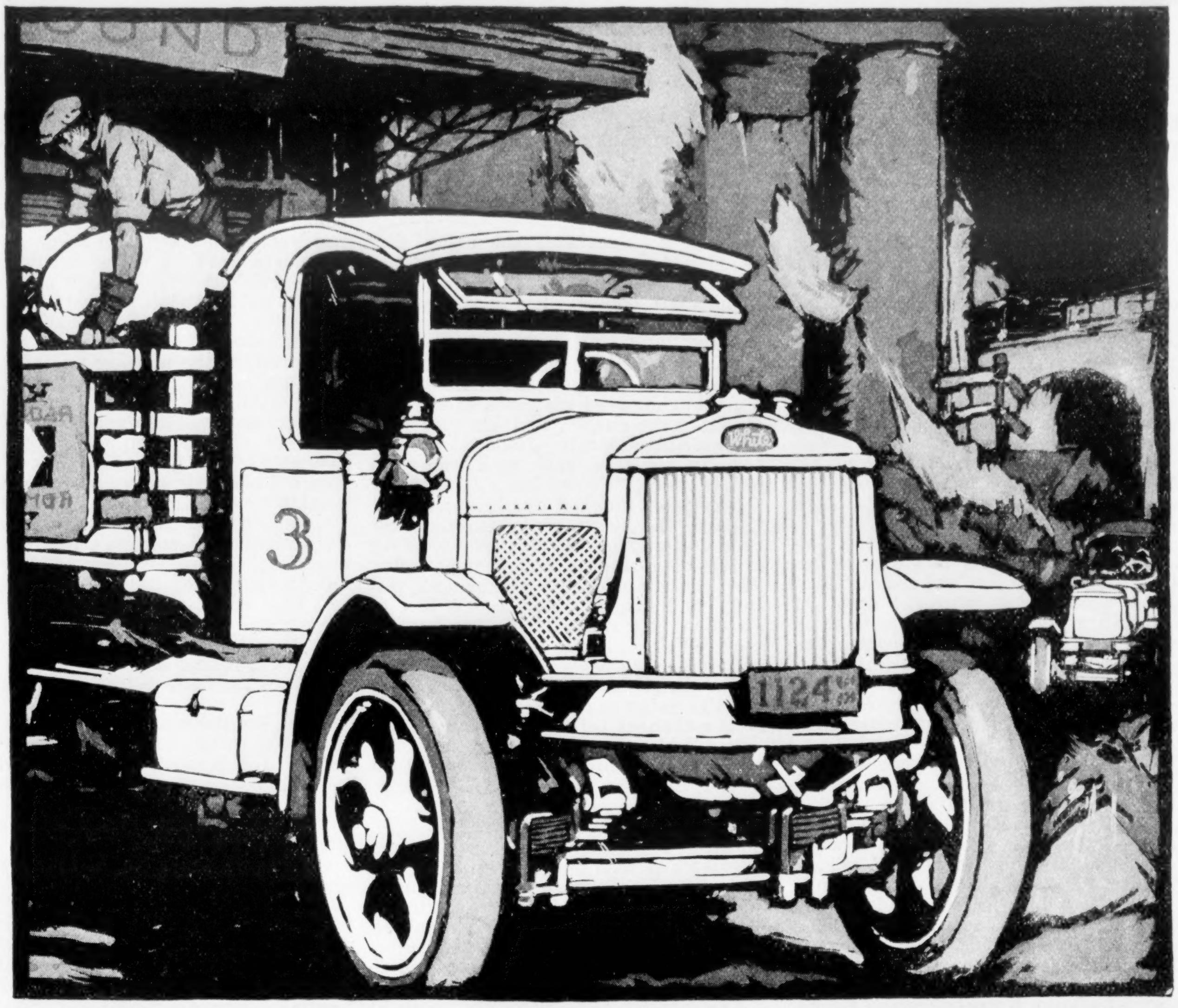

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WHITE TRUCKS

Admiral Jibbets

Continued from page 14

pearls in th' 'arbor so I came along. . . .

"Pearls!" The Englishman snorted his disgust. "Pearls be damned!" He stopped short as suspicion burst on him. "I say! I say, were you sent here? . . ." He finished with a dazed, "Good heavens!"

" 'Tis very 'ot on th' bridge," put in the captain. "I 'ave a good room below, an' my stooard c'n bring an extra chair." He led the way ponderously down the companion, and two silent, astonished men followed him. When they were all safely ensconced with glasses in front of them Captain Jibbets started his pipe going and beamed around.

"I ain't much of a 'and on yachts, Mister Matthews," he said, "but that craft yonder looks pretty fast. Now, when I wus in th' China Sea—"

"Captain, captain," pleaded the Englishman gently. His bad temper had gone, and he was cool and suave. "Don't waste time. If you were not sent here to delay my sailing, and this is really an accident, won't you commence operations so that the channel is left clear? I'll aid you every way I can. If you want to hold me up, I'll pay any reasonable price to get away before dawn to-morrow."

Uriah Jibbets' gray eyes opened wide.

"Sent 'ere," he commenced wonderingly. "I came arter pearls. An' as fer clearing th' channel, you 'eard wot m' carpenter said. Seven feet o' water in th' holds. That means th' engineroom's flooded. An' probably gainin.' " He nodded his heavy head slowly. "Probably gainin'. It'll take time t' think out. . . . I 'olds as a master mariner sh'd be always obliging t' another master mariner. But 'ow c'n I drag off a 'eavy water-logged steamer?"

THE Englishman gnawed at his nails for a long time in silence while Captain Jibbets smiled and sipped his drink. Then the other rose and shrugged his shoulders. He pulled from his pocket a silver and gold cigarette case and struck a match to one of the thin white cylinders.

"I guess I'm licked. But you ought to try. Carry your anchors from the stern and try and drag her to one side of the channel, anyway."

"I 'aven't any steam," said the captain blandly. The other bit his lip and cursed under his breath.

"All right. It's mighty suspicious you should spring a sudden leak in midchannel here. . . . Well, never mind." He bowed gracefully, beckoned his chief officer and departed. Captain Jibbets sighed and sucked at his pipe.

He murmured, "I 'ope there's no bloodshed. The missus wouldn't approve. . . . " And he shook his head doubtfully. Then Arthur burst in upon him with a demand for explanations.

"I wanta talk with you, mister. . . ." The captain was on his dignity again. . . . "When I gives an order you gotta jump t' obey, see? You wellnigh messed up th' 'ole business by bein' so slow an' askin' questions. A sailor never asks questions. Obey orders an' obey 'em on th' run an' you'll get a command y'self afore y' know where you are. . . . Hey? What's th' idea? Ain't there a thing in that 'ead you wear? Hey? Wasn't we to stop 'em shelling that town an' ain't we stopped 'em? They can't get out, an' 'elp for 'em can't get in. We've only gotta stick 'ere until th' treaty's signed, which they figure'll be about one hour arter the yacht don't turn up, and then we pump th' old 'ooker clear and sail 'ome. Simple like. Hey?"

"Yes, sir," said the mate, and felt very dense.

Captain Jibbets sat up in his cabin that evening, his serge coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up and his foul pipe in his mouth. He smiled placidly at irregular intervals and when a rope creaked he frowned in a most peculiar manner. Arthur sat up with him and the younger man was very gleeful.

"Nothing to it, eh, sir? We've got 'em licked to a frazzle."

At which the captain wisely said, "Fifty thousand's a lot o' dough t' pass up. Wait a bit." So they sat and smoked and drank occasionally until the clock over the desk said ten.

FIVE minutes later the cabin door opened and the Englishman, Clark Matthews, stepped in. He was still in immaculate whites. His blue eyes held a cold gleam and in his hand he carried a short, ugly blue-steel automatic.

"Keep still," he advised in a hard voice. "I've got you covered."

Arthur dropped his glass with a soft crash to the carpet, and his eyes goggled. But Captain Jibbets, without turning his head, said, in a somewhat pained voice, "You've bin a long time."

The other laughed harshly and came toward the desk while through the open doorway behind him crowded four or five olive-skinned men bearing rifles. The captain eyed his visitor thoughtfully and groped about for a box of matches. He relit his pipe and mumbled, "Well, this's a 'ell of a time ter visit a shipmate."

The Englishman's jaw snapped up. "You're going to get this bally ship out of the channel before daybreak, otherwise I'll blow her out."

Captain Jibbets blinked and then waved a huge hand. " 'Elp y'self, mister."

Arthur gulped and muttered, "Oh, Lord!"

The white man who had come aboard with the Englishman that afternoon burst through the doorway excitedly.

"There's pumps and gasoline engine for 'em in the 'tween decks 'midships, sir. I've been looking around, and it seems to me. . . ."

The Englishman nodded.

"As I thought. They sank her in the channel. Well, we'll pump her dry quick enough." He waved to his men and three of them squatted on the carpet and stared at the captain and his mate out of lusterless eyes.

Arthur whispered, "W-What are you going to do, sir, w-hat are you going to do now?'

The captain sniffed and struck another match over the bowl of his pipe. "Can't do a damn thing," he said, squinting down sideways at a rifle muzzle that poked up within four feet of his ear. Thereafter he appeared to forget where he was, and he dozed comfortably enough. He knew almost as certainly as if he had seen the thing accomplished that his crew was grouped in the saloon with a cordon of soldiers around them. And it didn't seem to bother him in the least.

It was scarcely half an hour later when the Englishman returned. He was furious.

"You damned old fox! Where are the rest of those pumps' parts? Where are they?"

"Don' know," mumbled Captain Jibbets without opening his eyes. "Never saw 'em."

The other caught his shoulder and shook him savagely. "By God, I'll find out before I leave here!"

The captain sat up and blinked awake. He stared at the enraged Englishman and then at the white-faced Arthur opposite him. Finally he rammed a huge finger into the bowl of his pipe and shook his gray head.

"I ain't never bin treated so on m' own ship, mister. . . . Wot's th' sea comin' to?" He shook his head again ponderously. " 'Ow sh'd I know where th' parts are? I never used 'em. I ordered th' stuff from a Jew on Market Street, an' if it ain't all there I'll 'ave a talk with 'im when I get back."

"I'll blow you out of the water unless you produce the missing parts."

"Now, look 'ere." Captain Jibbets rose heavily to his feet and his eyes took on an owl-like expression. "Now look 'ere, mister. You 'aven't got 'eavy enough guns t' blow me up. You might punch 'oles through me, but that wouldn't clear th' channel. You'd 'ave t' plunk aboard 'alf a ton or more o' dynamite, an' I wouldn't like y' t' do that. . . . Another thing, you'll find th' American flag flying from m' poop, an' any act of aggression'll be constrooed, as they say, as 'n act o' war. . . . Seein' as it's late, I'd consider you ought t' go 'ome and rest up. I allus found ideas come better in th' morning."

The Englishman choked with unutterable things and rushed from the cabin. He shouted, and the guard followed him, leaving Captain Jibbets and Arthur alone. The mate poured a drink with shaking hands and gulped the raw liquor down.

"D-do you think they'll blow us up, sir?"

THE captain grunted. "Can't 'elp it if they do. . . . Pass the matches. An' wot about a drink for me? Sich language." He sighed and grunted again.

"But the missing parts?" said the mate, recovering some of his cheerfulness under the captain's unconcerned manner. "I didn't know there were any missing parts. Where are they?"

The captain chuckled. "I 'ad the bos'n an' four men take 'em into th' lower 'old somewheres."

"Then they'll question the crew and find out where, sir."

"It don't make much difference. Y'see, I figured th' lower 'old'd be under water by th' time we was boarded."

The mate cried out, "And it is, sir!"

The captain nodded. "Nine feet was th' last report."

"Oh," said the mate, and he gazed with wide eyes on the fat old sailorman who seemed to think of everything and whose equanimity nothing destroyed. The dark oblong of the cabin doorway lightened as a man in grease-stained whites stepped in. It was the chief engineer, and his pale eyes were angry behind his thick-rimmed spectacles.

"Vot an idea!" he burst out. "Vot an idea to open der sea gocks and sink der ship. Ach! Vot do you eggspect? Der engines are der latest turbines, ach, yes, dat they should be flooded over?" He laughed hollowly.

"Sit down, chief," said the captain, blinking at him. "Sit down and 'ave a drink. An' don't bother me with engines; I've enough t' think about now."

"You say dat? You say dat? Bud I 'ave to scrape off der rust und der grease. . . ."

"Pour 'im 'is liquor," said the captain wearily, and Arthur, recovering his spirits fast, dragged the excited chief to a chair and sat him down. The next was the second mate with a tale of how the crew had been awakened and ushered under guard to the wheelhouse aft and there left for a certain period. Then abruptly the guards all ran away, and all that could be seen and heard was a couple of longboats pulling back across the lagoon to where the yacht was anchored.

The captain only commented, "Wheel-'ouse, hey? I thought they'd use th' saloon."

"Well, after going so far, why did they leave us, sir?" asked Arthur.

The captain shrugged. "I 'spect they're burnin' up th' wireless. Mister Matthews got excited. . . . Now 'tis gettin' late an' there'll be a long day a'ead." He waved a huge hand and, taking the hint, they all filed out, talking excitedly, and left him alone. He went to sleep in his swivel chair, his foul-smelling pipe drooping from one corner of his big mouth and his huge hands clasped across his comfortable stomach. He looked, in the light from the lamps—the electric globes had gone out when the engine stopped—a very mild and rather slovenly old gentleman.

He was awakened by someone shaking him, and he blinked up to find the Englishman beside him again.

" 'Allo," he said. " 'Elp y'self." And he nodded toward the bottle on the desk. The other sank to a chair and removed his sun helmet long enough to wipe his brow.

Then he said evenly: "I've got half an army of men in the hills. And my instructions are to get out of this harbor before noon at any cost. I want to give you a chance. You're no fool. Let me hitch my yacht to your stern and drag you right around, lengthways to the channel, you helping me by finding those missing pump parts and pumping her dry, and I'll pay you ten thousand cash in United States dollars or English notes, whichever you say."

"I'm an ole man," mumbled the captain, "an' I can't think clear much afore sun-up. Besides, I don't know where them parts are. I bought 'em from a Jew—"

THE other gestured impatiently. "Yes, you told me that. Now listen again. If you refuse, I'm going to take you and every man aboard this ship into the hills and have you marched overland to a certain place. Then I'm going to put enough explosive on board this vessel to blow her clear of the channel. Now, what do you say?"

"Now, ain't that surprising?" grunted the captain. He sat up and rubbed his bald crown. "An' where did y' say we wus t' be taken to?"

The other gritted his teeth. "You'll be taken to a certain port and you'll be shanghaied away on different ships. How's that suit you?"

"Well," said the captain. "Well." He filled his pipe and puffed away for nearly two minutes before replying.

"Well," he said at last, " 'ow c'n I do anything? It's a fine way t' treat a distressed mariner—"

"That's all right, then. There's no time to waste. Where are the pump parts?"

The captain sighed. "You'll 'ave t' ask th' bos'n, for I told 'im t' 'ide 'em."

With an exclamation of impatience, the Englishman strode from the cabin. Captain Jibbets glowered at the framed picture of his wife and shook his head.

"I never thought o' them blowin' up th' old ship. Can't afford t' lose 'er." He added after a while, "Lucky I made th' contrack read 'succeed or fail.' An', anyway, they paid in advance. Still, I 'ates t' fall down on a job." He remained sunk in gloom for a long time.

It was nearly dawn before anything was accomplished. The bos'n had had to sketch a plan of the ship's lower

(Continued on page 49)

A Million-Mile FENCE

A YOUNG man in a brown derby hat drove a wagonload of barbed wire into Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, Tex., and erected a short line of fence about one hundred feet in length. For weeks he sat on the wagon daily explaining the merits of the new idea to the cowboys and stockmen, who laughed at the idea of fencing the open range with wire strings.

That was the first wire fence erected west of the Mississippi. The young salesman was John W. Gates, who became one of the nation's richest men.

Land in the cattle country was overstocked and growing more valuable. A few of the ranchmen bought the wire and experimented. Within a year interminable miles of wire were being stretched across what had been the free-grass open range of the West.

The old-school stockmen resented the new-fangled device and many cowboys died in the cattle wars which everywhere followed the appearance of the wire barriers. Some counties controlled by the free-grass faction passed laws making the use of wire illegal.

The wire men won, however, and Gates' business prospered. He became the leading manufacturer of wire in the United States.

When the United States Steel Company was organized Gates sold out his interests for $40,000,000. In his later years he became a spectacular figure on Wall Street—Gates the plunger.

The little fence on Alamo Plaza has since literally stretched millions of miles in a web across the continent.

E. S. O'REILLY.

Mr. Retailer:

Do You Want to Make MORE PROFIT ?

Then Follow This Route

1. *If you have a retail store and want to increase your profits easily.*

2. *All you have to do is to find in your store 22″ x 30″* of floor or counter space.

3. S. L. WOLCUTT last year made over $2,500.00 in clear profit by the utilizing of this waste space in his store.

4. *There* are thousands of retailers—large and small—each taking advantage of this small amount of counter or floor space and each making amazing profits, many as much as Wolcutt, some even more. Many of these thousands of retailers have exactly the same kind and size business as yours.

5. When people learn what you have placed in your 22″ x 30″ of space they are sure to come to your store to buy.

6. The product you sell in this small space will net you a clear profit of 65 cents on every dollar. This product is BUTTER-KIST Popcorn, the delicious, crispy and crackling confection—wholesome for everyone and purchased liberally everywhere.

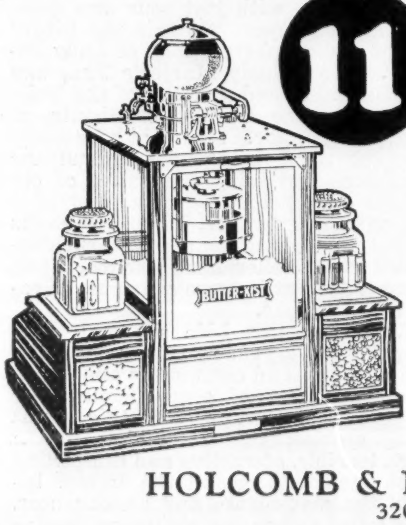
7. The sales of "BUTTER-KIST" Popcorn will stimulate sales of other products in your store. Not only this, but the machine itself displays and sells four other products besides BUTTER-KIST Popcorn. As a trade-drawer and business-getter it will surprise you.

8. In fact it will give you 5 *new* sources of profits.

9. No special wiring is required—you merely hook-up the "Money-Maker" to an electric light socket, turn the switch—*and you're on your way to quick profits.*

10. The price is within the reach of any retailer—no matter what size store or where it is located.

11. This is the "Money-Maker" machine to fit the 22″ x 30″ counter or floor space in your store. It sells 5 popular confections—means 5 sources of profit for you.



12. The "Money-Maker" pays BIG in any one of these 20 locations:

Hotel Lobbies
Filling Stations
Lunch Rooms
Offices
Garages
Parks
Theatres
Factories
Fruit Stores
General Stores
Bowling Alleys
News Stands
Cigar Stores
R. R. Stations
Confectioneries
Drug Stores
Soft Drink Establishments
Office Bldg. Lobbies
5- and 10-cent Stores
Pool and Billiard Halls

13. The terms of payment are very easy—in fact you can quickly pay for it out of the daily earnings it brings in.

14. *This* will bring you the complete story. It will tell you how *you*, too, can follow the route to quick and regular profits. Fill-in and mail today.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
3200 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.,
3200 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to know more about your quick route to easy profits. At no obligation send me interesting data about your Butter-Kist Money-Maker Machine,

Name ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

before she could decently go to bed. "Oh, this is the Life!" she said.

"Extremely comfortable," said Mr. Preemby, sitting down with much creaking in a basket armchair.

Christina Alberta sat on a glass-topped table and lit a cigarette. She saw those two hours stretching before her and she wanted to scream.

The chubby maid brought coffee and seemed gently surprised at Christina Alberta's cigarette. Whisperings off stage. Then Miss Emily became dimly visible through the bead curtain at the end of the passage, hovering. She vanished again, and Christina Alberta finished her cigarette in peace. Mr. Preemby drank up his coffee. Pause. Christina Alberta swung her legs rhythmically. Then she slid off the table to her feet.

"Daddy," she said, "let's go into the sitting-room and see if anything is happening there."

In the Boarding Houses of the past the common dining-table was the social center where people met and mind clashed upon and polished mind. But the spirit of aloofness, the separate table system, has changed all that, and now it is in the smoking-room or the sitting-room that the vestiges of social intercourse, advances, retreats, coquettings, exchanges, games and jests are to be found. But the company of the Petunia Boarding House was not in a state of social fusion. The only coalescence was a conversation. The wife of the gentleman from the Burmese forests had secured an armchair by the side of the fireplace and she was describing in a low whisper the numerous servants she had had in Burma to the cheerful wife and the younger Miss Solbé, who was knitting. The Miss Solbé with the spectacles had fortified herself behind a table on the other side of the fire and was engaged meticulously with a very elaborate Patience. The gentleman with the side whiskers sat rigidly on one of the sofas, behind a copy of the "Times," while his daughter sat at a table close at hand and also threaded her way through a Patience. The Birds of Passage, after inquiries about movies and music halls, had gone out.

Nobody took the slightest notice of Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta. The two stood for some moments in the middle of the room, and then panic came upon Mr. Preemby. A dishonorable panic, so that he threw his daughter to these silent, motionless wolves.

"H'rrmp," he said. "I think, my dear, I will go to the smoking-room. I think I will go and smoke. There are some illustrated papers over there on the bookcase for you if you care to look at them."

Christina Alberta walked over to the low bookcase, and Mr. Preemby departed, H'rrmping.

SHE stood pretending an interest in the illustrated jokes and in the portraits of actresses and society people in the "Sketch" and "Tatler." Out of the tail of her eye she surveyed those fellow guests of hers and with a negligent ear she collected the gist of Mrs. Bone's dissertation upon the servant question in Burma. "They will plant the whole family upon you if they can—uncles and cousins even. Before you know where you are. . . .

"Of course a white woman is a Little Queen out there. . . .

"The chief fault of the cooking, from my point of view, was the way it upset Major Bone. His stomach. . . . far more delicate than a woman's."

"He looks so stout and strong," said Miss Solbé.

"In everything but that. In everything. But the Curries they used to make—"

She sank her voice, and the heads of the younger Miss Solbé and the pleasant-mannered lady closed in upon her for the rich particulars.

What a Lot they were! Christina Alberta reflected. And they were living beings! The astonishing thing to Christina Alberta was that they were alive. And being alive and having presumably been a cause of considerable trouble, distress, emotion and hope to various people before they were got alive, they were now all in the most resolute way avoiding anything that with the extremest stretch of civility could be spoken of as living. Their hours, their days were passing; a few thousand days more perhaps for each of them, a few score thousand hours. Then there would be no more chance for living forever. And instead of filling up this scanty allowance of hours and days with every possible sensation and every posible effort and accomplishment, here they were, gathered into a sort of magic box of atmosphere in which nothing could possibly be done.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA felt like a moth caught under a glass. Well, for a day or so, she had an excuse; little Daddy must be settled. But then? Nothing could be done here. Neither joy nor sorrow nor sin nor creative effort—because even Miss Solbé's knitting was being knitted to a prescription on a dirty cutting of printed paper. Everything they were employed upon was an evasion, everything. Even the whispered, delicate hints of the diuretic, dyspeptic, infuriating and wildly aphrodisiac effects of Burma Curry upon Major Bone in his younger days, that were being handed out by his good lady to her intent hearers, were just a substitution of second-hand knowledge for realities.

And this Patience! Would she, Christina Alberta asked herself—would she ever come to play Patience in Boarding Houses? Was it credible that some day she also would come to sit voluntarily in such an atmosphere?

"Rather sell matches in a gutter," whispered Christina Alberta.

What a marvelous thing is Man! What ingenuities he has! What powers and capabilities! He invents paper and perfects printing. He develops the most beautiful methods of color printing. He makes cardboard like silk and ivory out of rags and vegetable pulp. And all, it would seem, that human beings, hanging for a little while in life between the nothingness before death and nothingness after death, should fiddle away long hours in a feeble, fuddled conflict with the permutations of duplicate sets of four differently colored thirteens! Cards! The marvel of cards! All over the world millions of people drawing nearer to death and nothingness were pursuing the chances of the four thirteens; bridge, whist, nap, sket, a hundred forms of it. Directly they could get in out of the wet and dark, they sat down to that sort of thing. . . .

"Getting it out, dear?" said the younger Miss Solbé.

"The spades are *Wicked* to-night," said the Miss Solbé with the glasses.

"Mine is going rather well," said the daughter of the gentleman with the whiskers.

"Does your daughter play *Miss Milligan?*" asked the younger Solbé sister.

"*Eight-eights,*" said the comfortable wife. "*Miss Milligan* is too much for her."

"Well, it *is* a Beast, you know," said the daughter. "You never know where you are with it."

"Patience is Patience," said the elder Miss Solbé. "Nowadays I often get it out. But not when the spades come as they've done to-night, both twos in the top row and no aces till the last round but one."

Christina Alberta thought it was time to change from the "Sketch" to the "Tatler." She tried to do this with careless ease and flopped a dozen papers on the floor. "Oh, *Damn!*" said Christina Alberta to a great stillness. She struggled to pick up and replace the disordered sheets. For a time everyone seemed to be regarding her. Then Mrs. Bone took up her discourse again.

"And you can't imagine their obstinacy," she said. "They are *willfully* ignorant. When you show them, *then* they won't do it. I took my cook boy in hand for a time—boy I call him, but he was quite a middle-aged man—and I said to him, 'Just let me show you some plain English cookery, a boiled fowl with nice white sauce, a few plain potatoes and vegetables—quite plain with the natural flavor left in—the sort of food that builds up these brave young Englishmen you see.' Of course I'm not a good cook myself, but, anyhow, I knew more of English cooking than he did. But we never got further than the plain boiled fowl. He expressed the most violent disapproval—really violent, I mean—of the whole proceedings. As I took hold of the things and got to work he began to behave in the most extraordinary way. He tried *not* to follow what I was doing. Tried not to. He said that if he cooked a fowl like that he would lose caste, lose his position in the local guilds of cooks, be perpetually defiled and outcast. *Why* he would not say. When I persisted he rushed up and down, pulling at his black hair—a black madman, his eyes rolling frightfully. I could never make out what there was in a plain boiled fowl to cause such excitement. 'This is my kitchen!' he said. 'This is *my* kitchen!'

"There I stood quietly boiling my fowl while all this pother went on. He hovered about me. He talked—fortunately in his own language. I even caught him pretending to be sick behind my back. Then he came and implored me to desist—with tears in his great brown eyes. He tried to say things in English. The major always says he was simply swearing, but I believe the wretched man really did believe that if he was to boil a fowl in the plain, wholesome, simple way nice people in England do it daily, he would be hung in the air and the great jays of Burma would come and peck—ahem!"

She cast a side glance at Christina Alberta apparently lost in the "Sketch" and lowered her voice.

"Peck at his *entrails*—just his insides, you know—for a Thousand Thousand Years."

Sensation.

"You never know What Ideas Easterners will get into their Heads," said the younger Miss Solbé. "East is East and West is West."

But now Christina Alberta's attention was distracted by another set of phenomena. She had discovered that the thin, bald gentleman with side whiskers, rigid behind his "Times," was not really reading that interesting vestige of the British Constitution at all. His gaze was not directed to the edge of his paper, but beyond it. He was staring from behind that ambush and round the corner of his glasses in a strange hard-eyed way, without passion or admiration, at the upper part of Christina Alberta's black-stockinged legs as they delivered their last challenge to human censure before disappearing beneath her all too exiguous but extremely comfortable skirt. And also she was realizing that a furtive but intense scrutiny of her bobbed hair was disorganizing the Patience of the whiskered gentleman's daughter very seriously and that it was also interfering with the proper laying out of a second and different sort of Patience by the elder Miss Solbé. And suddenly, to her extreme annoyance, Christina Alberta found a flush of indignation mantling her cheek and a combative tingle passing down the backbone of her straight little body.

"WHY the devil," Miss Preemby asked herself—"why the devil shouldn't a girl cut her hair to save trouble and bother, and wear clothes in which she can walk about? Anyhow, a mop of well-washed hair was ten times better than those feeble, aimless interweavings of pigtails and fringes and scraps and ends. And as for showing one's legs and body: why shouldn't one show one's legs and body? It was just a part of the universal evasion of life by these people that had got most of their bodies hidden away, tied up in a sort of bundle. Do they ever venture to look at themselves? Those Solbé girls, once upon a time they must have been jolly little girls with an amused interest in their stalky little legs, before they said Shush! and put them away.

Christina Alberta's speculative vein took charge for a time. What becomes of legs that are put away and never looked at and encouraged? Do they get etiolated and queer, dead-white and funny-shaped and afraid of the light? And after you've really packed your body away and forgotten it, nothing is left of you but a head sticking out and hands that wave about and feet with hidden and distorted toes; and you go about between mealtimes and take trips in chars-à-bancs to see what everyone sees and feel what everyone feels, and you play games by rule and example according to your age and energy and become more and more addicted to Patience until you are ready to cover yourself up in bed for the last time of all and die. Evasion! And the fuss they had caused getting born! The fuss, the morality and marriages and everything that was necessary before these vacuous lives were begotten!

But it was all evasion, and the life shown in these "Tatlers" and "Sketches" was evasion just as much. Just as much. All these photographs of the pushful pretty, the actresses for sale and the daughters who had to be sold, looked at you with just your own question in their eyes: "Is this the Life?" The unending photographs of Lady Diana This and Lady Marjorie That and Mr. So-and-so and a friend of the Duke of York or the Duchess of Shonts, at dog shows, at horse shows, at race meetings, at royal inaugurations and the like, were inevitably suggestive of obstinate doubts that were in need of a perennial reassurance. The photographs of people playing tennis and suchlike games were livelier, but there too, if you cared to look at it, were evasions. Evasions. Evasions.

What was this Life she and these people and everyone by games and jokes and meetings and ceremonies and elaborate disregards and concealments were all evading? What was this great thing outside, this something like a huge, terrible, attractive and compelling black monster, beyond the lights, beyond the movements and appearances, that called to her and challenged her to come?

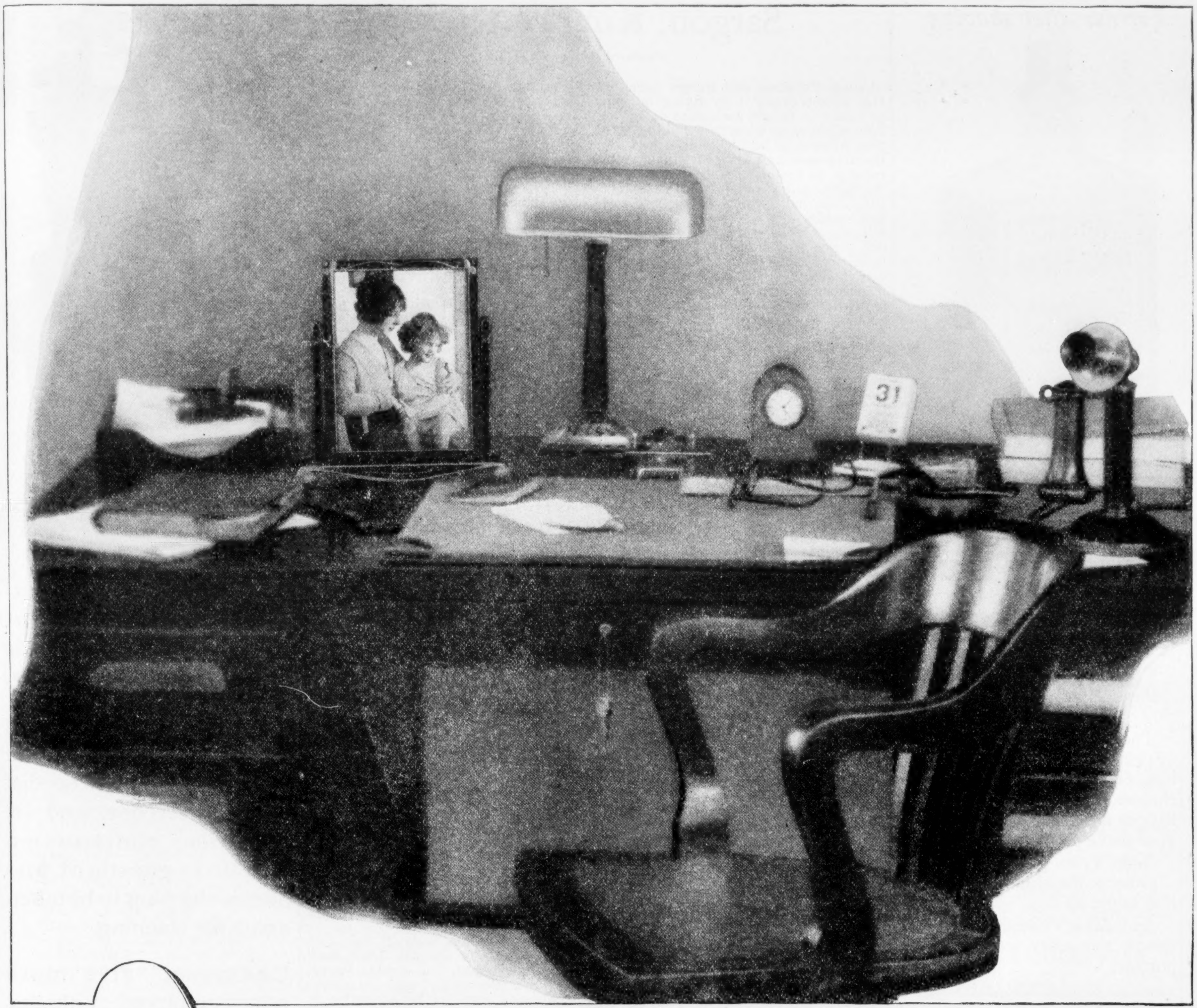
One might evade the call of it by

(*Continued on page 42*)

After the Bootlegger—WHAT?

How goes the fight against the bootlegger? Is his morale shaken? Can he whip America? It takes facts to answer those questions, and William G. Shepherd has the facts—from Washington, Canada, Cuba, the Bahamas and Bermuda. His series of articles that will give an uncolored picture of enforcement conditions begins

In Next Week's Collier's



The picture on the desk

On countless desks stand the pictures of men's best inspirations for work.

Frame these pictures in gold or silver as you like. Guard them behind crystal or glass. Place them where the sun will brighten their faces for you.

But above all protect their *realities*. You are the frame of their peace and comfort now. Make that frame enduring—materially at least—in all that it means to them.

Life Insurance is the protecting and permanent frame which holds and safeguards your *realities* as you would have them safely held.

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

For use after shaving

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Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and simply apply to the moist face
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Especially in winter

—the natural moisture of the skin must be conserved

AQUA VELVA will do it. That is the scientific principle upon which it is compounded.

Powders absorb moisture and clog the pores.

The newly-shaved skin, left unprotected, loses moisture, too. That's why faces dry and chap and roughen. These things happen no matter how perfect your shave may have been.

Aqua Velva prevents them—protects the skin—keeps it like velvet all day.

And Aqua Velva does these things, too—they are all important:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

Try Aqua Velva—it costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed.

Or try the test bottle. Use the coupon, or say "Aqua Velva" on a post card.

The large 5-ounce bottle costs 50c (60c in Canada.) *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Stick and Shaving Cream
The World's Standard

For free test bottle

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 33-A, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send me the free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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Collier's 3-14-25

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 40

playing Patience and games perhaps. One might evade it by living by rule or custom. People seemed to do so. A time might come when that call to Christina Alberta to be Christina Alberta to the uttermost and fulfill her mysterious mission to that immense being beyond the lights might no longer distress her life. She had thought that, in a certain recklessness and violence with herself, she might fight her way out to the call. She had made love now. Anyhow, she hadn't evaded *that.* But—was it going to matter as much as she had thought it would matter? She and her little friends were playing desperate games with the material of love in a world where Dr. Marie Stopes and Mr. D. H. Lawrence were twin stars, and it was just something you went through—and came out much as you had been before. More restless perhaps, but no farther on. It left you just where you had been, face to face with the unsolved darkness and that mysterious distressing unanswerable call to come out of it all and really live and die.

She had made love. . . . Queer it had been. . . .

These furtive people were watching and watching her, reading her thoughts perhaps, penetrating her. . . .

Christina Alberta shut her copy of the "Sketch" with something of a snap and walked out of the drawing-room with a serene expression. She shut the door behind her and went downstairs to find what had happened to her father in the smoking-room.

"I'm leaving the best part of the talk behind me," reflected Christina Alberta.

SHE found that her father and the gentleman from the forests of Burma, after a very prolonged and brilliant "H'rrmping" match, had settled down to conversation. But unhappily the conversation was unsuitable for her.

"Siam, Cambodia, Tonkin, the country is full of such temples. They take you there and show you them."

"Wonderful," said Mr. Preemby. "Wonderful. And you do not think the carvings you speak of—? Some high symbolism?"

Both gentlemen became aware of Christina Alberta, attentive and hovering.

"Symbolism," said the arboreal gentleman—"Symbolism"—and had complicated pharyngeal difficulties. "Heathenish indecency. Difficult to discuss. . . . Presence of young lady. . . . H'rrmp."

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby. "Had you come down to say Good Night, my dear? We are having a rather—rather technical talk."

"Sounds like it, Daddy," said Christina Alberta and went round and sat on the arm of his chair for a moment.

"Good night, little Daddy," she said.

Reflective moment.

"I think this Tumbridge is going to suit me," said Mr. Preemby.

"I hope it will, little Daddy. Good night."

Christina Alberta's first evening at the Petunia Boarding House has been described with some particularity because it is a sample of all the still and uneventful evenings that seemed to lie before Mr. Preemby there. It impressed her as an unfathomable enormity of uneventfulness in which nothing harmful or disturbing could conceivably occur to him. The last remote possibility of imaginative disturbance seemed to remove itself next day when Mrs. Bone announced to the whiskered gentleman's wife that she and her husband were off to Bath on the morrow; they were in luck, it seemed; they had got the exact rooms for the winter in the exact boarding house they had always had their eyes on. "Tunbridge seems so bleak," she said. "After Burma."

The dinner was like the previous dinner; the Birds of Passage had gone and Mr. Preemby astonished himself, Christina Alberta, the chubby maid and the assembled company by demanding whether it was possible to send out (H'rrump) for a bottle or flask of Chianti. "It's an Italian wine," said Mr. Preemby to inform and help the chubby maid in her inquiries. But there was no Chianti on the wine list supplied and after a conversation markedly reminiscent of that of the Birds of Passage overnight, the Preemby table was stocked with a bottle of Australian Burgundy and, at Christina Alberta's request, a bottle of mineral water.

After this display in initiative, self-assertion, and social derring-do, Mr. Preemby did little but H'rrmp throughout the rest of the meal.

The subsequent life of the drawing-room was also vacantly similar to the previous evening. Christina Alberta got her possibly illegal cigarette in the lounge—indeed, she smoked two—and Miss Margaret Brewster looked at her through the bead curtain near the office and Miss Emily had a sniff from the landing upstairs, though nothing was said. And then Mr. Preemby followed Major Bone into the smoking-room to gather whatever further information he could about the temple decorations and religious customs of the peoples of Farther India. He was inclined to think Major Bone rather biased by evangelical prejudice.

But Major Bone was not even indignant about Eastern religions that night. He wanted to talk about Bath and he talked about Bath. He told Mr. Preemby in very great detail about a remarkable occurrence at Bath. He had met a gentleman named Bone, a gentleman much of his own age and appearance, a Captain Bone who had also once been in Burma. He detailed various extremely dramatic conversations between himself and the other Bone, occasionally going back and correcting himself. They had made the most elaborate comparison of their genealogies and it did not appear that they were even remotely related. "Most curious coincidence that has ever occurred to me," said Major Bone. "In Bath. In nineteen-o-nine."

In the drawing-room Patience prevailed, and Mrs. Bone was talking about Bath. The cheerful wife of the whiskered gentleman said "Deavning" to Christina Alberta quite suddenly.

"Oh! Good evening," said Christina Alberta.

"You had a walk to-day?"

"We've been to see the Toad Rock and the High Rock and Eridge Park."

"Quite a nice walk," said the cheerful lady and restored her attention to Mrs. Bone. Christina Alberta gathered she was to be noticed but not made a pet of.

There was nothing for it but go through the "Tatlers" and "Sketches" again. This time the pictures were exhausted, but there were reviews of books and one or two short stories. Christina Alberta read them all.

When she went to say good night to her Daddy she had come to a decision. "Daddy," she said, "on Thursday, that's the day after to-morrow, I must go back to London. There are some lectures beginning."

Mr. Preemby made no effective opposition.

THE third evening was in countenance like the second except that the Bones had gone and that Christina Alberta was sustained by the thought that next day she would pass from the vacuities of Tunbridge to the tangled riddles of London. And there was a Bird of Passage present, an untidy young man of the student type with a lot of hair imperfectly controlled by unguents, whose motor bicycle had broken down just outside Tunbridge Wells. He lived somewhere away in the north, it seemed, in Northumberland; he would have to wait in Tunbridge for two or three days while some broken part of his machine was replaced from Coventry; he had taken refuge in the Petunia Boarding House and it was jolly hard luck on him. He couldn't budget for a trip to London; he would

(*Continued on page 43*)

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CHAMPION is outselling throughout the world because it is the better spark plug.

It is better because of its unbreakable double-ribbed sillimanite core, its special alloy electrodes, and its two-piece construction which is gas-tight and allows the plug to be taken apart for cleaning.

Champions give more power and speed, and better acceleration. A full set at least once a year will pay for themselves in the saving of oil and gas.

*More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. Champion **X** for Fords is **60** cents. Blue Box for all other cars, **75** cents. (Canadian prices **80** and **90** cents). Insist on Champions.*

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Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford Cars and Trucks and Fordson Tractors.

CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 42

just have to sit down in Tunbridge. He was a Cambridge undergraduate and a geologist; he had a bag of specimens on his machine. These facts he conveyed across the width of the room to Mr. Preemby in the course of a rather one-sided conversation.

From the first Christina Alberta did not like this young gentleman from Cambridge. He was like a younger, cruder Teddy Winterton, with impudent bad manners instead of impudent good manners and with neither bodily grace nor good looks. And while he spoke to Mr. Preemby he glanced at her. But she had no inkling of the part he might play in the life of her Daddy and herself.

When she and her Daddy went into the lounge for coffee and her cigarette, the young man came and placed himself at an adjacent table and initiated some more conversation. Was Tunbridge Wells an amusing place? Was there any chance of his getting any golf or tennis?

"There are a number of delightful walks," said Mr. Preemby.

"Not much fun alone," said the young man.

"There are the pleasures of observation," said Mr. Preemby.

"All this country has been pretty well worked over," said the young man of science. "Is there a Museum here?"

Mr. Preemby did not know.

"There ought to be a Museum in every town."

PRESENTLY the coffee and the cigarette were finished. This evening Mr. Preemby was for the drawing-room. Major Bone had gone, the smoking-room had no attractions, and Mr. Preemby had exchanged a few amiable words with the gentleman with whiskers and hoped to follow them up. Christina Alberta went with him. At the sight of the old "Tatlers" and "Sketches" she remembered she had bought a book in the Hight Street that day, a second-hand copy of Rousseau's "Confessions.' She went off to get it. She found the young gentleman from Cambridge still sitting in the lounge smoking cigarettes.

"Pretty gloomy here," he said.

"Oh! *I* don't know," said Christina Alberta with an open mind.

"Nothing much doing—what?"

"It's not a Gala Night."

"I'm stranded."

"You must bear up."

"'Spose you wouldn't be disposed to come out for a bit and forage around for some fun?" said the young man, taking his courage in both hands.

"Sorry," said Christina Alberta conclusively and turned to go on.

"No offense?" said the young man.

"Nice of you to think of me," said Christina Alberta, who would rather have been thought utterly shameless than the least bit prudish. "Good hunting."

And the young man from Cambridge perceived that he was dismissed.

Christina Alberta went into the drawing-room for another tremendous bout of nothingness. But, anyhow, she had got Rousseau to read, and to-morrow she would be in London.

About the Rousseau—? She had always wanted to know how she stood toward Rousseau. He carried her on to ten o'clock. But she didn't think much of Rousseau. He ought to have known a few of the New Hope Club girls.

FOR three weeks Christina Alberta did not return to Tunbridge Wells, and when she returned she had passed through a variety of experiences that will have their due effect upon the course of this story. This story is the story of Mr. Preemby, and we have little sympathy with that modern sort of novel which will not let a girl alone but must follow her up into the most private and intimate affairs. Christina Alberta was perplexed and worried and would have hated the pursuit of such a searchlight. Suffice it that events had crowded so closely upon her that for whole days together she thought scarcely at all of her possibly quite lonely little Daddy at Tunbridge Wells. Then came a letter that brought her bustling down.

"I think it only right to tell you," said the letter, " that Very Important Communications indeed have been made to me *of the Utmost Importance* and that I ought to tell you about them. They seem to alter all our lives. I know you are immearced in your studies, but these Communications are so Important that I want to talk them over with you soon. I would come up to the Studio to tell you about it all, but very likely Mr. Crumb might be in, and I would much prefer to tell you here on the Common amid more congenial surroundings. Some of it you will find almost unbeleavable."

"Communications?" said Christina Alberta, rereading the letter.

She went down to Tunbridge Wells that afternoon.

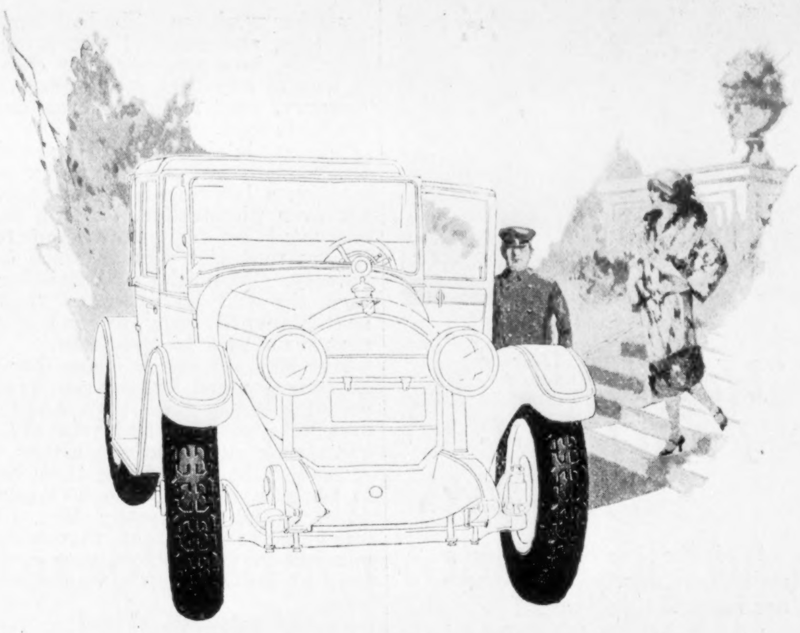
(*To be continued next week*)

You can't fool the KIDS

EVERYWHERE there is a hue and cry about the depravity of children, their lack of good manners, their lack of reverence, their lack of gratitude, and their lack of morals. Having been a kid myself at one time in my life, and being now the father of four, I think I have a right to take at least one shot at the answer.

There's nothing fundamentally wrong with the kids to-day, but there's a lot wrong with us parents. There isn't a kid alive to-day who isn't eager to know how and what to do to be clean and straight and strong and lovable. The trouble is not with the children; it's with ourselves. We have made the mistake of expecting too much of the kids without making a serious effort to measure up to our own responsibilities.

The kids are having a hard time of it and they need our help—but they can't get much help from us if we are not ourselves sincere, friendly, charitable and spontaneously intelligent about it. And we're not fooling the kids; they have our measure and, while we're saying things about them, it would be interesting to know what they think of us. W. O. SAUNDERS.



Another Step Forward in Cord Tires

It was General's mastery of internal friction that enabled it to produce, five years ago, the first low-pressure tire ever placed on the market—the General Jumbo 30 x 3½ Cord with air pressure of 30 pounds. Just as today it has enabled General to produce the successful 6-ply Balloon Cord, to replace 4-ply Balloons on all except the smaller cars—combining all balloon advantages with the right strength for the load, as well as reducing balloon puncture risk 90%.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere.

The GENERAL CORD

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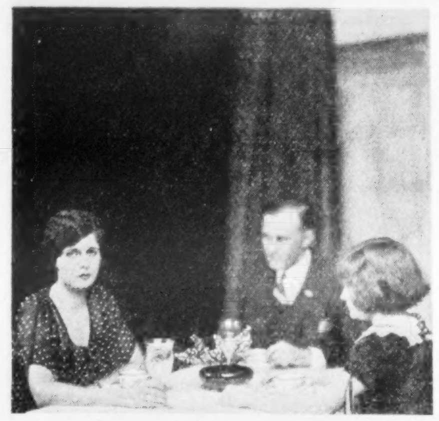


"How I wish I could smile at Dinner!"

"It is the time of day when a smile does so much to make everyone happy.

"But I seem to be all fagged out after the day's shopping and housekeeping. John says that a smile from a cheerful wife at dinner makes the day end in a golden glow of happiness and contentment. A pleasant dinner and a cozy talk in the firelight are so much better than over-tired people with frazzled nerves. John, too, often gets home tired and cross. We are not nearly as congenial as we ought to be at dinner. I wish we didn't get so worn out during the day."

* * *

It may be your shoes that are doing it, madam, and your husband's shoes, too. Feet get strained and tired. Both of you feel the effects of foot weariness, though you may not realize the cause. A pleasant evening depends on rested people. If you would rather be all smiles than all in, try Cantilever Shoes, built with consideration for the feet.

Their natural lines make the 8,000 steps a woman takes during the day far less tiring, for natural lines mean foot comfort.

Men who use footwork as well as headwork during the day discover that the Cantilever flexible arch harmonizes with the flexible action of the foot, and so does not weary them.

Cantilever Shoes have a well set, moderate heel, scientifically placed to take the weight off the inner and weaker side of the foot, and distribute the body weight evenly. This avoids foot-strain.

A change to Cantilevers will help your feet and improve your nerves. Make the change today and enjoy the evening.

You will notice the difference as soon as you take a few steps in the

Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.

Comfortable

Continued from page 34

from her work too. She had been buying toys, and she had discovered how delicious, how amusing, how charming it was to buy toys, what grace, what elegance, what humor, pathos, and wit lurked in toys.

The crude simplicity of Bardie's retreat frightened her; it really was a cottage, a laboring man's cottage, and not even picturesque. Ursula was so enervated by facile ease and trashy luxury that she was ashamed before poverty. When she saw Bardie's cottage she felt so awkward that she nearly turned away to wait for the next train back to Middleton.

But Mrs. Divent had seen her from the window and hurried out, radiant with her great news. John had come back; the prodigal had returned. He had struck oil; there was money, a lot of money; he was taking them all out to Lima, a lovely house, a lovely climate, ah, all rose color; Mrs. Divent was going too, and May, that dull servant who had somehow become, under Bardie's influence, an animated human being.

Ursula was swept into a glowing family circle utterly unconscious of the rudeness of the setting. John, the man Ursula and Lucas had condemned as a possible rogue, was there, handsome, vital, full of plans, schemes, seeing no obstacles, laughing, joking, sweeping Mrs. Divent and even May into the generous glow of his quick affections. It was all untidy, unpractical, improvident, reckless, no doubt; for all Ursula knew the money did not exist and the position was chimerical. But they were happy—ah, yes, happiness was over them like an enchantment, as sunshine lay over the land.

Bardie, among her warm, sweet farewell embraces, gave, shyly enough, an envelope to Ursula.

The elder sister, opening it in the train, found a check, signed by John, for an extravagant sum, and a line from Bardie saying it was for what they had cost her at Middleton, with many, many dear thanks.

With a pang of shame Ursula tore up the check, but she was glad that they really had the money. Yet she knew that this was only her own superstition clouding the bright figure of Bardie; neither she nor her John, nor the little boys nor Mrs. Divent nor May, cared about money; they were happy.

Had they not turned their backs on her, her board, her safety and comfort?

Returning home, fatigued and desolate, Ursula found a disturbed and silent Lucas awaiting her; a sense of unutterable melancholy weighted down Ursula's spirit as she greeted him; she hated the narrow face of Sewell, she hated the precise little meal that was so meager under the useless garnishings.

"I've got something to say," Lucas came out with at length. "I can't go on like this. I've been waiting, hoping—"

"Hoping?" Ursula looked at him eagerly.

—"That you'd give me a signal, an opening, but you didn't. So I suppose you are content—to go on like this—"

"I loathe it!" cried Ursula, "Lucas, I loathe it! Since Bardie—"

"Yes, Bardie taught me a lesson. And those boys. Oh, Ursula, say you'll risk it at once—"

"Risk it," she answered with a hastening voice. "We've been risking something more than comfort all these years, Lucas, we've been risking love—life itself."

He kissed her as he had not kissed her since those old, early days; Ursula shuddered with the slack relief of one who has just missed a devastating disaster.

Collier's House is Roofed

Continued from page 20

moisture coming between the window and the window sill. Holes are bored from this channel to carry this drip outside the house.

When the fourth and fifth jobs of framing and covering the roof are finished by the carpenters and the roofers and the flashing has been done (a tinsmith usually does it) you are ready for the sixth job in building a Flagg-type house. This is also carpentry work and consists of putting up the partitions and hanging the windows so that the house is completely enclosed and takes its final shape within. Hanging the windows is of course a routine job. Putting up Flagg partitions of jute scrim is a perfectly simple operation. The baseboards are installed first—these consist of an ordinary two-by-four with a channel plowed into one edge. These are set in place and the jute scrim is tacked up in one-yard widths from the ceiling to the baseboard. The edges are sewed together. The door frames are set in place, held only by a support on each side to keep them from tipping over. The plasterers then finish the partition by plastering on both sides at once on the first coat.

The Flagg-type partition is the cheapest satisfactory partition which can be built. In the first Flagg house, in which I now live, they have worked out beautifully, although we took the precaution to anchor the door frames where possible. Mr. Flagg's experience is that this is unnecessary, however, in the half dozen houses in which he has used these partitions.

In the new Collier's house, however, we ran into a snag on the partitions. The building and loan companies refused to permit their use, and since Mr. Soderston wished to utilize their services it was necessary to change the design of the partitions to something which they would approve. Matthews got around this difficulty without raising the cost very much, and to those who feel that the solid plaster partition has not been sufficiently proved in use this is good news. He set the studs or upright two-by-fours sideways, lathed them with wire and used exactly the same kind of solid door frame as Mr. Flagg uses in his solid partitions. The extra costs are for the two-by-four pieces, the wire lath and the extra labor necessary. The total is about two hundred and fifty dollars. It would be very much more if we had failed to utilize Mr. Flagg's solid door frames which are so economical because they require no expensive boxes to hide them as in ordinary door frames and because they are so exceedingly good looking in actual use.

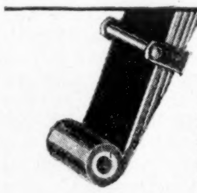
As you see, we have departed in several small ways from the original Flagg methods which have been described in previous articles. We used ordinary concrete forms (such as every contractor is familiar with) in building the walls. We have put on a different type of roofing material and prepared the way for putting on a heavy fireproof roof of asbestos shingles, slate, or other material. We have put in partitions which will satisfy everyone who has any fears about the permanence and rigidity of the solid plaster partition.

In spite of these changes, each one of which is inclined to increase rather than to subtract from the cost of this demonstration house, we still feel certain that the tremendous saving of a third to a half over ordinary construction will be made.

It is necessary, moreover, to keep constantly in mind the fact that we have had to pay an average of seven and a half dollars a day for labor, twelve dollars for carpenters, and that our plumbing and plastering will cost from fifty to one hundred per cent more than in many localities.

Harvey
RACINE
Ride Rite
BOLTLESS

Is your car easy riding?



Your car rides easier if the springs are right. Springs absorb the jars and jolts. The best springs for you are those that do it best.

Harvey Springs are not just put together. They're carefully and scientifically designed and assembled to give the utmost in shock-absorbing service.

There is more than just your comfort at stake. The life of your car; the continued comfort and satisfaction you get from it; and the size of your repair bills depend to some extent upon the springs.

Get in touch with a Harvey Spring Service Station. There's one near you. You'll find them good people to know.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING COMPANY
Dept. A · Racine, Wis.

Harvey
SPRING
OIL

Get from your dealer the Harvey Spring Oilers and Oil. Take care of your springs. Send for our booklet, "Springs and their Care."

TRY HARVEY SPRINGS ON YOUR FORD

Harvey
RACINE

Why Men Won't Marry

Continued from page 23

stockings to help save to buy a little cottage in the country doesn't interest them. They have got it into their heads that, because with their earnings they can buy pretty clothes, they ought to get rich husbands."

Another young man with whom I talked expressed the opinion that the girls of to-day are getting the wrong kind of education to get husbands.

"I don't know that the girls themselves are to blame. Maybe it is the fault of their mothers, or perhaps the fault of the times. Most of the girls I know couldn't fry an egg, and if they did know how to do it they'd be ashamed to admit it. They seem to be educated on the theory that life is a joke, with us men as the laugh. They know more about dancing and the movies and theatres, about hair styles and lip rouges, than they do about home-making. Instead of marrying some young man and helping him establish a home with children in it, they want some old man who has money enough to buy them luxuries. The reason the girls of to-day do not get husbands is that they are quitters."

As Mother so Daughter

NOW out of all these talks with young people that I have been having there has grown a firm conviction. The young men and the young women of to-day are at heart no different from what they were thirty, or fifty, or a thousand years ago. Each of them wants a mate. Economic conditions may seem to be somewhat against them, but the objections to marriage that present-day costs interpose are by no means insuperable.

And these young men, who seemingly do not wish to marry, or who dare not, or who doubt the capacity of the present-day girls to make good wives—the only thing I can do for them is to pass on to them what the observations of years have taught me about the way to pick out a good wife—the kind of girl to propose to, if a happy home is the ideal sought for.

One of the best tests I know of is to see what a girl's mother is like. Girls, as they grow older, have a habit of getting to be a lot like their mothers. A girl who has a frivolous, flighty kind of a mother is likely to turn out to be a frivolous, flighty wife. If her mother runs a nice home, is careful and economical, and you find on talking to her that she has a lot of common sense and is entertaining to talk to, you can be pretty sure that her daughter will grow to be a woman much like her.

A girl who is one of several children, too, is apt to make a good wife. Where she is an only child she is apt to have been badly spoiled, and to have an exaggerated idea of her own importance. Of course there are girls of such naturally sweet dispositions that even the fact of being an only child cannot spoil them. Nevertheless the traits of the only child are so marked that many volumes of medical and psychological literature have been written about them.

In large families the children learn self-reliance. They learn that for happiness in life there must be a lot of give-and-take. They learn how to conduct themselves in relation to other people much more quickly and more easily than the child who is alone in the home.

It is an advantage from the viewpoint of desirability as a wife for a girl to have had brothers. Brothers are apt to instill in their sisters certain virtues that all men appreciate, such as being prompt in keeping engagements and being good sports in playing games. Brothers, too, have a habit of preventing sisters from being too vain about their looks or their abilities.

That a girl is employed in earning her own livelihood, to my mind, adds to her desirability as a prospective wife. Girls who have had to work know the value of money and understand its effective use much better than those who have received a regular allowance from their parents, or, as all too frequently occurs, have received irregular doles of cash, or permission to use charge accounts.

Moreover an experience with the business world, and the frequent and more or less intimate contacts it involves with men, broaden a girl's judgment and give her a much better balance. The girl reared in the sheltered life of the home, when she becomes a wife, is apt to take an exaggerated view of trifling matters. Business experience enables her to be a better judge of the values of life.

My own idea is that wherever possible a girl when she marries should give up her job. The business of running a home is a real job in itself. The girl who continues in business is likely to neglect her home and to develop a tendency to shun or defer motherhood, as likely to interfere with her career. Under present economic conditions, however, the problem of whether or not a girl shall continue working after marriage is one that each young couple has to solve for itself.

Most of the young men with whom I have talked about marriage seem to be opposed to the idea of having college women as wives. I suspect this is largely due to each young man's desire to be looked up to. The boys are dubious about associating with girls who are too highly educated. As one of them put it: "Nobody wants a wife that knows more than he does."

Another young man expressed his opinion thus:

"College somehow seems to take something out of a girl. It takes her mind off the job of getting married, as it were. Maybe college girls make good wives and mothers, but they do not appeal to me."

Nevertheless, it is wisdom in picking a wife to select an intelligent one. Too often homes have been wrecked through the inability of the wife to keep pace with her husband as he advances. Many a man who in youth has, as they say, "fallen for a pretty face" has regretted it in later years when he has become a man of affairs, and his wife's girlish prettiness has vanished, leaving a blank. The man who gets an intelligent girl for a mate is fortunate, though a college education is no criterion of intelligence. The ability to observe and the sense to appreciate are far more important qualities than is the opportunity to attend college.

Three Important Qualities

OF THE qualities of mind and spirit that a girl should possess to make her desirable as a wife the most important are:

A sense of fairness.
A sense of humor.
A sense of loyalty.

It does not take long association with anyone to determine if she is possessed of these three characteristics.

A girl who is proud of her parents is apt to be loyal to her friends. A girl who meets embarrassing situations with a laugh is likely to be easy to live with. A girl who shows a disposition to be fair-minded in little things, who avoids petty squabbles and petty fibs is pretty sure to make a desirable life companion.

Reviewing the whole situation, I am inclined to accept the census figures, and dispute the opinion of the girls that the boys of to-day do not want to get married.

What really has happened, I suspect, is this. The modern girl has acquired a new freedom, which the young man of to-day doesn't quite understand yet. But every girl, to-day as with every girl always through the ages, in her innermost heart would rather have a husband and a home than a job. And I'm optimist enough to believe that America's young men are intelligent enough to break through the barriers that surround the business girl and carry her back where she belongs—to home and motherhood.

Thousands of Mothers tell me

this solves the problem of their children's mealtime drink

By Carrie Blanchard

"NO, you can't have that. Wait until you grow up."

What an unsatisfactory answer to a child's request! And yet it is the answer so often given—naturally—when the youngsters want a drink which you know they shouldn't have.

This is only one distressing phase of the children's beverage problem. There are so many, many children who don't like the taste of milk, quite honestly, and it is at least difficult, if not impossible, to get them to drink the milk they need. And you are quite right in thinking the children should have a *warm* drink, too.

For a long time I was just as much at loss as you may be for a drink combining *all* the ideal qualities for children. Postum was good for them, I knew, but they need milk, too; and all of the other warm drinks, it seemed, contained caffein or some other objectionable element.

And then one day a little woman who called on me told me how much her children loved Instant Postum made with hot milk instead of boiling water. We made some on the spot, I can tell you, because I was tremendously excited about it. If Instant Postum *could* be prepared this way, it, of course, was the ideal drink for children.

We heated the milk just to the boiling point, put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in each cup, and filled the cups up with the hot milk. Just a little stirring with a spoon, and the powder was completely dissolved. Then we added a little sugar.

The drink was wonderful! Smooth and rich, with the real Postum flavor—the delicious flavor of roasted whole wheat and bran! Here I had been demonstrating Postum all over the country for years, telling hundreds of thousands of people the story of its wholesomeness, without discovering this easy way of adding to its nourishing qualities—of making it a complete and perfect food for children!

From that moment I began telling mothers about it. Now I wish you could see the letters I get—scores of them every day, overflowing with gratitude, from mothers whose children are growing up sturdy and full of life, always happy to get this wonderful drink!

I want you to try this drink for your children. You can get Instant Postum at your grocer's—or accept my offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to send you, free, your first week's supply and my directions for preparing it.

For Postum made with milk you will want Instant Postum, the powder form, which is made instantly in the cup. If you want Postum prepared in the usual way, with water, you can use either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). You will be glad to know that Postum made this way costs much less, per cup, than most other hot drinks.

Incidentally, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to try Postum, too? At any rate, for your children, let me send you the Instant Postum right away!

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

C. W. 3-25

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes

POSTUM CEREAL
INSTANT POSTUM
A BEVERAGE
THE DRUG STIMULANT CAFFEIN OR ANY OTHER INJURIOUS ELEMENT
POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.

Post Health Products

C.W. Post

It was Jimmy's treat!

A canny young fellow is Jim— He had four pals to treat and only 5¢ to his name! "A packet of Wrigley's please"—said he—and each lad had a wholesome sweet.

Refreshing—thirst-quenching—digestion-aiding—delicious and beneficial.

Parents—encourage the youngsters to think of their teeth!

Wrigley's cleanses the crevices between the teeth. It massages the gums, helping to keep them healthy.

So remember:

WRIGLEY'S

—after every meal!

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS
The Flavor Lasts

F42

Their Business is Making Men

Continued from page 15

also a philosopher. Certain members of the Notre Dame team complained bitterly because a rival reflected harshly upon their religion.

Rockne called his men before him. They were at raw edge. "Just remember," he said, "that back through all the ages every race has suffered religious persecution. Men and women have gone smiling to their death for their religion. Your religion should mean too much to be disturbed by any insult. You know what their idea is—to get your minds off football. But just at this moment you are in a football game, not in a religious war. Don't lose your tempers. Don't answer back. And when they insult your religion again, just hit the line a little harder each time. That may prove discouraging." It did.

We once had a chance to see at close range just what a coach trainer means to an organization. Ed Leader had his Yale crew training along the Seine just outside of Paris. There was gossip in other crew camps to the effect that the Americans were making their training a drudgery. You can call it what you want to. Under Leader's direction the young Yale crew was working hard on the river, eating the food he selected, turning in early at night. His discipline was strict throughout. Yet we have never seen any athletes who were in finer physical condition or in a happier mental state. They were having the time of their lives—a bunch of young fellows twelve miles out of Paris without a thought of the bright lights blazing just ahead.

Leader's diet of vegetables, green salads, milk, whole wheat and rye bread, with a light allotment of meat, had eliminated any chance of boils, the bane of a crew coach. On the afternoon of the race the young Yale crew, that had followed Leader's direction to the closing word, was barely even with Great Britain and other rivals for the first 500 meters. But when the 1,000-meter stake was reached there was only one crew left in the race. The blue-tipped oars were driving the light shell through the waters of the Seine at a clip no one else could hope to follow.

In addition to helping direct the affairs of Michigan's football team, Fielding H. Yost in the course of the last year delivered over 200 addresses to boys under eighteen upon the advantage of clean living, sportmanship and hard, fair play. He was not preaching morality to over 100,000 boys. He was teaching values that could be understood. This point is made to show the growing trend and influence of the professional coach who in the old days had no particular idea ahead except to turn out a winning team.

Amost every institution now has a staff of coaches and trainers who *know their job*. They find their work full of thrills and drama—intensely interesting; the kind of thing they like.

Keene Fitzpatrick, Princeton's great trainer and coach (for one example), has not missed an afternoon's work in twenty-four years. Let that record sink a few fathoms deeper into your consciousness. It means something. It means unflagging interest in the job, with an abiding love of the game. It means something more than mere routine performance. They are all much the same—instructors in the main who have ideals, who know their game, who understand the value of form and health, of discipline and hard work. They teach something more than physical development. They demand loyalty and service and they usually earn it by their magnetic personalities.

These men and many others have been great factors in building up and in placing the United States just a few strides in front of the world.

Do You Know How to Play?

Continued from page 12

activities didn't last long. And play, among children or among adults, always takes the form of pretending to return to the old life.

So if you want to get the most out of your play time you must shake off some hundreds of thousands of years, and really become to some extent a cave man—or cave woman. That's what you're doing when you swim, play ball or go camping. It's what you do when you dance. Why is baseball so popular? Because, says Professor George Thomas White Patrick, "in baseball we have a game combining three of the most deep-seated racial instincts—the instinct to throw, to run, to strike."

What kind of play is best? Professor Patrick has an answer for that. We need, he says, "more outdoor life, more walking . . . a return to earlier forms of sport and play, especially to the rougher and ruder kinds; a return to fishing and camping and hunting; a return to country life instead of city life; the owning and cultivating of the soil, and the care of domestic animals; the increase of holidays and festivals; a very large decrease in the amount of our reading; the substitution of music, particularly tranquilizing music, for the ultra-stimulating theatre and motion picture show, and finally the increased cultivation of the quieting influences of art and religion."

How much should we play? Well, as I have tried to point out, we actually do play, in some sense, all the time we are not working or sleeping. Reading a newspaper or a magazine is play. Reading this article is play (at least I hope it is), though writing it might be considered work. But perhaps we ought to distinguish active play from the kind that can be done anywhere, at any time, by any sufficiently lazy person. Professor Willard S. Small, of the University of Maryland, thinks that children under ten should have at least four hours' active play every day, that children over ten and under seventeen should have at least two hours a day, and that even adults should play vigorously not less than four hours a week. I am willing to lay it down that most of us need more. We need more, if for no other reason, to keep us fit in our jobs. But it is just as sensible to say that we ought to manage our working hours so as to keep us fit for play. Several speakers at the last convention of the Playground and Recreation Association of America did say exactly that.

A few years ago play directors thought they'd done a good deal when they'd provided sand boxes for young children. Then they found that older children needed a chance to play. Finally it dawned upon them that they ought to include the whole family. And they did. That is what organized play means to six hundred and eighty American cities at the present moment. My last tabulation gave 6.601 playgrounds and 1,292 community centers, with a combined daily attendance of nearly a million and a half persons of all ages. And all over America parks, swimming pools, summer camps, organized games and every form of group recreation are reaching new millions every year.

And that brings me to my last point. No one can play alone. Real play, if you want to put it that way, demands teamwork. I listened to a dozen or more speeches at the playground convention and all of them emphasized teamwork. And all of the speakers were convinced that Americans were at last waking up to the need of play and learning how to play.

That seemed to me as big news as I'd heard in a long time. For it means not only more fun but more neighborliness, more democracy—in short, a better and happier America than our grandparents so much as dreamed of.

You guard your teeth—why not your **Nose** *and* **Throat?**

Two minutes a day keeps a cold away

DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after-effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat there are countless tiny channels, or blood-vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds, but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unblocks traffic, widens the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it aids Nature to keep you healthy.

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the toothbrushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation — the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium, and large size bottles.

Free

Two Weeks' Test

Glyco-Thymoline
TRADE MARK
KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
MFG. CHEMISTS
NEW YORK

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361 Pearl Street, Dept. 3-H
New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name..

Address..

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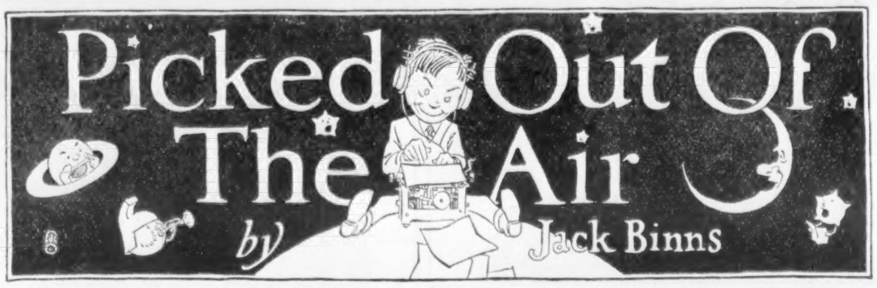
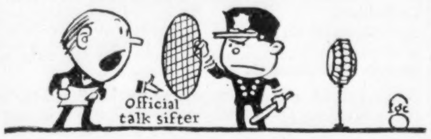


Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Here's a Prediction

RADIO certainly got off on the right foot this year. The first Victor artist concert was really a turning point in its history. I feel that 1925 will bring the industry into the $1,000,000,000 class, and make the art itself one of the most potent influences in our national life. These are the good new days.



We Don't Want It

IN FRANCE the government has already established what is tantamount to a censorship bureau over radio programs. The Ministry of the Interior has organized a squad of policemen to listen in and report any infractions of rules governing the matter which may be broadcast. There is a distinct danger that similar conditions may be forced in this country if the broadcasters do not themselves exert every care over the programs they transmit. Let us do everything to avoid censorship.

Here's a Great Chance

MRS. GEORGE F. TYLER of Denver, Col., tells me that recently she called up the operator of station KLZ, and while talking to him heard her own voice coming in over her loud speaker. Her set was tuned to KLZ. As a result of this unique experience the owner of KLZ is going to give long-distance fans who call by 'phone an opportunity of hearing themselves talk.

Current Failures

THERE has been a distinct tendency in the New York City area recently to rejuvenate the circuit craze by producing in the newspapers a new circuit design each week. They are all variations of the four basic systems, and are doomed to the same scrap heap whereon rest their predecessors—the old trick circuits. So far as I can see there will be some outstanding developments in accessories this year, but nothing revolutionary in receivers themselves.

Sent But Not Scented

MY CORRESPONDENCE is beginning to illustrate the influence of women in radio. Reba Barnes of St. Paul, Minn., writes me she has been proposed so often for membership in the DX Radio Liars League that she has hit upon an idea which she hopes will disqualify her. She has bought a flock of postcards and addressed them to herself. Now every time she hears a distant station she mails the card and asks the station to OK it in verification and return it to her.

By the way, Reba, the station you heard during the International Tests was CXL of Mexico City.

It's Blare Station, Pa.

NICHOLAS MAMULA lives in Blair Station, Pa., and is strongly opposed to late programs. He writes me: "I live in a town where radio bugs are more plentiful than potato bugs. The aërials are as thick as telephone wires. I have a radio bug neighbor whose five-tube set is constantly blaring out some program. Far into the night you can hear strains of music from some harmonizers, and I bet there is not a night when that guy hits the hay before one or two A. M. He directs his loud speaker right toward my bedroom window. I'm against programs in the late hours."

The Superfluity

ONE of the outstanding things in connection with the hundreds of letters I have received in the contest over "The Best Broadcasting" is the universal disapproval of the reading of telegrams by broadcast stations. Only one or two readers have expressed agreement with it, and those only in the most cursory manner. It is worse than some of the direct advertising.

Try This on Your Set

THOSE fans who have long-wave receivers will be able to try their DX prowess every Thursday night listening for the new Dutch station now operating at Hilversum on a wave of 1,050 meters.

A Calorimeterodyne

HERBERT MULVANEY of Vermilion, Ill., is worried blue over the alarming growth of radio. He is wondering how long it will be before the entire population of the country is engaged in the industry. "My advice," he concludes, "is to get these radio engineers to work on some kind of electrical energy that can be broadcast and used as food. We can't twist dials without the necessary calories."

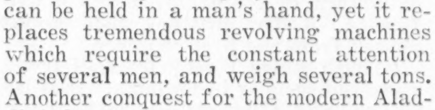
We'll pass your suggestion along to Marconi et al, Herbert.

The Spluttering Arcs

EVERY evening at dusk Marion Reese of Terre Haute, Ind., experienced regular interference on her set. She thought it was some amateur and was about to complain to the radio inspector. "Then," she adds, "one evening I heard the noise and chanced to see the city's arc lights through my window. They were flickering on and off. The noise came through the phones with their changing flashes and darkness. There was the difficulty."

A Miniature Giant

THE government is to install a powerful tube transmitter on one of its Pacific coast radio telegraph stations. The tube to be used will have a power rating of eighty kilowatts. It can be held in a man's hand, yet it replaces tremendous revolving machines which require the constant attention of several men, and weigh several tons. Another conquest for the modern Aladdin's lamp.



Using the Squeal

JASPER L. JANSSEN of Newport, Ky., sends me this one. He really ought to have sold the idea to the Chicago packers. He writes: "I have wasted many a good cuss word on the 'squealers' in my neighborhood, especially during International Week, but it remained for my wife to find a use for even these whistling johnnies. She tunes in the worst one and then takes the canary from his cage and places him on the edge of the loud speaker. The canary sits entranced by the super 'birdie' in the horn and has already shown vast improvement in his own efforts to compete."

BURGESS
Contributes to a
Radio Miracle
Photographs sent from London to New York by Radio

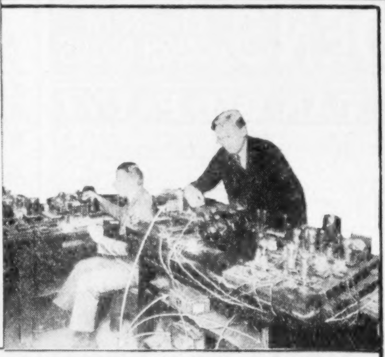
President Coolidge

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

THAT Burgess Radio Batteries were chosen for this inspiring achievement is a pleasing indication of the confidence placed in them by experienced radio engineers.

"Ask Any Radio Engineer"

The transmitter that sent photos *by radio* from London to New York. Burgess Batteries for energizing the tubes are shown in the lower shelves of the cabinet.


General view obtained through courtesy of the Radio Corporation of America. Captain Richard Ranger of the R.C.A., inventor of the apparatus, is seen placing film upon drum of transmitter.

U. & U. Photos

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Engineers DRY BATTERIES *Manufacturers*
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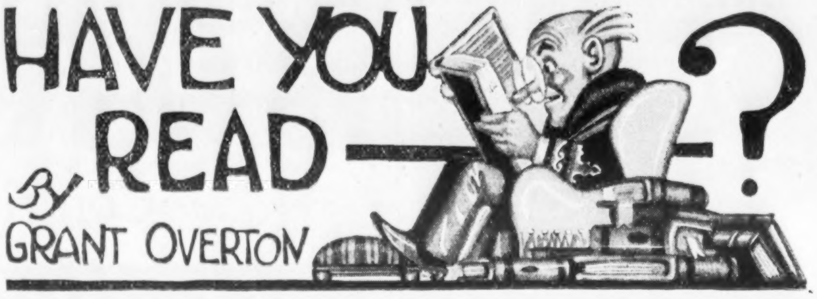

HAVE YOU READ?

By GRANT OVERTON

SOMETIMES I think that old Bill White of Emporia, Kan., is the only 100 per cent American who is 100 per cent readable. I felt that way about his novels, "A Certain Rich Man" and "In the Heart of a Fool." When I was reading "In the Heart of a Fool" I had a feeling that the virtuous people were too good to be true and the villain a little more blackhearted than was exactly plausible—but everything was 100 per cent and I loved Bill White more than ever when I finished. And now here is this "Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, His Task," by William Allen White. Well—

About Woodrow Wilson, old Bill is unable to be a hundred per center, except in the matter of readability. His biography has all the interest of his articles on Calvin Coolidge, now appearing in Collier's.

White writes as a friendly enemy. Heartily in sympathy with many of Wilson's ideals and purposes, he detested the man's methods. He tells of Thomas Woodrow Wilson's getting in on the formation of a glee club and says: "That was the Irish in Tommy." He tells of the granite front Wilson put up to his opponents at Princeton and in Washington and observes: "That was the Scot in Tommy."

White has the courage to speak frankly of Wilson's private life and the decency to recognize that it is neither the explanation nor the test of his public acts and career.

You will get more out of White's book on Wilson than out of any other American biography published in 1924.

They Affect Us All

A BUSINESS man wrote to me: "The readers of Collier's will be interested in 'The Way Out,' by Edward A. Filene. Tell them about it." I wonder if I can.

Mr. Filene is a well-known Boston merchant with a record of public-spirited activity. Past sixty now, he began by working in a shop. He worked till nine at night, on Saturdays till one o'clock of Sunday morning. At the same time he prepared himself for Harvard. He was ready to enter when his father's ill health threw everything on his shoulders.

The business of which he is the head is democratically controlled and his book preaches some things he cannot practice because in his store "no policy can be permanently adopted until the managers, the directors, and, in some cases, until the mass of the employees, find it acceptable and agree to adopt it."

He is a disciple of Henry Ford. He sees and mentions all the difficulties and evils that the large factory has brought upon us. He believes they can be met and cured. He believes in mass production, in Fordizing America. For example: like Ford, he thinks that good wages is one of the best ways to cut costs.

He also thinks with Ford that the price of an article must be what will make it sell, not a figure calculated on "cost." He quotes Ford: "What earthly use is it to know the cost if it tells you that you cannot manufacture at a price at which the article can be sold?" Lower the price, sell more, dig for profits. It is a combination of pruning and forcing and, applied to modern American business, it says it with flowers.

Readers of Collier's who read the articles on "Shall We Fordize America" have tasted the Filene arguments.

One of the biggest garment manufacturers in America told me the other day that he had just bought out his principal partner because he saw the direction in which their immense business must go and his partner refused to face it. The firm manufactures five or six types of garment in a variety of perhaps 300 styles. But half the production is on one type in its various styles. And ultimately all, or nearly all, the production must be devoted to this one type.

"The Way Out" is worth your while if you have any head for these things or any interest in them. And if you haven't that's too bad. They directly affect every life in America except perhaps a tramp's.

For the Conservative

FOR the last four years Wilbur Cortez Abbott has been professor of history at Harvard. For twelve years before that he was professor of history at Yale. His "The New Barbarians" is a heavy artillery attack on all the H. L. Menckens, La Follettes, radicals and so forth in this country; on all Lenines and Trotzkys; on Socialists everywhere; on radical theories and practices in literature and art as well as politics. It would be a better book if he named his adversaries, especially when quoting from them in order to concentrate his fire.

If you are conservative by inclination you will be delighted with "The New Barbarians." It is not popularly written but it is well written. The counter attack will be something awful, for Abbott gives no quarter and even the liberal-minded will find things for dissent. His style wears academic robes but his views come from under a hood that is remarkably like a pillow-case pierced with two holes.

For Lighter Reading

WHILE we await the successor of "So Big" we need not go without some pretty fair reading in the way of new fiction. Humanly speaking, the new novels of most interest seem to me to be these:

"The Ship of Souls," by Emerson Hough, is the second of two or three novels he left completed at his death. It is a romance of a fur-trading post in the North. Langley Barnes, a product of the world of luxury and supercivilization, comes to the post. The old factor, Angus Garth, tells him the legend of the Chasse Galere, or Great Canoe, which carries men's souls to the wild North. Garth, who has two daughters, drives a hard bargain with Barnes. A stirring story with "atmosphere" from the first sentence.

"Youth Rides West," by Will Irwin, appeared serially in Collier's. It is life in Leadville, Colorado, in the 1870's—a picture to set beside Stewart Edward White's California series, "Gold," "The Grey Dawn" and "The Rose Dawn." It improves on re-reading.

"The Carolinian" is a Rafael Sabatini's first novel with an American setting. Its scenes are laid at the time of the Revolution and it introduces historical figures, Moultrie, Laurens, John Rutledge. I do not think it classes with "Scaramouche," "The Sea Hawk" or "Captain Blood."

"Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, His Task." By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

"The Way Out." By Edward A. Filene. Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.50.

"The New Barbarians." By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. Little, Brown & Company.

"The Ship of Souls." By Emerson Hough. D. Appleton & Company. $2.00.

"Youth Rides West." By Will Irwin. Alfred A. Knopf.

"The Carolinian." By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Neater Lawn—Less Work with this new light LAWNMOWER

Revolutionary in principle. Trims close to walls, trees, shrubs. No cutting with hand shears necessary. Cuts long as well as short grass, dandelions, weeds.

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Quiet running. Cutters resharpen themselves like scissors. Thousands of satisfied users. Strong, guaranteed mechanically perfect. Costs less than average old style, heavy lawnmower. Send coupon for special limited time 10 day reduced price offer.

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MONTAGUE MFG. CO.
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Without obligation send pictures and description of MontaMower and 10 day reduced price offer.

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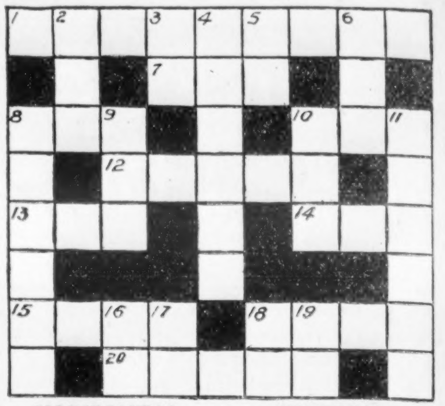


HORIZONTAL

1—Only Safety Razor with stropping device.
7—To take, to grab (slang).
8—To place.
10—Insures entire satisfaction (Abbr.)
12—Free from stain, spotless.
13—Best Card.
14—Neither.
15—Without effort.
18—Cease.
20—Shaving instrument.

VERTICAL

2—Utilize.
3—Upon.
4—Security.
5—The Best (Abbr.)
6—Unit.
8—Daily pleasure for men when right razor is used.
9—This cleans easily (Abbr.)
10—Tavern.
11—Sharpens (as a razor blade)
16—Safety Razor (Abbr.)
17—Abbreviation for each.
18—In that manner or degree.
19—Initials of famous president.

Send solved puzzle, together with 25 cents, to A. S. R. Co., 661 First Avenue, New York City, and receive as an introductory offer a handsome utility knife—retail value 50 cents.

This offer expires on April 11, 1925

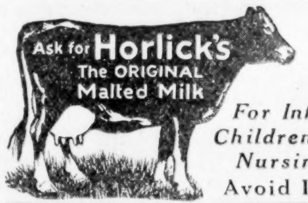
Factory to Rider

Saves $10 to $25 on the Ranger Bicycle you select from **44 Styles,** colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval *express* prepaid for **30 Days' Free Trial.**

$5 a Month if desired. Possession and use at once on our liberal Monthly payment plan. Bicycles **$21.50** and up.

Tires lamps, wheels, equipment at half usual prices. Write for marvelous new prices, wonderful 30 day trial offer and terms.

Mead CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. D-54 CHICAGO Write us today for free catalog



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Postpaid. **100% live arrival** guaranteed. Purebred Barred Rocks, Reds, Anconas. 25, $4.50; 50, $8; 100, $15. Leghorns, 100, $13; 500, $60; etc. **12 other breeds.** Bank reference. **Free catalog.**
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Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
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We've mapped the air for Radio explorers!

Get your copy of this great new map to-day

TWIST the dials until you catch a faint hum. Nurse it carefully and it becomes a murmur of distant music. Then a moment of silence. "This is station KFAF, Denver," —and you add another station to your list.

But how far away was it? What sort of country did the message flash over? You want to visualize your exploit and mark it for future reference.

You can—with the New Collier Radio Map of the United States and Canada. It's beautifully printed in three colors. Every station is clearly marked and the time zones outlined.

Instantly you can tell how many miles away a station is. Cut out the scale of miles provided and paste it on cardboard. Put a pin through one end at the point where you are located. Swing the other end across the country until you reach the station you are after.

Here are some more points worth noting:

1. If you use a directional aerial, you can pick out any station you want to get on the map, and point the loop toward the exact point where the station is located.
2. Around the map there is an alphabetical list of all stations, which also gives the name of the operator of each. If you miss the letters given by an announcer, you often catch the name of the operator of a station which can then be located by referring to the index.
3. The map outlines the boundaries of the radio districts, identifying them by number. This will be a help in locating amateur stations.

There's a lot of satisfaction in radio-exploring with this great new map. And it costs only a quarter. Get your copy at your news stand, bookstore, or radio dealer's *to-night.* Or just mail 25c in coin or stamps with your name and address to us direct.

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Dept. 3145, 250 Park Avenue

New York City

Admiral Jibbets

Continued from page 38

hold and explain just where he had laid the missing pump parts. Then a man had had to dive down through the water, locate the parts, come up, and go down again with rope. He made it fast to the bundle at the second attempt, and hauled it clear.

By six o'clock the pumps threw the first of the water overside, and the yacht was lying off in the channel from the Martha J.'s stern with two hawsers twisted into one as a tow rope.

Toward noon, when the yacht had managed to pull the Martha J. about two fathoms out of her old position, the captain's fat face broke into a smile.

" 'E can't make it b' noon. An' I misdoubt if 'e ever will. Th' poor feller's forgotten something. Too excited."

"Yes, sir," said the mystified Arthur, and looked around to see if he could locate what the captain was driving at.

An hour after noon saw the Martha J. as solidly on the bottom as ever and still blocking enough of the channel to make a passage for the yacht impractical. And it was exactly an hour after noon when an officer from the yacht brought across in the gig a message to Clark Matthews, standing on the freighter's after deck.

The Englishman brought the message up to Captain Jibbets and handed it to him with a strained smile. The harassed statesmen in the interior had succumbed to the inevitable.

"I'd like to shake hands with you, Captain," the Englishman said. "You've licked me. The treaty was signed at twelve-thirty to-day and your side gathers in the spoils. . . . I'm sorry if I seemed hasty, sir, but you must understand there was fifty thousand dollars involved and I've been here quite a long time preparing to earn it."

Captain Jibbets faced him, dressed in his old uniform suit, with his collar open at the throat and his foul-smelling old pipe in his mouth. He shook his head ponderously.

"Aye, 'tis a lot o' money." Then he opened the wireless the yacht had sent over and read it carefully. "Ye could 'ave 'ad me outa th' channel b' ten o'clock."

"How's that?" The Englishman was curious.

"I said I'd keep you in 'ere 'til sundown, so I'll tell you then. This might be a trick, y'understand, because any typewriter c'n run off a message."

"All right." The Englishman shrugged and laughed. "I've got to stay here, anyway, and unload a lot of junk I've spent several days loading. Will you dine with me this evening?"

The captain rubbed his thumb over his fat chin. He grumbled, "If you don't mind me ole clothes an' me pipe—"

"I'll expect you," said the other and went down the companion humming a tune. He was a good loser, now that he had definitely lost—that much could be said. But not until the captain had finished dinner that night and settled back comfortably with a full glass and his pipe going strong did the other know just why he had lost.

"I never thought m'self for a while," the captain admitted. "But you can't pull a water-logged ship with anything less'n a couple o' tugs. An' you were all excited; you were pumpin' water all mornin' outa th' 'olds, an' it was runnin' back in on you all th' time. . . ."

The Englishman said thickly, "By God!" as he got the point and his clenched fist struck the table a shattering blow. Then he laughed.

"Aye," went on the captain solemnly, "that's 'ow I felt. I brought along divin' suits in case we got a 'ole knocked in us. But it wasn't that. You forgot t' close th' sea cocks."

And the eyes of all the uniformed men at the long table were sick-looking, save only the eyes of the Englishman, who laughed on. But Uriah Jibbets sucked at his pipe and grunted.

"Now, when I was a young man in th' China Sea—" Someone refilled his glass and he subsided with a "I don't know if the missus—" But he drank it anyway.

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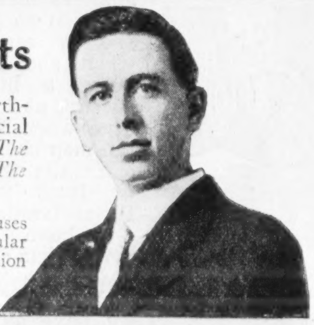

Paul Blankenbeker of Colorado has tasted the worthwhile profits which are enjoyed every month by special representatives of *Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, The Mentor,* and *Farm and Fireside.*

Besides his substantial commissions and liberal Bonuses for looking after the subscription interests of these popular magazines, he won third prize in a recent Crowell subscription contest which brought him $50.00 extra. There's a similar opening awaiting you whereby you can, even in your spare time, earn

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND may include everything from permanent peace to jackknives, the decline of literature, pie crust and the uplift of a nation's morals. But let one letter on love or the lack of it come along, and the responses to it dwarf all other issues.

With twentieth century directness, "Ruth of Providence" asked why the men don't propose. With equal directness they have been telling her. There is a Talmadge-size stack of letters waiting Ruth's complete address.

"For Worse" Looms Large

To the Editor of Collier's:

A Kansas bachelor wishes to salute Miss Ruth of Providence, R. I. Such "salt of the earth" should be appreciated.

My father's favorite philosophy in consolation over the vagaries of the human race is that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world." And conventionality and fate seem to delight in keeping apart the ones who should mix, and mixing the ones who should be kept apart.

In speaking for myself there have been three main reasons for not marrying. They are the high cost of living, bashfulness and an unwillingness to take the responsibility. And they all simmer down to the last one, which is, I think, "what is the matter with the men."

I think Miss Ruth has been hearing a lot of apple sauce about the "biggest majority of the feminine." The women who deliberately refuse to bear children are in the minority, and this minority is of such a cuckoo-brained sort that it is better that they should not.

L. H. SMITH, Kansas.

A Wife's an Expensive Luxury

To the Editor of Collier's:

SAY IT WIT
FLOWER
CHAS

I can answer that Ruth's question easily from the average unmarried man's point of view. There's nothing wrong with the men except large doses of common sense or gun-shyness, whichever you may choose to call it. She answers her own question so far as she is concerned when she admits being a business success at twenty-nine when few of the men she knows can claim as much, at least not in Pennsylvania.

I have known many girls such as I imagine "Ruth" to be, and frankly they scare me. They have as much intelligence, as much ability and can make as much money as I, so what have I to offer them?—though they are the only girls that attract me, for I cannot tolerate a doll-faced moron.

So there you have it: Thirty years old, physically sound, mentally able to get by, a veteran of the World War, unmarried for reasons mentioned, helping establish a florist business that takes almost all my ready money, no beauty nor a freak—but what's the use?

They (the girls) want to start where Dad and Mother left off and most of us fellows have to begin where Dad did.

E. P. C., Valencia, Pa.

Good Pay for a Good Job

To the Editor of Collier's:

Vermont pays her governor $3,000 a year, as you noted in "Why make the governor the goat?" Admitting this sum is too small, why put it at $25,000 instead of, say, $5,000? Vermont has a population of about 350,000, a fair-sized city. She cannot afford to pay an exorbitant salary for an executive head.

Scramble for the office is aplenty, even now. No Vermont governor spends all his time in state business. There isn't enough of it, in the first place.

We have had good men for governors, as a general thing, men such as Hartness and Clement and Proctor and Prouty and Smith. They were not goats. None made sacrifices, because they didn't have to give up their business while governor, like the chief executive of a big, rich state.

JAMES E. TRACY, Rutland, Vt.

Seattle's Thinking It Over

To the Editor of Collier's:

The city of Seattle is experiencing agitation in favor of the "city manager" plan of government.

Seattle is a seaport city having a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, at present governed by the mayor and council form, the council being elected at large.

The cry is that the city manager plan at least could be no worse than the scheme in use at the present time and relief at any price is wanted.

There is a strong civic conscience in the city and much pride is taken in the school and park systems and the natural advantages of this city.

The population is of the usual heterogeneous sort evident in coast cities. The lumber industry is the major one.

BERT RICHMOND, Seattle, Wash.

He Must Have Been Joking

To the Editor of Collier's:

Since when does a high school education qualify one "to express his opinion on nearly any subject?" C. F. D., of Oklahoma City, a duly qualified critic, scores the downward trend of American fiction and mourns the departure of the inspirational stuff on which well-known authors have founded their reputations. Mayhap the standard of American living is itself declining in inspirational value, and writers are merely presenting true-to-life stories as in the past, based on modern life as they see it. Then the reading public is alone responsible for any deviation in the general trend of modern fiction.

C. F. D. further threatens to start writing if magazines continue to offer the present quality of reading matter. Just try it! Our critical friend will then direct his verbal barrage at the editors who judge a story's worth—the poor deluded editors who "don't know a good story when they see it!"

May I add a suggestion? If C. F. D. wants good fiction read COLLIER'S.

MYRON W. JOHNSON,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Winners of the "WOULD YOU WORK FOR A WOMAN?" *Contest*

THE letters printed below are the three prize winners in the recent contest in which Collier's readers were invited to tell whether they preferred men or women as employers. Nearly ninety per cent of the total replies were from women and over fifty per cent of the total favored working for men. Of the remainder about half were neutral and the rest favored working for women.

First Prize Letter—$50

By Luella E. Jackson

San Francisco, Cal.

I most certainly would work for a woman, and I would just as readily work for a man. It all depends upon the woman or the man.

In reviewing my various bosses I find there were seven men whom I rated as unpleasant to work for, and seven who were ideal employers. I had four disagreeable women supervisors and four whom I greatly admired for their capability, their fairness, their courtesy, their constructive criticism and their ability to develop the best that was in me.

The disagreeable men bosses were either fussy, petty-minded, jealous, erratic, too easy-going, untruthful or vulgar, and every one of them more or less inefficient. An inefficient employer is always more or less of a tyrant. One woman was a termagant; one unfair in decisions; one untruthful and dishonest; and the other always wore "spy" glasses.

I would say that disagreeable traits in employers are about equally divided between men and women.

Efficiency, courtesy and an even temper combine the desirable qualities of an employer, and neither women nor men have a corner on these desirable qualifications.

Second Prize Letter—$30

By Margaret McConathy

Lexington, Ky.

I much prefer to work for a "male of the species," for the following reasons:

A man (meaning the average man) is broader-minded, more tolerant, liberal in views and is, generally speaking, much easier to get on with.

A woman (meaning the average woman) is apt to be narrow, petty, envious, jealous and *nagging.*

A man's methods are saner; he usually gives out a piece of work, and leaves it to your imagination, ingenuity, etc., concerning himself only with *results.*

A woman suggests *her* way of doing it, reminds you you haven't done it and nags till it's finished.

It takes a "man boss" really to understand and appreciate your honest efforts to serve him—your faithfulness and your true value to the firm—to see the need of a "relief holiday" after trying periods to preserve your health and efficiency—a man who encourages good service by being kindly, considerate, generous and charitable, and who treats you like a fellow being instead of an inferior automaton.

As for morals! The "beast in man" devouring the "poor little stenographer" is pure movie bunk, happening no oftener here than other walks of life.

American business men are notably the best and kindest on earth!

Third Prize Letter—$20

By Miss C. Williams

Wellesley, Mass.

Viewed selfishly, I have no preference; I would as soon work for a woman as for a man. Viewed unselfishly, from the standpoint of rendering service, I would choose to work for a man. For men as a whole are a helpless lot.

In my first job I worked for a woman. She was a superior type of person, an ideal boss; a strict disciplinarian, yet humane and considerate. The training she gave me, the ideals she instilled into me, have proved priceless through the years. I doubt whether any man would have had the understanding, much less the patience, to give me this training.

In my entire business experience, covering more than twenty-five consecutive years, I have worked for four women and the same number of men. As a whole, the women were of a higher type mentally and were more fair-minded than were the men.

Men are not more considerate, not more honest, not broader, not brainier. They are past masters in the art of bluffing. They consider it important to keep their employees bluffed. That they get away with it accounts in part for girls believing that they prefer to work for men.

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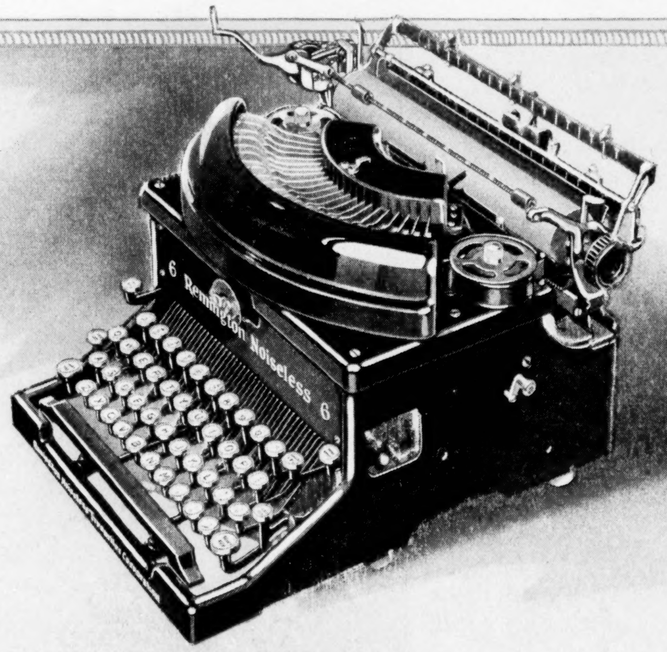

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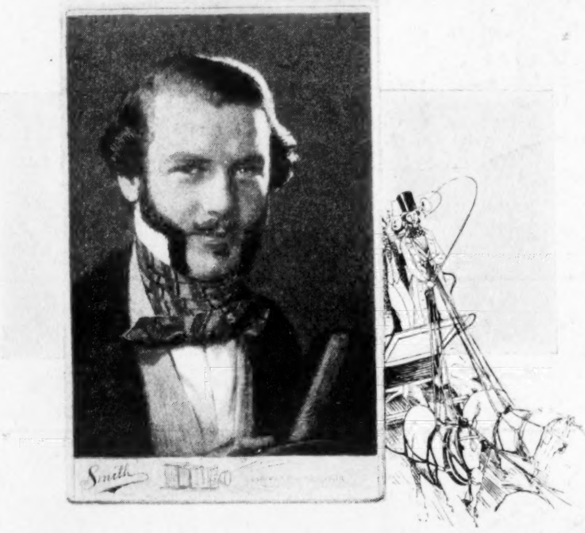


Men have tried in many ways, from the days of Homer down to the era of tintypes and trombones, to find a justification for whiskers.

In ancient Rome, when the head of the house wore the family tablecloth as a street suit, poets neglected to shave, because they thought whiskers made them look wise.

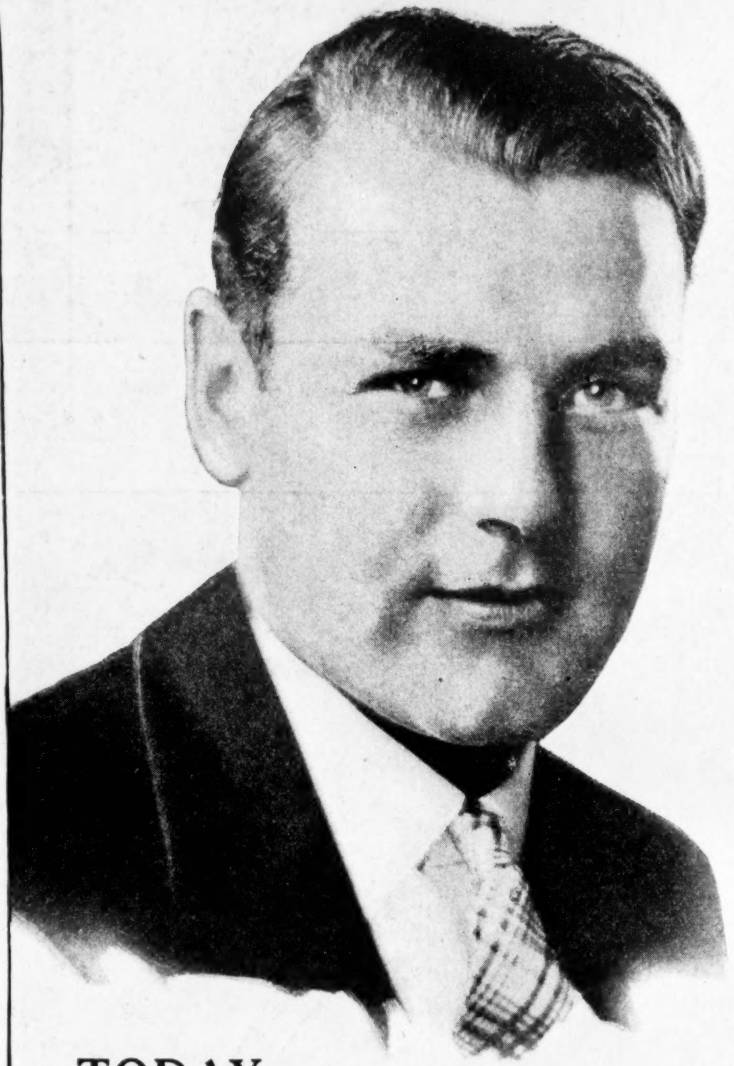
That supposition served one helpful purpose. It enabled people to avoid bards who were determined to recite their poetry.

Later, when the coach-and-four indicated social prominence, efforts were made to utilize beards as ornamental shrubbery.

Men of fashion had their whiskers plotted in strips, patches, and bunches with a skill that would have done credit to the landscape gardener; but such things could not go on.

Whiskers were doomed as soon as shaving comfort was assured.

Set a portrait of the man who shaves himself daily beside a picture of his be-whiskered ancestor, and you will be quick to discover how little there was in the idea that hair upon the face imparted dignity or symbolized wisdom.



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